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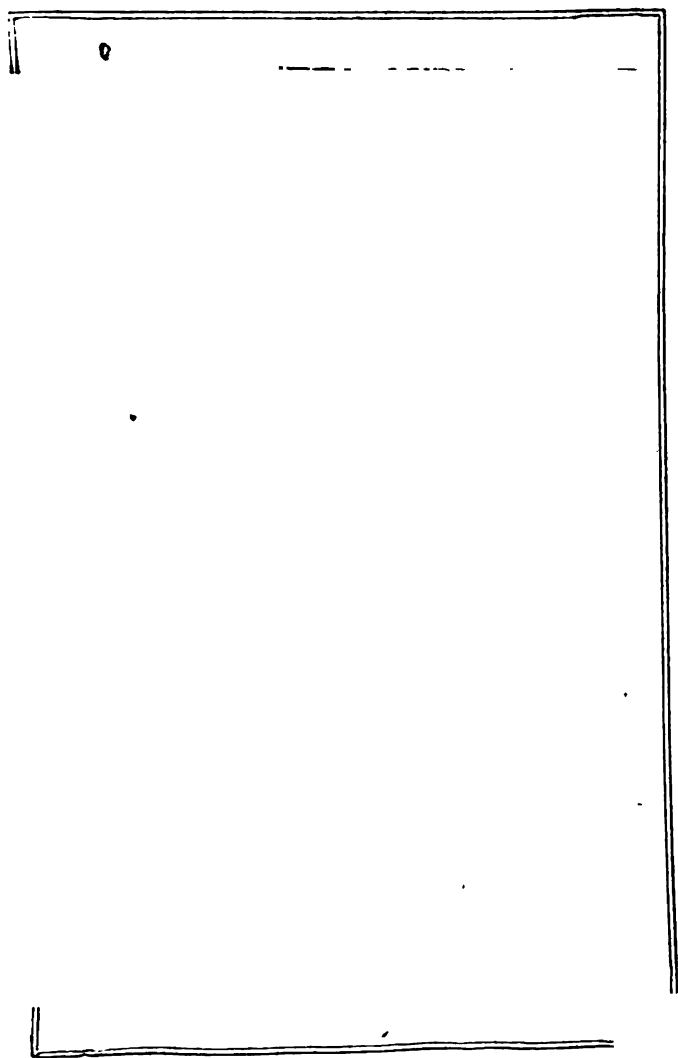






*John Milton*

*London: Printed by W. B. 1800. Broadway*





THE  
COMPLETE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN MILTON:  
WITH  
EXPLANATORY NOTES, AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,  
BY THE  
REV. H. STEBBING, A. M.  
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED.  
DR. CHANNING'S ESSAY  
ON THE  
POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON.

NEW YORK:  
D. APPLETON & CO., 200 BROADWAY.  
1852.

14483.15.32



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## CONTENTS.

	Page
<i>Dr. Channing's Essay on the Poetical Genius of Milton</i> . . . . .	1 <sup>o</sup>
MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE . . . . .	v
PARADISE LOST . . . . .	17
PARADISE REGAINED . . . . .	207
SAMSON AGONISTES . . . . .	355
CONUS, a Mask . . . . .	309
L'ALLEORO . . . . .	426
IL PENSEROSO . . . . .	430
ARCADES . . . . .	435
LYCIDAS . . . . .	438

### POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

On the Death of a fair Infant . . . . .	444
A Vacation Exercise . . . . .	446
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity . . . . .	449
The Passion . . . . .	455
On Time . . . . .	457
Upon the Circumcision . . . . .	458
At a Solemn Music . . . . .	459
An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester . . . . .	1b.
Song on May Morning . . . . .	461
On Shakspeare . . . . .	462
On the University Carrier . . . . .	1b.
Another on the Same . . . . .	463
The Fifth Ode of Horace, Lib. I. . . . .	464
On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament . . . . .	466
SONNETS . . . . .	466-476
PSALMS . . . . .	477-500
De Autore Testimonis . . . . .	501

## ELEGIARUM LIBER.

Elegia I. Ad Carolum Deodatum . . .	Page 505
— II. In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiæ . . .	507
— III. In obitum Præsulis Wintoniæ . . .	508
— IV. Ad Thomam Junium . . .	510
— V. In Adventum veris . . .	513
— VI. Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem . . .	516
— VII. Anno Ætatis 19 . . .	519
EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER . . .	522

## SYLVARUM LIBER.

In obitum Procancellarii, medici . . .	525
In Quintum Novembris . . .	526
In obitum Præsulis Eliensis . . .	532
Naturam non pati Senium . . .	533
De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit . . .	535
Ad Patrem . . .	536
Psalm CXIV. Græce . . .	539
Ad Salsillum, Poetam Romanum ægrotantem . . .	540
Mansus . . .	541
Epitaphium Damonis . . .	544
Ad Joannem Rousium . . .	549



## MEMOIR

OF

### MILTON'S LIFE AND WRITINGS.

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THE celebrated subject of this Memoir was born Dec. 9, 1633. His father, who was a scrivener, soon after obtained a sufficient fortune to retire from his profession, but resided, at the birth of the poet, in Bread-street, London. After having received considerable advantage from the instructions of private tutors, Milton was sent to St. Paul's school, where he made a remarkable progress in classical literature; and from whence he was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge. In 1638 he took his B.A., and in 1639 his M.A. degree; after receiving which, and declining to take holy orders, he retired to his father's house at Horton, near Colebrooke, in Buckinghamshire. During the five years he resided here, he pursued his studies with an ardour and diligence which have seldom been equalled; and besides making many acquisitions in learning, he produced his exquisite poems of *Comus*, *Lycidas*, and some other minor pieces.

About the year 1638, his mother died, and he obtained the consent of his father to make a tour on the continent; he accordingly set forth, and very few travellers could be found possessing the qualifications for profiting by their journey which Milton had acquired in his retirement. In the different parts of the continent, therefore, which he visited, he was received with the greatest attention by the most celebrated men of the age, and he returned to England, after an absence of fifteen months, with the acquisition of many honourable friendships, and an important addition to his stock of knowledge and accomplishments. It had been his intention to prolong his tour by a visit to Greece, but the civil commotions which preceded the establishment of the

Commonwealth were commencing, and he conceived it his duty to lift up his voice in a struggle to which his love of liberty gave the highest interest.

Almost immediately after Cromwell had obtained an established ascendancy, Milton was appointed Latin secretary to the government, and in this situation, besides performing the proper duties of his office, he distinguished himself by several works written in defence of republican principles, and of the conduct of the men who had rendered themselves most conspicuous in the late contest. Before, however, he acquired this situation, he passed through some troubles of a domestic nature, which it is probable, materially influenced many of his subsequent feelings and opinions. In the year 1643, he had married the daughter of a gentleman of the name of Powell, a magistrate in Oxfordshire. Unfortunately for the parties, they each belonged to factions, over which political rancour exercised entire control, and Milton had scarcely been united a month, when his wife requested permission to visit her relatives. She obtained her desire, but soon after intimated that she never intended returning. This circumstance gave birth to our author's celebrated writings on the subject of divorce; and he was on the point of marrying again, when his repentant wife sought a reconciliation, and she was restored to favour. At this time also he took pupils, and by the income he thus obtained, he was enabled to support not only his family, but the father and mother of his wife, who subsequently suffered in common with the rest of the royalist party.

About the year 1639, after having been for some time labouring under an affection of the eyes, he was afflicted with the total loss of his sight, which he never recovered. But this caused no diminution to his zeal for learning, and as soon as he found himself free from the burden of public controversy, he commenced a History of England, which, however, he carried no farther than the Norman Conquest. He also prepared some portion of a Latin Thesaurus, which was published in the Cambridge Dictionary of 1693. But events were about to happen, which

however inimical to the temporal prosperity of Milton, were, it is probable, of the utmost use in concentrating the powers of his mind on an object sufficiently noble for their employment. By the restoration of the royal family he lost his office, was driven into obscurity, and was for some time in hourly danger of suffering for the active part he had taken in the councils of the revolutionary government. But fortunately for the interests of literature, his noble genius was no longer to be occupied in the defence of political factions, or in the preparation of treaties. He was henceforth to be left in solitude, and in the undisturbed peace of his obscure home, to hold communion with his own spirit, which had been gathering strength from worldly trouble, and with the great and awful spirit of truth which converted the splendid workings of his imagination into revelations of her hidden glory. The conception of the *Paradise Lost* was not one of those flashes of genius which it would be impossible, perhaps, to trace to their cause. It had been long growing and developing in his mind, and when the particular form of the work was determined, the vast and glorious assemblage of thoughts and visions which had been long present to his intellect, arranged themselves in a beautiful and perfect order—the creative faculty of the poet had been at work, and it wanted but the repose which is necessary to judgment to connect imagination with design. But there is an inspiration proper to the highest order of poets, which Milton enjoyed in a supreme degree, and the possession of which he signified by those intimations he so fondly gave of his communion with celestial visitants in his lonely chamber, and in the stillness and darkness of the night. To this mysterious elevation of nature, if it be nothing else, or to this divine gift of clear intellectual vision, are to be ascribed the deep and solemn tones of his lyre, the grandeur and splendour of his representations, the power with which he calls up from the unfathomable depths of chaos and eternity spirits of good and evil, the glory with which every scene and object he describes is bedropped, and the calm authoritative language with which

he inculcates the unchanging beauty of virtue. We have here also, it may be conjectured, a reason why *Paradise Lost*, and I believe it has been the case with all great poems, was the work of Milton's declining years. It was produced when every turbulent feeling of youth was subsided; when experience had had her perfect work, and when his soul could listen in quiet to the voice of the charmer, wisdom. Many of its most brilliant passages might have been produced in earlier years, but it could only be when the waywardness of thought was subdued, and the human spirit stood free from temporal hopes and wishes, that it could bear such a weight of glory; that it could look long and steadily upon the majestic vision with which it was encompassed.

*Paradise Lost* was completed in the year 1665, when Milton was verging towards sixty. He had at that period been suffering for several years under the distressing deprivation of sight, and an acute gout, from the torture of which he was seldom free. His fortunes also had been almost continually fluctuating, and he had witnessed as many domestic changes as fall to the lot of most men. His first wife died in child-bed, and he shortly after married the daughter of a Captain Woodcock, whom he lost in the same manner as he had done his former wife, before their union had been completed a year. From the unprotected state, however, to which he felt himself reduced by his blindness, he was tempted to enter the matrimonial state again, and he married a lady of the name of Minshull, who survived him. While these events were occurring, he changed his residence to every part of London, till at length he finally settled himself in a house in Bunhill-row.

Several difficulties, it is said, were found to prevent the publication of the *Paradise Lost* after its completion. These were partly owing to the power of the licenser, who could raise whatever objections he chose to the printing of any work, and partly to the nigardliness of the booksellers and the character of the public mind at the period. The latter, it is probable, was the greatest obstacle which an author in those days had to encounter. There was no

## LIFE AND WRITINGS.

ix

reading populace, no book-clubs, provincial libraries, or facilities for circulating literary works through the mass of the public; intelligence was in general confined to the small portion of the community who were possessed of fortune and talents, and the productions of taste had, consequently, to wait for the slow succession of those select readers before they could obtain a decided establishment in the list of classical works. There were, it is true, literary productions in the reign of Charles the Second, which acquired a reputation that might be called popular, but they were such as appealed, by their ribaldry and loose sentiments, to the lowest of men's passions, and were, therefore, equally sure of vulgar, as of fashionable attention. The poetry of Milton, on the contrary, touched upon no topic which the lewd spirit of the age could relish; it fed no unhallowed desire, perverted no principle of morality, and gave splendour to no character which was not rendered illustrious by holiness. The comedies of the most popular authors of the period, and the licentious verses of the wits of Charles's court, were greedily devoured by all classes, but no purity of taste was required to enjoy them, and no depth of thought to fathom their meaning. Milton's verse was a magic stream that had music for but few ears, and the levity and vicious abandonment of the times had degraded king, courtiers, and people, to the lowest character of vulgarity. Hence the comparative neglect which attended the original publication of *Paradise Lost*; hence the fear of the bookseller to give more than five pounds for the copyright, and the slowness of its sale, compared with that of works infinitely inferior in merit.

When, however, these circumstances are considered, there was no particular bad fortune attending the publication of this poem. It was sold, in the first instance, to one Simmons, a printer, and the real wonder is, that it was disposed of for no more than five pounds, with the agreement that five more should be paid after the sale of thirteen hundred of the first edition, and the same sum after the sale of as many of the second; which stipulation was also

to extend to the third edition. All that Milton lived to receive was ten pounds, as he died the same year the second edition was published. It is impossible not to be forcibly struck with this remarkable circumstance, but when the period in which the work was published, and its particular character, are considered, its reaching to three editions in ten years is a sufficient proof that it suffered no greater neglect than may be accounted for by obvious causes. In the history of literature there is more than a single instance of failure which the unfortunate author could attribute only to his own bad luck, which resulted from his want of means to make his work known, or the neglect which a production of the greatest merit will often suffer, when a writer has not the advantages of a previously acquired reputation. Many are the works of genius which have been permitted to pass at once into oblivion from some such causes as these, and the authors of which have pined in broken-heartedness after a reputation which they only wanted some favourable accident to receive, possessing the golden ore, but wanting the amalgam that should make it valuable in the world. But Milton lost not a particle of success in this manner; the times were against him, not fortune; and his labours were as amply rewarded by public fame as any author of such a work as *Paradise Lost* could have expected.

About three years after the publication of *Paradise Lost*, the *History of England*, which had been written many years before, was printed, and in the following year, 1671, *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. The former of these poems was owing to the advice of Elwood, a Quaker, who had been a pupil of Milton's, and to whom he had shewn his larger work in manuscript. On returning it the former observed, 'Thou hast said much of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?' 'He made no answer,' continues Elwood, in his account of this conversation, 'but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.'

The temperate mode of living which Milton had

early adopted, was such as is generally rewarded by a long and healthy life; but he suffered under an hereditary gout, and his sedentary habits and unceasing application, all contributed to weaken a constitution which had never been robust. Few men of letters either have ever suffered so greatly from the wear and tear of public life. From what we know of Milton's character there is reason to think that the ordinary passions of our nature were, from the first dawn of manhood, subdued in his bosom. There was a calmness and tranquillity, amounting to sternness, in his conduct and demeanour. He was sincere and constant in his friendships, but he wrote to and of his friends with classical precision, and seemed to find a greater relish in the intercourse when the learned spirit of antiquity assisted it. Love of woman never warmed him sufficiently to make him for a moment forget the severe assertion of authority, and in his character of child and father no melting tenderness, no irresistible flow of domestic joy, entered into its composition. It would, perhaps be refining too much, but I am inclined to think that this austerity of nature may be observed in the coldness with which he seems to have regarded the objects to which private memory gives a sanctity and beauty. His poems are singularly devoid of any occasional interest derived from this source. There are no signs of that deep rich stream of inner feeling which memory calls up in gentler breasts. We hear him uttering no lament over things which have passed away, because they were associated with some home-thought, or old familiar object. Whenever he leaves the present for the past, it is to hasten far beyond the bounds where history ceases to have a daily interest; it was not with the generation of his fathers, but with the patriarchs of the world he held communion, and when his heart warmed at any recollection of the past, it was his admiration, not his sympathy, that was awakened. The ordinary passions of our nature had, therefore, not much influence over Milton. Those which fever the heart had little, those which contract it had less. But there was one grand and mighty feeling

which kept him in a state of strong excitement when every other was subdued; it was his ardent love of freedom, his lofty aspiration after a liberty which should render all men equal by exalting all. Amid his tranquil meditations, in the loneliest retirement of his home, when oppressed with care and blindness, and wearied with the vicissitudes of fortune this passion was still as burning as in his earliest youth; the evil days and times on which he was fallen bowed his spirit, but diminished not its thirst for freedom; and when he saw his fondest hopes disappointed in the destruction of the commonwealth, he appears to have cherished a bitterness of feeling, as well as a heavy wearing sorrow, that must have materially assisted in shortening his days. The death of this illustrious man took place on the 10th of November, 1674, at his residence in Bunhill-row. He was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in the chancel of the church, and the funeral was attended by a great number of noblemen, as well as by a large concourse of the populace. In 1737 a monument was raised to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and a few years back another small one was placed in the church where he lies interred.

Milton's person is described as of the middle size, and his countenance as remarkable for mildness and beauty of expression. When at Cambridge, he was called the lady of Christ's College, and there is an anecdote told of his having captivated, by his singular beauty, the heart of some unknown female of rank, who happened to see him sleeping under a tree. In his advanced age he suffered so acutely that his hands became almost deformed with chalk stones, and his face of a sickly paleness. His habits were, as it has been said, extremely temperate, and those of a diligent student, to the last year of his life. He was accustomed to retire to rest about nine, and to rise at four in the summer and five in winter. The first thing which he did on getting up, was to hear a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read to him; he then studied the subjects he was occupied upon till twelve, after which he took an hour's exercise, and then dined. With playing on the organ, an hour or two's



## LIFE AND WRITINGS.

xiii

further study, and the evening's conversation with his friends, the remainder of the day was concluded, and having eaten a few olives, smoked his pipe, and drunk a glass of water, he retired to rest.

Milton had five children; four by his first and one by his second wife; of these, the three daughters whom he had by the former survived him, the others died in infancy. The last surviving of the daughters died in August, 1727. She was married to a Spitalfields' weaver of the name of Clarke, by whom she had seven sons and three daughters. Of these only two had children; and there is at present no lineal descendant of the poet living.

But I turn from this brief review of the poet's life to as brief a consideration of the magnificent talents by which his immortality is established. The genius of Milton has not yet, perhaps, met with its proper observer. His great fame has made him too sacred an object in the eyes of general readers to let them think of any thing but implicit veneration; and the men of letters who have been professedly his critics, have been more intent on correcting or illustrating the text by their learning than on unfolding the veil which partially hides the grandeur and uncomprehended beauty of all true poetry. Almost the only one among them who has written with the express purpose of employing a more general and philosophical species of criticism is Addison, a man of elegant taste and accomplished mind, but possessing little of that depth of thought, or vigour of intellect, which is necessary to the character of a critic. Johnson, again, strong as was his mind, was as little fitted for the office he had assumed; for he was as deficient in depth of perception and feeling as Addison was in intellectual power. Much, therefore, as has been done towards illustrating the works of Milton, the praise or blame he has received has not proceeded from any very elevated principles of criticism.

Milton is the most learned of our English poets. There is no work of either this or any other country on which so much profound erudition has been expended as on *Paradise Lost*. The learning of all

ages, the opinions of the wisest men, the superstitions of the most benighted nations, the truths of philosophy and science, and the most solemn mysteries of religion, were all explored by the great author, and he poured out the whole vast treasure of his mind into the golden vase his imagination had formed. But to decide upon the true character of his genius, we must not be content with the examination of his larger works. They were composed after his mind was more than furnished, after it was enveloped with learning; and it is sometimes, therefore, not clear whether knowledge have not mastered thought instead of being its auxiliary.

From the earlier poems of Milton we are able to discover, with some degree of certainty, the principal and original characteristics of his genius. In them we trace the love of truth, the creative imagination, the power over language, which form the features of his subsequent productions. But we see them in their origin. With him the love of truth was the offspring of a tranquil but noble soul, and from the dawning of his mind it was the object he most earnestly sought. But he sought it chiefly among books, or among those who derived their materials of thinking solely from them. The fashion of the times was not in favour of original thinking, and hence he, like the other great men of the period, principally employed himself in heaping together all the knowledge which the accumulated learning of ages could afford. One consequence of this was the subjection of passion, thought, and feeling, to memory; and there is, therefore, to be discovered no beauty of a sentimental kind, even in his freshest and earliest poems. The same cause will also account for the absence of that heart-reaching, spiritual eloquence with which poetry sometimes awakens us. There are scarcely any thoughts to be found in Milton which can be ascribed to his sympathy with individual suffering, or to his consideration of human nature in its simple but deep workings. He gave himself no time for this unincumbered view of humanity. He sought the true philosophy of nature, but it was in the

history of sects and kingdoms; and he learnt to excite wonder but not passion. Whatever, therefore, might have been the tendencies of his nature truth in his poetry is a reflected not primitive truth; the truth which learning searches for and discovers, not what every heart feels and recognizes.

But Milton possessed an imagination of the highest order; an imagination which could combine or create at will the noblest objects of contemplation. His early poems sufficiently attest the energy of this divine power in his mind. The classical style of his verses never affect its originality; and they run like a stream of light and beauty wherever the imagination is free to operate. All the other faculties of his intellect received their tone from this. His power of description was raised by it into a creative faculty; the objects of memory passed through it, and became godlike and eternal. It elevated his thoughts to other worlds of beings, which it alone could make visible; and reason in her severest moods was led by it to take her weapons from the splendid and ethereal armoury of poetry. In *Comus*, the *Allegro*, and *Penseroso*, and the religious Odes, we see all this power of the imagination operating, but producing only beautiful and holy forms; we are entertained with the sight of nature suffused with heavenly light, with the discourse of bright and spiritual beings, and with the view of past scenes, over which hangs the cloud of divine glory. All here is fresh and spring-like. The poet's imagination was a bird of Paradise, that had not strength of wing to explore the dark world beyond it.

When years, continued study, and experience of the world, had altered the general tone of his feelings, this distinguishing power of his genius assumed, with increasing strength, a severer character. The world of interminable being was all before it, and it chose out of the tremendous wilderness of space the most fearful spot it could discover. Here it rejoiced in its power. The great void grew instinct with life. The universe of thought became substantial, and night and ruin stood palpably distinct in the outflowing and creating light of heaven.

No mortal ever saw that vision so distinct as Milton, and seeing it he could but write as he did. His imagination was a sense, not the result of emotion. It was from sight, not feeling, his inspiration came, and hence the grandeur, but coldness, of his genius—the distinctness and reality of his creations—the cramped scholasticism of his philosophy.

There are other points of a minor but highly interesting nature in considering the genius of Milton. His deficiency of passion was the only element which was wanting to the perfection of his poetic character. When we examine it in respect to every other, we find it full and complete; perfect, not only in the higher and rarer requisites of genius, but in those lighter qualities from which inferior minds derive their sole claim to consideration. Milton had as perfect a knowledge of the art of poetry as any cold, formal writer of verses, who has no other means of gaining respectability. He had also an equal degree of judgment in arranging the different parts of his subject, and while there was no species of learning which he had not pursued, there was no, not even the commonest kind of, information which he could not accommodate, with the nicest skill, to his purpose. But of all these minor features of his genius, that which most deserves consideration is the exquisite power he possessed over every kind of metre. The versification of his shorter poems is the most beautiful specimen we possess of the music of our language. The blank metre of *Paradise Lost* is more various, more rich in the melody of cadences, than that of any other English poem. This, perhaps, is owing to a circumstance not generally observed, that Milton is almost the only writer in blank verse who had previously made himself a perfect master of rhyme and the rhyming measures.

DR. CHANNING'S ESSAY  
ON THE  
POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON

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IN speaking of the *intellectual* qualities of Milton, we may begin with observing, that the very splendour of his poetic fame has tended to obscure or conceal the extent of his mind, and the variety of its energies and attainments. To many he seems only a poet, when in truth he was a profound scholar, a man of vast compass of thought, imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, and able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power, his great and various acquisitions. He had not learned the superficial doctrine of a later day,—that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil, and that imagination shapes its brightest visions from the mists of a superstitious age; and he had no dread of accumulating knowledge, lest it should oppress and smother his genius. He was conscious of that within him, which could quicken all knowledge, and wield it with ease and might; which could give freshness to old truths, and harmony to discordant thoughts; which could bind together by

living ties and mysterious affinities the most remote discoveries ; and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials which other minds had collected. Milton had that universality which marks the highest order of intellect. Though accustomed almost from infancy to drink at the fountains of classical literature, he had nothing of the pedantry and fastidiousness which disdain all other draughts. His healthy mind delighted in genius, on whatever soil or in whatever age it burst forth and poured out its fulness. He understood too well the rights, and dignity, and pride of creative imagination, to lay on it the laws of the Greek or Roman school. Parnassus was not to him the only holy ground of genius. He felt that poetry was as a universal presence. Great minds were every where his kindred. He felt the enchantment of Oriental fiction, surrendered himself to the strange creations of 'Araby the blest,' and delighted still more in the romantic spirit of chivalry, and in the tales of wonder in which it was embodied. Accordingly his poetry reminds us of the ocean, which adds to its own boundlessness contributions from all regions under heaven. Nor was it only in the department of imagination, that his acquisitions were vast. He travelled over the whole field of knowledge, as far as it had then been explored. His various philological attainments were used to put him in possession of the wisdom stored in all countries, where the intellect had been

## THE POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON. 93

cultivated. The natural philosophy, metaphysics, ethics, history, theology and political science of his own and former times, were familiar to him. Never was there a more unconfined mind, and we would cite Milton as a practical example of the benefits of that universal culture of intellect, which forms one distinction of our times, but which some dread as unfriendly to original thought. Let such remember, that mind is in its own nature diffusive. Its object is the universe, which is strictly one, or bound together by infinite connexions and correspondences; and accordingly its natural progress is from one to another field of thought; and wherever original power, creative genius exists, the mind, far from being distracted or oppressed by the variety of its acquisitions, will see more and more common bearings and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge, will see mutual light shed from truth to truth, and will compel, as with a kingly power, whatever it understands, to yield some tribute of proof, or illustration, or splendour, to whatever topic it would unfold.

Milton's fame rests chiefly on his poetry, and to this we naturally give our first attention. By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's gifts of

intellect, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great works with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes further towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He, who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we now have said, wants the true key to works of



### THE POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON. \*5

genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigour, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever-growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it 'makes all things new' for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature, imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendours of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colours which the passions throw over it, and depicts the mind in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates

those states of progressive power, splendour, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created.

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and shew us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which shew a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shudder-

### THE POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON. 47

ing sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life ; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware, that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny ; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earthborn prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories

and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes, of youth; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire;—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence,

#### THE POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON. 49

arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence, and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not as formerly for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life.—Our remarks in vindication of poetry have extended beyond our original design. They have had a higher aim than to assert the dignity of Milton as a poet, and that is, to endear and recommend this divine art to all who reverence and would cultivate and refine their nature.

In delineating Milton's character as a *poet*, we are saved the necessity of looking far for its distinguishing attributes. His name is almost identified with sublimity. He is in truth the sublimest

of men. He rises, not by effort or discipline, but by a native tendency and a godlike instinct, to the contemplation of objects of grandeur and awfulness. He always moves with a conscious energy. There is no subject so vast or terrific, as to repel or intimidate him. The overpowering grandeur of a theme kindles and attracts him. He enters on the description of the infernal regions with a fearless tread, as if he felt within himself a power to erect the prison-house of fallen spirits, to encircle them with flames and horrors worthy of their crimes, to call forth from them shouts which should 'tear hell's concave,' and to embody in their Chief an Archangel's energies and a Demon's pride and hate. Even the stupendous conception of Satan seems never to oppress his faculties. This character of power runs through all Milton's works. His descriptions of nature shew a free and bold hand. He has no need of the minute, graphic skill, which we prize in Cowper or Crabbe. With a few strong or delicate touches, he impresses, as it were, his own mind on the scenes which he would describe, and kindles the imagination of the gifted reader to clothe them with the same radiant hues under which they appeared to his own.

This attribute of power is universally felt to characterize Milton. His sublimity is in every man's mouth. Is it felt that his poetry breathes a sensibility and tenderness hardly surpassed by its

### THE POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON. \*11

sublimity? We apprehend that the grandeur of Milton's mind has thrown some shade over his milder beauties; and this it has done not only by being more striking and imposing, but by the tendency of vast mental energy to give a certain calmness to the expression of tenderness and deep feeling. A great mind is the master of its own enthusiasm, and does not often break out into those tumults, which pass with many for the signs of profound emotion. Its sensibility, though more intense and enduring, is more self-possessed, and less perturbed, than that of other men, and is therefore less observed and felt, except by those who understand, through their own consciousness, the workings and utterance of genuine feeling. We might quote pages in illustration of the qualities here ascribed to Milton. Turn to *Comus*, one of his earliest productions. What sensibility breathes in the descriptions of the benighted Lady's singing, by *Comus* and the Spirit!

#### COMUS.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
Sure something holy lodges in that breast.  
And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
To testify his hidden residence:  
How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,  
At every fall smoothing the raven down  
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard

12° DR. CHANNING'S ESSAY ON

My mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,  
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,  
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,  
And chid her barking waves into attention,  
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause.  
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,  
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;  
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,  
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
I never heard till now.

Lines 244—264.

SPIRIT.

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound  
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,  
And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more,  
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of Death.

Lines 335—363.

. In illustration of Milton's tenderness, we will  
open almost at a venture.

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam waked, so custom'd, for his sleep  
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred,  
and temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song  
Of birds on every bough; so much the more



THE POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON. 13

His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve  
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek  
As through unquiet rest : he on his side  
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces ; then with voice  
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus : Awake,  
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,  
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
Awake : the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us ; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,  
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Par. Lost, b. v. lines 1—25.

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,  
But silently a gentle tear let fall  
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair ;  
Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

Ibid. b. v. lines 120—135.

From this very imperfect view of the qualities of Milton's poetry, we hasten to his great work, *Paradise Lost*, perhaps the noblest monument of human genius. The two first books, by universal consent, stand pre-eminent in sublimity. Hell and Hell's King have a terrible harmony, and dilate into new grandeur and awfulness, the longer

we contemplate them. From one element, 'solid and liquid fire,' the poet has framed a world of horror and suffering, such as imagination had never traversed. But fiercer flames, than those which encompass Satan, burn in his own soul. Revenge, exasperated pride, consuming wrath, ambition though fallen, yet unconquered by the thunders of the Omnipotent, and grasping still at the empire of the universe,—these form a picture more sublime and terrible than Hell. Hell yields to the spirit which it imprisons. The intensity of its fires reveals the intenser passions and more vehement will of Satan; and the ruined Archangel gathers into himself the sublimity of the scene which surrounds him. This forms the tremendous interest of these wonderful books. We see mind triumphant over the most terrible powers of nature. We see unutterable agony subdued by energy of soul. We have not indeed in Satan those bursts of passion, which rive the soul as well as shatter the outward frame of Lear. But we have a depth of passion which only an Archangel could manifest. The all-enduring, all-defying pride of Satan, assuming so majestically Hell's burning throne, and coveting the diadem, which scorches his thunder-blasted brow, is a creation requiring in its author almost the spiritual energy with which he invests the fallen seraph. Some have doubted whether the moral effect of such delineations of the storms and terrible workings of the soul is good; whether

THE POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON. \*16

the interest felt in a spirit so transcendently evil as Satan, favours our sympathies with virtue. But our interest fastens, in this and like cases, on what is not evil. We gaze on Satan with an awe not unmixed with mysterious pleasure, as on a miraculous manifestation of the *power of mind*. What chains us, as with a resistless spell, in such a character, is spiritual might made visible by the racking pains which it overpowers. There is something kindling and ennobling in the consciousness, however awakened, of the energy which resides in mind; and many a virtuous man has borrowed new strength from the force, constancy, and dauntless courage, of evil agents.

Milton's description of Satan attests in various ways the power of his genius. Critics have often observed, that the great difficulty of his work was to reconcile the spiritual properties of his supernatural beings with the human modes of existence, which he was obliged to ascribe to them; and the difficulty is too great for any genius wholly to overcome, and we must acknowledge that our enthusiasm is in some parts of the poem checked by a feeling of incongruity between the spiritual agent, and his sphere and mode of agency. But we are visited with no such chilling doubts and misgivings in the description of Satan in Hell. Imagination has here achieved its highest triumph, in imparting a character of reality and truth to its most daring creations. That world of horrors,

though material, is yet so remote from our ordinary nature, that a spiritual being, exiled from heaven, finds there an appropriate home. There is, too, an indefiniteness in the description of Satan's person, which incites without shocking the imagination, and aids us to combine in our conception of him the massiness of a real form with the vagueness of spiritual existence. To the production of this effect, much depends on the first impression given by the poet; for this is apt to follow us through the whole work; and here we think Milton eminently successful. The first glimpse of Satan is given us in the following lines, which, whilst too indefinite to provoke the scrutiny of the reason, fill the imagination of the reader with a form which can hardly be effaced.

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate  
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood, \* \* \*

Par. Lost, b. i. lines 192—196.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,  
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and roll'd  
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.

Ibid. 221—224.

We have more which we should gladly say of the delineation of Satan; especially of the glimpses which are now and then given of his deep anguish

#### THE POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON. 17

and despair, and of the touches of better feelings which are skilfully thrown into the dark picture, both suited and designed to blend with our admiration, dread, and abhorrence, a measure of that sympathy and interest with which every living, thinking being ought to be regarded, and without which all other feelings tend to sin and pain. But there is another topic which we cannot leave untouched. From Hell we flee to Paradise, a region as lovely as Hell is terrible, and which to those who do not know the universality of true genius, will appear doubly wonderful, when considered as the creation of the same mind which had painted the infernal world.

Paradise and its inhabitants are in sweet accordance, and together form a scene of tranquil bliss, which calms and soothes, whilst it delights, the imagination. Adam and Eve, just moulded by the hand, and quickened by the breath of God, reflect in their countenances and forms, as well as minds, the intelligence, benignity, and happiness of their author. Their new existence has the freshness and peacefulness of the dewy morning. Their souls, unsated and untainted, find an innocent joy in the youthful creation, which spreads and smiles around them. Their mutual love is deep, for it is the love of young, unworn, unexhausted hearts, which meet in each other the only human objects on whom to pour forth their fulness of affection ; and still it is serene, for it is the love

of happy beings, who know not suffering even by name, whose innocence excludes not only the tumults but the thought of jealousy and shame, who, 'imparadised in one another's arms,' scarce dream of futurity, so blessed is their present being. We will not say that we envy our first parents; for we feel that there may be higher happiness than theirs, a happiness won through struggle with inward and outward foes, the happiness of power and moral victory, the happiness of disinterested sacrifices and wide-spread love, the happiness of boundless hope, and of 'thoughts which wander through eternity.' Still there are times, when the spirit, oppressed with pain, worn with toil, tired of tumult, sick at the sight of guilt, wounded in its love, baffled in its hope, and trembling in its faith, almost longs for the 'wings of a dove, that it might fly away' and take refuge amidst the 'shady bowers,' the 'vernal airs,' the 'roses without thorns,' the quiet, the beauty, the loveliness, of Eden. It is the contrast of this deep peace of Paradise with the storms of life, which gives to the fourth and fifth books of this poem a charm so irresistible, that not a few would sooner relinquish the two first books with all their sublimity, than part with these. It has sometimes been said that the English language has no good pastoral poetry. We would ask, in what age or country has the pastoral reed breathed such sweet strains as are borne to us on 'the odoriferous wings of gentle gales' from Milton's Paradise?

### THE POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON. \*19

We should not fulfil our duty, were we not to say one word on what has been justly celebrated, the harmony of Milton's versification. His numbers have the prime charm of expressiveness. They vary with, and answer to, the depth, or tenderness, or sublimity, of his conceptions, and hold intimate alliance with the soul. Like Michael Angelo, in whose hands the marble was said to be flexible, he bends our language, which foreigners reproach with hardness, into whatever forms the subject demands. All the treasures of sweet and solemn sound are at his command. Words, harsh and discordant in the writings of less gifted men, flow through his poetry in a full stream of harmony. This power over language is not to be ascribed to Milton's musical ear. It belongs to the soul. It is a gift or exercise of genius, which has power to impress itself on whatever it touches, and finds or frames in sounds, motions, and material forms, correspondences and harmonies with its own fervid thoughts and feelings.

We close our remarks on Milton's poetry with observing, that it is characterized by seriousness. Great and various as are its merits, it does not discover all the variety of genius, which we find in Shakspeare, whose imagination revelled equally in regions of mirth, beauty, and terror, now evoking spectres, now sporting with fairies, and now 'ascending the highest heaven of invention.' Milton was cast on times too solemn and eventful, was

called to take part in transactions too perilous, and had too perpetual need of the presence of high thoughts and motives, to indulge himself in light and gay creations, even had his genius been more flexible and sportive. But Milton's poetry, though habitually serious, is always healthful, and bright, and vigorous. It has no gloom. He took no pleasure in drawing dark pictures of life; for he knew by experience, that there is a power in the soul to transmute calamity into an occasion and nutriment of moral power and triumphant virtue. We find no where in his writings that whining sensibility and exaggeration of morbid feeling, which makes so much of modern poetry effeminating. If he is not gay, he is not spirit-broken. His *L'Allegro* proves, that he understood thoroughly the bright and joyous aspects of nature; and in his *Penseroso*, where he was tempted to accumulate images of gloom, we learn that the saddest views which he took of creation, are such as inspire only pensive musing or lofty contemplation.



# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK I.

### THE ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first, in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or Father Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, described here, not in the centre (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitly called Chaos: here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: they rise, their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterward in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

**O**F man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,

1. The fitness and exquisite beauty of this introduction to the poem cannot be too much admired. The classical taste and religious feelings of the author are both evidenced in it; the former by the simplicity with which the subject is stated and the invocation of the muse, and the latter by his addressing the Holy Spirit as the source of inspiration and light. Great admiration has been expressed by the different commentators on the skilful construction of the verse in these introductory lines, the pauses of which are so varied as to give a most musical effect to the whole passage.

4. It has been supposed that Milton intimated in this expression his idea of writing *Paradise Regained*, but it appears to have been suggested merely by the subject of his present contemplation.

Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top  
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
 That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed  
 In the beginning, how the heav'ns and earth  
 Rose out of Chaos. Or if Sion hill 10  
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd  
 Fast by the oracle of God; I thence  
 Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
 Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues 15  
 Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme.  
 And chiefly Thou, O Sp'rit, that dost prefer  
 Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,  
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st: Thou from the first  
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread 20  
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
 And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark  
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
 That to the height of this great argument  
 I may assert eternal Providence, 25  
 And justify the ways of God to Men.  
 Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,  
 Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first what cause  
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,  
 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off 30  
 From their Creator, and transgress his will  
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?  
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?  
 Th' infernal Serpent: he it was whose guile,  
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived 35  
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
 Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host  
 Of rebel Angels; by whose aid aspiring

6. Bentley proposed the changing of this epithet into *acred*, but his opinion has been successfully confuted, it having been shown that the former word is peculiarly applicable to Oreb or Sinai, which had been so awfully obscured at the giving of the law.

8. Moses; who, we are told, Exod. iii. 1. kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law.

11. Siloa was a fountain flowing near the temple of Jerusalem.

13. Th' Aonian mount; the classical seat of the Muses.

16. It has been supposed that Milton took the idea of writing a poem on the loss of Paradise, from an Italian tragedy called 'Il Paradiso Perduto,' but little weight can be placed on this opinion when it is considered that both his genius and the most favourite of his studies led him continually to religious contemplation.

BOOK I.

19

To set himself in glory 'bove his peers,  
 He trusted to have equall'd the Most High, 40  
 If he opposed ; and with ambitious aim  
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
 Raised impious war in Heav'n, and battle proud  
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky, 45  
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
 To bottomless perdition ; there to dwell  
 In adamant chains and penal fire,  
 Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.  
 Nine times the space that measures day and night 50  
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
 Confounded though immortal : But his doom  
 Reserved him to more wrath ; for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55  
 Torments him ; round he throws his baleful eyes,  
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,  
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate :  
 At once, as far as angels' ken, he views  
 The dismal situation waste and wild : 60  
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round,  
 As one great furnace flamed ; yet from those flames  
 No light ; but rather darkness visible  
 Served only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 65  
 And rest can never dwell ? hope never comes,  
 That comes to all : but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed :  
 Such place eternal justice had prepared 70  
 For those rebellious ; here their pris'n ordain'd  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set  
 As far removed from God and light of heaven,  
 As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.

44. This whole description of the fall of the angels and of the infernal abyss is conceived in the noblest style of poetry ; the flaming, rushing fall of the apostate angels, and the dark but fiery prison which received them, are ; perhaps the most sublime pictures which the human imagination ever produced.

74. It is a curious observation, that Homer places Hell as far beneath the earth as Heaven is above it ; Virgil makes it twice as distant, and Milton here thrice as far.



Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his pow'r,  
 Who from the terror of this arm so late  
 Doubted his empire; that were low indeed!  
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath 113  
 This downfall; since by fate the strength of Gods  
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail,  
 Since through experience of this great event  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve 120  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heav'n.  
 So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain, 125  
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:  
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.  
 O Prince, O Chief of many throned powers!  
 That led th' embattled Seraphim to war  
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds 130  
 Fearless, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,  
 And put to proof his high supremacy,  
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;  
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat 135  
 Hath lost us heav'n, and all this mighty host  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
 As far as Gods and heav'nly essences  
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains  
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140  
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state  
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.  
 But what if he our conqueror (whom I now  
 Of force believe almighty, since no less  
 Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours)  
 Have left us this our spirit and strength entire 145  
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,

116. Satan expresses by the word *fate*, his high and proud belief in the original and underived existence as well as immortality of the angels. Here is an admirable attention to the minutest circumstances which might develop the character of the fallen spirit evident throughout the speech, and the reader's attention cannot be too strongly directed to its examination.

Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
 By right of war, whate'er his business be 150  
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,  
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;  
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
 Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being  
 To undergo eternal punishment? 155  
 Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-Fiend reply'd:  
     Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable  
 Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,  
 To do aught good never will be our task,  
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160  
 As being the contrary to his high will  
 Whom we resist. If then his providence  
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
 And out of good still to find means of evil; 165  
 Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps  
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.  
 But see, the angry victor hath recall'd  
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170  
 Back to the gates of Heav'n; the sulph'rous hail  
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid  
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
 Of Heav'n received us falling; and the thunder,  
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage, 175  
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep,  
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn  
 Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.  
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, 180  
 The seat of desolation, void of light,  
 Save what the glimm'ring of these livid flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there, 185

170. Dr. Bentley has pointed out a contradiction between this passage and one in the sixth book. It is here said that the good angels pursued the fallen ones down to hell; in the other place, it is asserted, that the Messiah alone expelled them from heaven. The variation has been accounted for by the account being given by different relations.—The one by the discomfited Satan, the other by the angel Raphael.

# BOOK I.

21

And reassembling our afflicted powers,  
Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,  
How overcome this dire calamity,  
What reinforcement we may gain from hope 190  
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate  
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large, 195  
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size ;  
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,  
Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den  
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200  
Leviathan, which God of all his works  
Created largest that swim the ocean stream ;  
Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam  
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff  
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell, 205  
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind  
Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays :  
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay  
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence 210  
Had ris'n or heaved his head, but that the will  
And high permission of all-ruling Heav'n  
Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
That with reiterated crimes he might  
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought 215  
Evil to others, and enraged might see  
How all his malice served but to bring forth

196. Virgil describes the bulk of one of the giants in the same manner. *Æn.* vi. 808.

199. Typhon or Typhoeus was one of the rebel giants, and imprisoned by Jupiter under Mount Ætna, or, as others say, in a cave near Tarsus, a city in Cilicia.

201. It has been questioned whether Milton supposed the Leviathan to be a whale or a crocodile.—It is most probable his imagination made him content with the description of this animal given in Job, and that his critical industry was not at all engaged in settling the question.

204. Bentley has given a curious instance of his utter want of poetical feeling in proposing to change this epithet *night-founder'd* into *night-founder'd*.

206. This verse, by its laboured length, well expresses the idea of Satan's immense bulk.

Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown  
 On Man, by him seduced; but on himself  
 Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd. 230  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
 Driv'n backward alope their pointing spires, and roll'd  
 In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vail.  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight 235  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,  
 That felt unusual weight; till on dry land  
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd  
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;  
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 240  
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side  
 Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible  
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,  
 Sublimed with min'ral fury, aid the winds, 245  
 And leave a singed bottom all involved  
 With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole  
 Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,  
 Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood  
 As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 250  
 Not by the suff'rance of Supernal Power.  
 Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,  
 Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat  
 That we must change for heav'n, this mournful gloom  
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he 255  
 Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best.  
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme  
 Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,  
 Where joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail! 260  
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell  
 Receive thy new possessor; one who brings  
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n. 265

230. Said to be borrowed from Spenser, Book 1. Canto 2.

231. *Winds* is sometimes read instead of wind.

232. Pelorus is a Sicilian promontory now called Capo di Faro.

246. Sovran is abridged from the Italian Sovrano.

254. This sentiment is the great foundation on which the Stoics built their whole system of Ethics.



What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be, all but less than he  
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260  
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice  
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;  
 Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.  
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 265  
 Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,  
 And call them not to share with us their part  
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more  
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
 Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in Hell? 270  
 So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub  
 Thus answer'd: Leader of those armies bright,  
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,  
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275  
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battle when it raged, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive, though now they lie  
 Grov'ling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280  
 As we ere while, astounded and amazed,  
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.  
 He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend  
 Was moving tow'rd the shore; his pond'rous shield,  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round, 285  
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
 At evening from the top of Fesolè,  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290  
 Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.  
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine

263. The same sentiment is put by Æschylus into the mouth of Prometheus, and it was the well-known saying of Julius Cæsar, that he would rather be the first man in a village, than the second in Rome.

287. So Homer and Ovid compare the shields of their heroes.

289. Fesolè and Valdarno, the one a city, the other a valley, in Tuscany.

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,  
 He walk'd with to support uneasy steps      294  
 Over the burning marle; not like those steps  
 On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:  
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach  
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd      300  
 His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades  
 High over-arch'd imbrow'r; or scatter'd sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd      306  
 Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
 Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld      310  
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
 And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
 Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,      316  
 Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place  
 After the toil of battle to repose  
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find      320  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the conqueror? who now beholds  
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood  
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon      326

293. Milton here again enlarges on the idea of the great preceding poets, who had given their heroes a pine for their wand or spear.

294. Ammiral from the German *amiral* or the Italian *ammiraglio*.

302. A famous valley in Tuscany. The name is compounded of *vallis* and *umbra*.

306. Orion is the most stormy of the constellations, and, as the Red Sea abounds with sedge, it is here represented as exercising its influence over it.

307. Pharaoh has been supposed to be the same with Busiris, which opinion Milton appears to have held. *Chivalry* is used in the poets to denote, not only those who fight on horses, but those who go to battle in chariots drawn by them.

His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern  
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down  
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 329  
 They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung  
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 333  
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
 Yet to their gen'ral's voice they soon obey'd  
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,  
 Waved round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340  
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:  
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
 Hov'ring on wing under the cope of Hell 345  
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;  
 Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear  
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
 Their course, in even balance down they light  
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain; 350  
 A multitude, like which the populous north  
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass  
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barb'rous sons  
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spread  
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands. 355  
 Forthwith from ev'ry squadron and each band  
 The heads and leaders thither haste where stood  
 Their great commander; Godlike shapes and forms  
 Excelling human, princely dignities,  
 And Pow'rs that erst in Heaven sat on thrones; 360  
 Though of their names in heav'nly records now  
 Be no memorial, blotted out and rased  
 By their rebellion from the books of life.

329. An allusion is here made to the story of Ajax Oileus, *Æn.* l. 44.

333. See Exodus x. 12.

353. Instead of *book*, to answer better to the plural records used before, and to the immense number of angels.

Nor had they yet among the souls of Eve 364  
 Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,  
 Thro' God's high suff'rance for the trial of man,  
 By falsities and lies the greatest part  
 Of mankind they corrupted, to forsake  
 God their Creator, and th' invisible  
 Glory of him that made them to transform 370  
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd  
 With gay religions full of pomp and gold,  
 And Devils to adore for Deities:  
 Then were they known to men by various names,  
 And various idols through the Heathen world. 373  
 Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who  
 Roused from the slumber, on that fiery couch, (last  
 At their great emp'ror's call, as next in worth  
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof. 380  
 The chief were those who from the pit of Hell  
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
 Their seats long after next the seat of God,  
 Their altars by his altar, Gods adored  
 Among the nations round, and durst abide 385  
 Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, throned  
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed  
 Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,  
 Abominations; and with cursed things  
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned, 390  
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
 First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood  
 Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,  
 Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud

364. See Rom. chap. 1.

373. The catalogue of the evil spirits is a great proof both of the art and the imagination of Milton. It is far superior in description, as well as fitness, to those in Homer and Virgil, and forms a part of the poem which could not be removed without great injury to its completeness.

386. God dwelt in a visible glory between the cherubim in the Holy of Holies of the temple on Mount Sion.

392. Moloch has been supposed to be the Saturn of the heathens. The Scriptures say that parents made their children pass through the fire to him, not perhaps in sacrifice always, but as a rite of consecration to him. Rabba was the capital of the Ammonites, and Argob and Basan neighbouring countries. Geba nua, or the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem, is made in the New Testament a type of hell, as it was there that a fire was kept up to consume the sacrifices offered to this idol.

BOOK I.

29

Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd thro' fire  
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite 306  
 Worshipp'd in Rabba and her wat'ry plain,  
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream  
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400  
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
 His temple right against the temple' of God,  
 On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove  
 The pleasant vale of Hinnom, Tophet thence  
 And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell. 405  
 Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,  
 From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild  
 Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon  
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond  
 The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410  
 And Eleälé to th' Asphaltic pool.  
 Peor his other name, when he enticed  
 Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,  
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged 415  
 E'en to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
 Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate;  
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.  
 With these came they, who, from the bord'ring flood  
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420  
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
 Of Baälím and Ashtaroth; those male,  
 These feminine: for spirits, when they please,  
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
 And uncompounded is their essence pure 425  
 Not tied nor manacled with joint or limb;  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
 Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose

406. Chemos is thus mentioned next to Moloch because their names are united in Scripture, see 1 Kings xi. 7. This too is supposed to be the same with Baal-Peor and with Priapus, see also Numbers xxv. 2 Kings xxiii.

417. The figure contained in this verse conveys a strong moral truth. Had it not been, however, that the music of the verse would have been injured, the idea would have been more correct by the transposition of the words lust and hate.—See *Fairy Queen*, B. 3. Can. 12.

423. The Gods of Syria, Palestine, &c.

426. Speculations about the nature of spirits were a favourite amusement with learned men a few centuries back. Milton doubt-

Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure  
 Can execute their airy purposes, 430  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
 Their living Strength, and unfrequented left  
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
 To bestial gods; for which their heads as low 435  
 Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear  
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
 Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd  
 Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;  
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440  
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;  
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
 Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built  
 By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,  
 Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell 445  
 To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,  
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day;  
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450  
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale  
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
 Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led, 455  
 His eye survey'd the dark idolatries  
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark  
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopp'd off  
 In his own temple, on the grunsel edge, 460  
 Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers:  
 Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man  
 And downward fish: yet had his temple high  
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast

less partook in the interest. The work from which he is supposed to have taken most was by Pœllus, an author who composed a dialogue on the subject.

430. For mention of this idol, see Jeremiah vii. 18. xlii. 17, 18. also 1 Kings xi. 5. 2 Kings xxiii. 13.

440. Thammuz, or Adonis, was the god of the Syrians. He was slain by a bear on mount Lebanon, from which the river of the same name descended.

460. For the explanation of this passage, see 1 Sam. v. 4. vi. 17.

BOOK I.

81

Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
 Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat  
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks  
 Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.  
 He also 'gainst the house of God was bold : 470  
 A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king ;  
 Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew  
 God's altar to disparage and displace  
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
 His odious offerings, and adore the gods 475  
 Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd  
 A crew, who, under names of old renown,  
 Osiris, Iris, Orus, and their train,  
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused  
 Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek 480  
 Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms  
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape  
 Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold composed  
 The calf in Oreb ; and the rebel king  
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan, 485  
 Likening his Maker to the grazed ox ;  
 Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd  
 From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke  
 Both her first-born, and all her bleating gods.  
 Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd 490  
 Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for itself : to whom no temple stood,  
 Nor altar smoked ; yet who more oft than he  
 In temples and at altars, when the priest  
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd 495  
 With lust and violence the house of God !  
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,  
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,  
 And injury and outrage : and when night 500  
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons

477. Rimmon was a god of the Syrians. The leper mentioned was Naaman, see 2 Kings v.

478. The principal deities of the Egyptians.

490. Belial and Moloch have situations awarded them according to their characters ; the one last because the most slothful, the other first because the most violent.

Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night  
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door  
 Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape. 508  
 These were the prime in order and in might:  
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,  
 Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held  
 Gods, yet confess'd later than Heaven and Earth,  
 Their boasted parents: Titan, Heav'n's first-born, 510  
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seized  
 By younger Saturn: he from mightier Jove,  
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;  
 So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete  
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top 515  
 Of cold Olympus, ruled the middle air,  
 Their highest heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,  
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old  
 Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields, 520  
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
 Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appear'd  
 Obscure some glimpses of joy, to have found their  
 chief

Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost 525  
 In loss itself: which on his count'nance cast  
 Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised  
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. 530  
 Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound  
 Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd  
 His mighty standard; that proud honour claim'd  
 Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;  
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd 535  
 Th' imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,  
 Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,

502. *Blown* has been proposed as another reading.

506. From Javan were descended the Ionians and Grecians, among whom arose the gods of the later mythology.

530. *Their fainting courage* in the first edition.

534. Azazel, according to its derivation, means *brave in retreating*. The description in this passage is remarkably magnificent.



BOOK I.

33

With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd  
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540  
 At which the universal host up-sent  
 A shout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air,  
 With orient colours waving: with them rose  
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms  
 Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array  
 Of depth immeasurable: anon they move 550  
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
 Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised  
 To height of noblest temper heroes old  
 Arming to battle; and instead of rage  
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmoved  
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat: 555  
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage,  
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain  
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,  
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought, 560  
 Moved on in silence, to soft pipes, that charm'd  
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now  
 Advanced in view they stand; a horrid front  
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
 Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield, 565  
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
 Had to impose: he through the armed files  
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
 The whole battalion views, their order due,  
 Their visages and stature as of gods: 570  
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
 Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength  
 Glories; for never since created man  
 Met such embodied force, as, nam'd with these,  
 Could merit more than that small infantry 575  
 Warr'd on by cranes: though all the giant brood

543 *Erign* used like the Latin *regnum*, for kingdom.

550. There were three kinds of music among the ancients. The Lydian, the most melancholy; the Phrygian, the most lively; and the Dorian, the most majestic. Milton has been very exact in employing music fit for each particular purpose.

Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd  
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
 Mix'd with auxiliar gods ; and what resounds  
 In fable or romance of Uther's son 598  
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights ;  
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,  
 Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,  
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,  
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore, 600  
 When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell  
 By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed  
 Their dread commander : he, above the rest 602  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
 Stood like a tower ; his form had not yet lost  
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
 Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess  
 Of glory obscured ; as when the sun, new risen,  
 Looks through the horizontal misty air 604  
 Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,  
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
 On half the nations, and with fear of change  
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone  
 Above them all the Arch-angel : but his face 606  
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek ; but under brows  
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
 Waiting revenge ; cruel his eye, but cast  
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold 608  
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
 (Far other once be held in bliss), condemn'd  
 For ever now to have their lot in pain :  
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced  
 Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung 610  
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,  
 Their glory wither'd : as when Heav'n's fire  
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,

597. Phlegra was a city of Macedonia.

598. Uther's son was King Arthur : this and the following allusions are derived from the old romances on the subject. Charlemagne is said not to have died at Fontarabia, but some years after, and in peace.

605. Am-ree. deprived of.

611. The construction requires a reference to the verb, behold, at line 608.

With sing'd top their stately growth tho' bare  
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared 615  
 To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
 From wing to wing, and half inclose him round  
 With all his peers. Attention held them mute.  
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. At last 620  
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers  
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife  
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,  
 As this place testifies, and this dire change, 625  
 hateful to utter; but what power of mind,  
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd  
 How such united force of Gods, how such  
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse; 630  
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
 Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend  
 Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?  
 For me, be witness all the host of Heav'n, 635  
 If counsels different, or danger shunn'd  
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
 Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure  
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,  
 Consent, or custom, and his regal state 640  
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,  
 So as not either to provoke or dread  
 New war, provoked; our better part remains 645  
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
 What force effected not; that he no less  
 At length from us may find, who overcomes  
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
 Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife 650  
 There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long  
 Intended to create, and therein plant  
 A generation, whom his choice regard  
 Should favour equal to the sons of Heav'n:

623. A third part of the angels is supposed to have fallen. see  
 Rev. xii. 4.

Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655  
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere :  
 For this infernal pit shall never hold  
 Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss  
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
 Full counsel must mature : Peace is despair'd, 660  
 For who can think submission ? War then, War,  
 Open or understood, must be resolved.

He spake : and, to confirm his words, out flew  
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
 Of mighty Cherubim : the sudden blaze 665  
 Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged  
 Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms  
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,  
 Hurling defiance tow'rd the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670  
 Belch'd fire and rolling smoke ; the rest entire  
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign  
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
 The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed  
 A num'rous brigade hasten'd : as when bands 675  
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,  
 Forerun the royal camp to trench a field,  
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on ;  
 Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell  
 From Heav'n ; for e'en in Heav'n his looks and  
 thoughts 680

Were always downward bent, admiring more  
 The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,  
 Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd  
 In vision beatific. By him first 685  
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
 Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands  
 Rifled the bowels of their mother earth  
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
 Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,  
 And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire 690  
 That riches grow in Hell ; that soil may best

661. Drawn from the thighs, a Greek and poetical mode of expressing this idea.

672. Womb is here used in the wide sense of the Latin *Uterus*.

675. Mammon is a Syrian word, and means riches.

684. The miners believe in a sort of Devils who frequent the mines, and sometimes work there

Deserve the precious bane. And here let those  
 Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell  
 Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,  
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame, 695  
 And strength, and art, are easily outdone  
 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
 What in an age they with incessant toil  
 And hands innumerable scarce perform.  
 Nigh on the plain in many cells prepared, 700  
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude  
 With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,  
 Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross;  
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705  
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,  
 As in an organ, from one blast of wind,  
 To many a row of pipes, the sound-board breathes.  
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710  
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
 With golden architrave; nor did there want 715  
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures grav'n:  
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,  
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence  
 Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine  
 Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat 720  
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
 In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile  
 Stood fix'd her stately height; and straight the doors,  
 Op'ning their brazen folds, discover wide  
 Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth 725  
 And level pavement. From the arched roof,  
 Pendant by subtle magic, many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed

695. *Strength and art* are to be construed with *monuments* in the nominative.

704. A new and beautiful comparison—Milton was a performer on the organ himself.

720. Belus was the son of Nimrod, and the first man worshipped as a God. He was called Bel, and Beal.

725. Cresset, any great light.

With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730  
 Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,  
 And some the architect: his hand was known  
 In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,  
 Where sceptred angels held their residence,  
 And sat as princes; whom the supreme King 735  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard or unadored  
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
 Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell 740  
 From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn  
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
 A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star, 745  
 On Lemnos, th' Ægean isle: thus they relate,  
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
 Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now  
 T' have built in heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'scape  
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent 750  
 With his industrious crew to build in hell.

Meanwhile, the winged heralds, by command  
 Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony  
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim  
 A solemn council, forthwith to be held 755  
 At Pandemonium, the high capital  
 Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd  
 From every band and squared regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest: they anon,  
 With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came,  
 Attended: all access was throng'd: the gates 761  
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall  
 (Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold  
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the soldan's chair  
 Defied the best of Panim chivalry 765  
 To mortal combat, or career with lance),  
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,  
 Brush'd with the hies of rustling wings. As bees  
 In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,

Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770  
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,  
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
 New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer  
 Their state affairs; so thick the airy crowd 775  
 Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,  
 Behold a wonder! They but now who seem'd  
 In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
 Throng numberless, like that pygmean race 780  
 Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,  
 Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side  
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon  
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth 785  
 Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and  
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear; [dance  
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
 Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms  
 Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,  
 Though without number still, amidst the hall 791  
 Of that infernal court. But far within,  
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim,  
 In close recess and secret conclave sat, 795  
 A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,  
 Frequent and full. After short silence then,  
 And summons read, the great consult began.

777. We here see the use of the lines on the nature of spirits which prepare the reader for the wonders afterward related.

786. Arbitress, witness, or spectatress. Allusion is here made to the superstitious belief in the power of witches over the moon.

797. Frequent, like the Latin *frequens*, meaning full.

## BOOK II.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle  
as to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it,  
others dissuade: a third proposal is preferred, mentioned before  
by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in  
Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature,  
equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be  
created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search:  
Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and  
applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several  
ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead  
them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his  
journey to Hell-gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to  
guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover  
to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what diffi-  
culty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place,  
to the sight of this new world which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised 5  
To that bad eminence; and from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success untaught,  
His proud imaginations thus display'd: 10  
Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heaven,  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,  
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent  
Celestial virtues rising, will appear 15  
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
Me, though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n,  
Did first create your leader, next free choice,  
With what besides, in council or in fight, 20  
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,  
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more  
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,

2. Ormus is an island in the Persian Gulf, and, together with India, produces many of the treasures enumerated in this passage.

11. St. Paul divides the angels into thrones, dominions, principalities, &c.—See Col. i. 16.



BOOK II.

41

Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
 In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw 28  
 Envy from each inferior; but who here  
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
 Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
 Of endless pain! Where there is then no good 30  
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
 From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell  
 Precedence; none, whose portion is so small  
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
 Will covet more. With this advantage then 35  
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
 More than can be in Heav'n, we now return  
 To claim our just inheritance of old,  
 Surer to prosper than prosperity  
 Could have assured us; and by what best way, 40  
 Whether of open war or covert guile,  
 We now debate: who can advise, may speak.

He ceased: and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,  
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Sp'rit  
 That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair. 45  
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd  
 Equal in strength; and rather than be less,  
 Cared not to be at all. With that care lost  
 Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,  
 He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake: 50

My sentence is for open war: of wiles  
 More unexpert I boast not: them let those  
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.  
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 55  
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here  
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
 By our delay! No, let us rather choose, 60  
 Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, all at once  
 O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,  
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
 Against the torturer; when to meet the noise  
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear, 65  
 Infernal thunder, and for lightning see

Black fire and horror shrt with equal rage  
 Among his Angels, and his throne itself  
 Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
 His own invented torments. But perhaps 75  
 The way seems difficult and steep, to scale  
 With upright wing against a higher foe.  
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
 That in our proper motion we ascend 75  
 Up to our native seat; descent and fall  
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear  
 Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,  
 With what compulsion and laborious flight 80  
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;  
 Th' event is fear'd. Should we again provoke  
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
 To our destruction, if there be in Hell  
 Fear to be worse destroy'd. What can be worse 85  
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd  
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe,  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise us without hope of end,  
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90  
 Inexorably, and the tort'ring hour  
 Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,  
 We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.  
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
 His utmost ire? which to the height enraged 95  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential, happier far  
 Than mis'erable to have eternal being.  
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,  
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100  
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
 Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heav'n.  
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:

80. *Exercised*, this word is here used in the sense of the Latin *exercere*, that is, to vex or trouble.

91. *Inexorably*—in some editions, *inexorable*.

92. By calling to penance, Milton seems to intimate, that the sufferings of the condemned spirits are not always equally severe.

104. *Fatal*, that is, upheld by fate.

# BOOK II.

49

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

105

He ended frowning, and his look denounced

Desp'rate revenge, and battle dangerous

To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose

Belial, in act more graceful and humane :

A fairer person lost not Heav'n ; he seem'd 110

For dignity composed and high exploit :

But all was false and hollow, though his tongue

Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash

Matu'rest counsels : for his thoughts were low ; 115

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds

Tim'rous and slothful : yet he pleas'd the ear,

And with persuasive accent thus began :

I should be much for open war, O Peers !

As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd 120

Main reason to persuade immediate war,

Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast

Ominous conjecture on the whole success :

When he who most excels in fact of arms,

In what he counsels and in what excels 125

Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,

And utter dissolution, as the scope

Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

First, what revenge ! The tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd

With armed watch, that render all access 130

Impregnable ; oft on the bord'ring deep

Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing

Scout far and wide into the realm of night,

Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way

By force, and at our heels all hell should rise 135

With blackest insurrection, to confound

Heav'n's purest light, yet our Great Enemy,

All incorruptible, would on his throne

Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould

Incapable of stain would soon expel 140

Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire

Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope

Is flat despair. We must exasperate

105. Belial's speech is in admirable conformity with the description given of his character in the first book. It is throughout that of a luxurious and base spirit, and is in fine contrast to that of Meloch.

124. Fact of arms : from the Italian fatto d'arme, a battle.

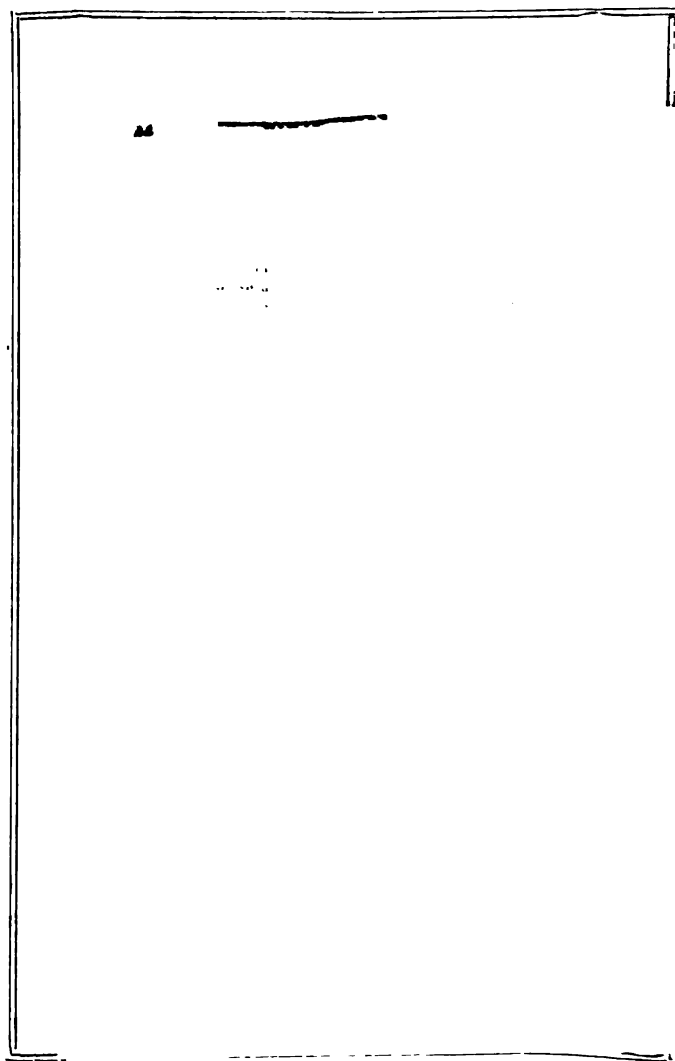
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
 And that must end us ; that must be our cure, 143  
 To be no more ! Sad cure ; for who would lose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150  
 Devoid of sense and motion ! And who knows,  
 Let this be good, whether our angry Foe  
 Can give it, or will ever ! How he can  
 Is doubtful ; that he never will is sure.  
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire 153  
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
 To give his enemies their wish, and end  
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
 To punish endless ! Wherefore cease we then ?  
 Say they who counsel war, we are decreed, 160  
 Reserved, and destined, to eternal woe ;  
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
 What can we suffer worse ! Is this then worst,  
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms ?  
 What when we fled amain, pursued and struck 163  
 With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought  
 The deep to shelter us ? This Hell then seem'd  
 A refuge from those wounds : or when we lay  
 Chain'd on the burning lake ? That sure was worse.  
 What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,  
 Awaked should blow them into sev'nfold rage, 171  
 And plunge us in the flames ? Or from above  
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
 His red right hand to plague us ? What if all  
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175  
 Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
 Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall  
 One day upon our heads ; while we perhaps  
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
 Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd 180  
 Each on his rock, transfix'd, the sport and prey  
 Of wracking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk

155. Impotence is to be understood as the opposite of wisdom, or mental weakness.

170. See Isa. xxx. 33.

174. His red right hand, namely God's, whose vengeance is personified.







Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd  
Each on his rock, transar'd the sport and prey  
Of wracking whirlwinds, or forever sunk  
If any individual peer be swept in chann;  
There to converse with everlast'g quens.





## BOOK II.

45

Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;  
 There to converse with everlasting groans,  
 Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved, 185  
 Ages of hopeless end ! This would be worse.  
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
 My voice dissuades ; for what can force or guile  
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
 Views all things at one view ! He from Heav'n's height  
 All these our motions vain, sees and derides : 191  
 Not more almighty to resist our might  
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n  
 Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here 195  
 Chains and these torments ! Better these than worse,  
 By my advice : since fate inevitable  
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
 The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
 Our strength is equal ; nor the law unjust 200  
 That so ordains. This was at first resolved,  
 If we were wise, against so great a Foe  
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
 I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold  
 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear 205  
 What yet they know must follow, to endure  
 Exile or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
 The sentence of their Conqu'ror. This is now  
 Our doom ; which if we can sustain and bear,  
 Our Súpreme Foe in time may much remit 210  
 His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed.  
 Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd  
 With what is punish'd ; whence these raging fires  
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
 Our purer essence then will overcome 215  
 Their noxious vapour, or inured not feel,  
 Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd  
 In temper and in nature, will receive  
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain ;  
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light, 220  
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change

190. See Psalm xl. 4.

220. The word *light* is an adjective and not a substantive, as Dr. Bentley supposed. It here means *easy to bear*.

Worth waiting, since our present lot appears  
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe. 223

Thus Belial, with words cloth'd in reason's garb  
 Counsel'd ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,  
 Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake:

Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n  
 We war, if war be best, or to regain 230

Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then  
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield  
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.

The former vain to hope, argues as vain  
 The latter; for what place can be for us 235

Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord  
 We overpower? Suppose he should relent, [Supreme

And publish grace to all, on promise made  
 Of new subjection; with what eyes could we

Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240  
 Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne

With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
 Forced hallelujahs, while he lordly sits

Our envied Sovereign, and his altar breathes  
 Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flow'rs, 245

Our servile offerings? This must be our task  
 In Heav'n, this our delight. How wearisome

Eternity so spent in worship paid  
 To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue

By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250  
 Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state

Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek  
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own

Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring 255

Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
 Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear

Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,

We can create, and in what place soe'er 260  
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain

Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst

252. See the splendid original of this passage, Ps. xviii. 11. 12  
 and Ps. xcvi. 2.

## BOOK II.

47

Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire  
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured, 265

And with the majesty of darkness round  
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar,  
Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?

As he our darkness, cannot we his light  
Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270

Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold,  
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise

Magnificence: and what can Heav'n shew more?  
Our torments also may in length of time

Become our elements; these piercing fires 275  
As soft as now severe, our temper changed

Into their temper; which must needs remove  
The sensible of pain. All things invite

To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
Of order, how in safety best we may 280

Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite

All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285

The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long  
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull

Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance  
Or pinnacle anchors in a craggy bay

After the tempest. Such applause was heard 290  
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,

Advising peace; for such another field  
They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear

Of thunder and the sword of Michael  
Wrought still within them; and no less desire 295

To found this nether empire, which might rise  
By policy and long process of time,

In emulation opposite to Heav'n:  
Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,

Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd

A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sat and public care;

276. *Sensible* is used as a substantive; a Grecian mode of expression.

282. *There* is sometimes read instead of *where*.

And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
 Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood, 308  
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear  
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look  
 Drew audience and attention still as night  
 Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake:  
 Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heav'n  
 Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now 311  
 Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd  
 Princes of Hell! for so the popular vote  
 Inclines here to continue, and build up here  
 A growing empire; doubtless, while we dream, 315  
 And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd  
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
 From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league  
 Banded against his throne, but to remain 320  
 In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,  
 Under th' inevitable curb, reserved  
 His captive multitude: for he, be sure,  
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign  
 Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part 325  
 By our revolt; but over Hell extend  
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
 Us here, as with his golden those in Heav'n.  
 What sit we then projecting? peace and war?  
 War hath determined us, and foil'd with loss 330  
 Irreparable: terms of peace yet none  
 Vouchsafed or sought: for what peace will be giv'n  
 To us enslaved, but custody severe,  
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
 Inflicted? And what peace can we return, 335  
 But to our power hostility and hate,  
 Untamed reluctance, and revenge though slow,  
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least  
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
 In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340  
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
 With dang'rous expedition to invade  
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,

327. The iron sceptre, is an allusion to Ps. li. 5. and the golden to Esther i. 2.

# BOOK II.

49

Or ambush from the deep. What if we find  
Some easier enterprise ? There is a place, 345  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n  
Err not) another world; the happy seat  
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more 350  
Of Him who rules above ; so was his will  
Pronounced among the Gods, and by an oath,  
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.  
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould 355  
Or substance, how endued, and what their pow'r,  
And where their weakness ; how attempted best,  
By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,  
And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure  
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed 360  
The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
To their defence who hold it. Here perhaps  
Some advantageous act may be achieved  
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire  
To waste his whole creation, or possess 365  
All as our own, and drive, as we were driv'n,  
The puny habitants ; or if not drive,  
Seduce them to our party, that their God  
May prove their Foe, and with repenting hand  
Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370  
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
In our confusion, and our joy upraise  
In his disturbance ; when his darling sons,  
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
Their frail original and faded bliss, 375  
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
Hatching vain empires. Thus Belzebub  
Pleaded his dev'lish counsel, first devised  
By Satan, and in part proposed : for whence, 380  
But from the author of all ill, could spring  
So deep a malice, to confound the race  
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell

352. See Hebrews vi. 17

367. It has been supposed that Milton used the word *play* in its original sense, as derived from the French *puir ne*, born since.

To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
 The great Creator! But their spite still serves 308  
 His glory to augment. The bold design  
 Pleased highly those infernal States, and joy  
 Sparkled in all their eyes. With full assent  
 They vote; whereat his speech he thus renews:

Well have ye judged, well ended long debate, 309  
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep  
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
 Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view  
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighb'ring  
 arms 305

And opportune excursion, we may chance  
 Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some mild zone  
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light  
 Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam  
 Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air, 400  
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires, [send  
 Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we  
 In search of this new world? whom shall we find  
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet  
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss, 405  
 And through the palpable obscure find out  
 His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,  
 Upborne with indefatigable wings  
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
 The happy isle? What strength, what art, can then  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe 411  
 Through the strict senteries and stations thick  
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need  
 All circumspection, and we now no less  
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send, 415  
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held  
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd  
 To second or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt: but all sate mute, 420  
 Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each

408. *Palpable obscure*; this is another instance of Milton's using adjectives in the sense of substantives.

409 The earth is here called an island in allusion to its hanging in the air, which surrounds it like a sea. The word *arise* was formerly frequently used without a preposition following.

BOOK II.

51

In other's count'nance read his own dismay  
 Astonish'd. None among the choice and prime  
 Of those Heav'n-warring champions could be found  
 So hardy as to proffer or accept 435  
 Alone the dreadful voyage ; till at last  
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised  
 Above his fellows, with monarcal pride,  
 Conscious of highest worth, unmoved, thus spake :  
 O Progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones, 439  
 With reason hath deep silence and demur  
 Seized us, though undismay'd : long is the way  
 And hard that out of Hell leads up to light ;  
 Our prison strong ; this huge convex of fire,  
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round 445  
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant  
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.  
 These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound  
 Of unemental Night receives him next 449  
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being  
 Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.  
 If thence he 'scape into whatever world,  
 Or unknown region, what remains him less  
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape ?  
 But I should ill become this throne, O Peers, 445  
 And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd  
 With splendour, arm'd with pow'r, if aught propos'd  
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
 Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450  
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
 Refusing to accept as great a share  
 Of hazard as of honour ; due alike  
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due 455  
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
 High honour'd sits ? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,  
 Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n ; intend at home  
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
 The present misery, and render Hell  
 More tolerable ; if there be cure or charm 460  
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain

436. Unemental ; that is, void of substance.

d

Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
 As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields; 530  
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.  
 As when to warn proud cities war appears  
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
 To battle in the clouds, before each van 535  
 Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears  
 Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.  
 Others, with vast Typhoean rage more fell,  
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540  
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.  
 As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd  
 With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore  
 Thro' pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
 And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw 545  
 Into th' Euboeic sea. Others more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp  
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall  
 By doom of battle; and complain that Fate 550  
 Free virtue should intrall to force or chance.  
 Their song was partial, but the harmony  
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)  
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet 555  
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)  
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
 Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute, 560  
 And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.  
 Of good and evil much they argued then,  
 Of happiness and final misery,

530. Typhoean—Typhoeus was one of the giants who warred against heaven.

542. Alcides—Hercules, so named from his ancestor Alceus. The allusion here made is familiar to every reader.

555. It has been observed, that Milton has here shewn the superiority of discourse and reasoning to song. The angels who reason are on a hill; those who sing are in a valley.—But it should have been observed, at the same time, that it is only when song is what Milton calls *partial*, or *confined* to selfish or ambitious themes, that it is thus inferior to, or different from, high philosophy.



## BOOK II.

55

Passion and apathy, glory and shame,  
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy : 505  
 Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm  
 Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite  
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast  
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
 Another part in squadrons and gross bands, 570  
 On bold adventure to discover wide  
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575  
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams ;  
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;  
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep ;  
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud  
 Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegethon, 580  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
 Her wat'ry labyrinth ; whereof who drinks,  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets, 585  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590  
 Of ancient pile ; all else deep snow and ice  
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog  
 Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,  
 Where armies whole have sunk : the parching air  
 Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire. 595  
 Thither, by harpy-footed furies haled,

577. Milton follows the Greeks in this description of the infernal rivers ; but, as usual, improves upon the classical idea, as he represents them as emptying themselves into a vast and fearful lake of fire. Styx, according to its derivation, signifies hate ; Acheron, flowing with pain ; Cocytus, lamentation ; Phlegethon, burning, and Lethe, forgetfulness.

592. Serbonis was a lake two hundred furlongs long, and one thousand round, between Mount Casius and Damiata, a city in Egypt. It was sometimes so covered by the loose sand of the neighbouring hills, as not to be distinguished from the land.—See Herod. l. 2. and Lucan. viii. 330.

595. Frore, frosty.—See Virgil, Georg. l. 82. Eccles. xiii. 20. Ps. cxli. 6.

At certain revolutions, all the damn'd  
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600  
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.  
 They ferry over this Lethæan sound  
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605  
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
 All in one moment, and so near the brink;  
 But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610  
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
 The ford, and of itself the water flies  
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on  
 In confused march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands 615  
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of  
 death,

A universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good,  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625  
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,  
 Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Meanwhile the adversary of God and Man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of high'st design, 630  
 Puts on swift wings, and tow'rd's the gates of Hell  
 Explores his solitary flight. Sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high. 635

602. See Job xxiv. in the Vulgate translation.—See also Shakespeare *Measure for Measure*, Act III.

611. Medusa, one of the Gorgon monsters.

As when far off at sea a fleet descri'd  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood 646  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
 Fly stemming nightly tow'rd the pole. So seem'd  
 Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear  
 Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,  
 And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,  
 Three iron, three of adamant rock, 648  
 Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape;  
 The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair, 650  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd  
 With mortal sting: about her middle round  
 A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing, bark'd  
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung 653  
 A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep,  
 If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,  
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,  
 Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these  
 Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts 660  
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;  
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd  
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance

646. A noble comparison. But Dr. Bentley asks why would not one ship do as well as a fleet? It has been answered, that many ships are a more noble figure than one. This, however, is only the case when so seen at a distance, that they may appear as one grand, dark, and sublime object. Ternate and Tidore are two of the Molucca Islands.

648. This is one of the most sublime passages in the poem. Addison is generally ingenious in his criticisms, but not elevated, and when he objected to Milton's having introduced an allegory he shews that he was incapable of entering into the magnificent conceptions of his author. Sin and Death are not allegorical beings in *Paradise Lost*; but real and active existences. They would have been allegorical, speaking or contending among men, but are not so in an abode of spirits, and addressing the *Prince of darkness*, see James I. 14.

661. Calabria, the extreme part of Italy towards the Mediterranean. Trinacria, an ancient name of Sicily.

With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon 608  
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,  
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,  
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night, 610  
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
 And shook a dreadful dart. What seem'd his head  
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat,  
 The monster moving onward, came as fast 615  
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.  
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admired—  
 Admired, not fear'd: God and his Son except,  
 Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd;  
 And with disdainful look thus first began: 620

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 That darest, though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
 To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,  
 That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee: 625  
 Retire or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
 Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd,  
 Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,  
 Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then  
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms 631  
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons,  
 Conjur'd against the High'st, for which both thou  
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 635  
 And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heav'n,  
 Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn  
 Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,  
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,  
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700

603. It was formerly believed that the moon might be affected by incantations.

606. See Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, Book vii. C. 7. 46.

610. The word *except* is here used with the same latitude as *but* in ver. 333. 336.

623. Conjur'd, from the Latin *conjurare*, to conspire or league together.

Lost with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart  
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,  
So speaking, and so threat'ning, grew tenfold 705  
More dreadful and deform. On th' other side,

Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,  
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge

In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710  
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head

Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
No second stroke intend, and such a frown

Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,  
With Heav'n's artill'ry fraught, come rattling on 715

Over the Caspian; then stand front to front

Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow

To join their dark encounter in mid-air.

So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell

Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood :

For never but once more was either like 721

To meet so great a foe : and now great deeds

Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,

Had not the snaky sorceress that sat

Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key, 725

Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,

Against thy only Son ? What fury, O Son,

Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart

Against thy Father's head ? and know'st for whom ?

For Him who sits above and laughs the while 731

At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute

Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids :

His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest 735

Forbore ; then these to her Satan return'd.

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange

Thou interposest, that my sudden hand

Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds

What it intends, till first I know of thee, 740

705. Ophiuchus, or Serpentarius, a northern constellation.

715. The Caspian was noted for being tempestuous.

722. Jesus Christ is here meant.

What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why  
 In this infernal vale first met thou call'st  
 Me Father, and that phantasm call'st my Son;  
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
 Sight more detestable than him and thee. 748

T' whom thus the portress of Hell gate reply'd:  
 Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
 Now in thine eyes so foul I once deem'd so fair  
 In Heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight  
 Of all the Seraphim with thee combined 750  
 In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,  
 All on a sudden miserable pain  
 Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swim  
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
 Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide, 755  
 Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,  
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd  
 Out of thy head I sprung; amazement seized  
 All th' host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd, afraid  
 At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign 760  
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown  
 I pleased, and with attractive graces won  
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing  
 Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st 765  
 With me in secret, that my womb conceived  
 A growing burthen. Meanwhile war arose,  
 And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd  
 (For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe  
 Clear victory; to our part loss and rout 770  
 Through all the empyrean. Down they fell,  
 Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heav'n, down  
 Into this deep, and in the general fall  
 I also; at which time this powerful key  
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775  
 These gates for ever shut; which none can pass  
 Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat  
 Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb  
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780  
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest

784. This is imitated from the mythological fable of Minerva springing from the head of Jupiter.

Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,  
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
 Transform'd : but he my inbred enemy 785  
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,  
 Made to destroy. I fled, and cry'd out DEATH ;  
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
 From all her caves, and back resounded Death.  
 I fled, but he pursued (though more, it seems, 790  
 Inflamed with lust than rage), and swifter far,  
 He overtook his mother all dismay'd,  
 And in embraces forcible and foul  
 Ingend'ring with me, of that rape begot  
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry 795  
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived  
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me ; for when they list, into the womb  
 That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw  
 My bowels, their repast ; then bursting forth 800  
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
 That rest or intermission none I find.  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,  
 And me, his parent, would full soon devour 805  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involved ; and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 Whenever that shall be. So Fate pronounced.  
 But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun 810  
 His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,  
 Save He who reigns above, none can resist.  
 She snish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore 815  
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.  
 Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,  
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys  
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
 Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of ; know 821  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain

Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host  
 Of Spirits, that in our just pretences arm'd 834  
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go  
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread  
 Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense  
 To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold 836  
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
 In the purileus of Heav'n, and therein placed  
 A race of upstart creatures to supply  
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed, 838  
 Lest Heav'n surcharged with potent multitude  
 Might hap to move new broils: Be this or aught  
 Than this more secret now design'd. I haste  
 To know, and this once known, shall soon return,  
 And bring ye to the place where thou and Death 840  
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
 Wing silently the buxom air, embalm'd  
 With odours: there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased; and Death  
 Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear 846  
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw  
 Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced  
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:

The key of this infernal pit by due, 850  
 And by command of Heav'n's all-pow'rful King,  
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
 These adamantine gates; against all force  
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855  
 But what owe I to his commands above  
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
 To sit in hateful office here confined,  
 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly born, 860  
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
 With terrors and with clamours compass'd round  
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?

842. Buxom; not as Newton would interpret it, flexible or yielding, but cheerful or inspiring cheerfulness by the odours and music with which it is filled.



Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey 885  
 But thee, whom follow! thou wilt bring me soon  
 To that new world of light and bliss, among  
 The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
 And tow'rd's the gate rolling her bestial train,  
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,  
 Which but herself, not all the Stygian pow'rs 875  
 Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns  
 Th' intricate wards, and ev'ry bolt and bar  
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
 Unfastens. On a sudden open fly

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880  
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of Erebus. She open'd; but to shut  
 Excell'd her pow'r: the gates wide open stood,  
 That with extended wings a banner'd host 885  
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass through  
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;  
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.

Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890  
 The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark  
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,  
 And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night  
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold 895  
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce  
 Strive here for mast'ry, and to battle bring 900  
 Their embryon atoms; they around the flag  
 Of each his faction, in their sev'ral clans,  
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,  
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands  
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,

Levy'd to side with warring winds, and poise 905

904. Barca and Cyrene were a city and province of Lybia.

Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere.  
 He rules a moment Chaos umpire sits,  
 And by decision more embroils the fray  
 By which he reigns: next him high-arbiter  
 Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss, 910  
 The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,  
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd  
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
 Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain 915  
 His dark materials to create more worlds;  
 Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend  
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,  
 Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith  
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920  
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare  
 Great things with small) than when Bellona storms  
 With all her batt'ring engines bent, to raze  
 Some capital city; or less than it this frame  
 Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements 925  
 In mutiny had from her axle torn  
 The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans  
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
 Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,  
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930  
 Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets  
 A vast vacuity: all unawares  
 Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops  
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance, 935  
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
 Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
 As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,  
 Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,  
 Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares, 940  
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
 Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.  
 As when a gryphon through the wilderness

932. *Præseus*, commonly spelt *pinions*.

941. There is much in this description similar to that in Spenser of the dragon.

942. A *gryphæus* is a fabulous creature said to guard gold mines, in its upper part it was like an eagle, in its lower like a lion. The *Arimaspians* were a one-eyed people of Scythia.

BOOK II.

66

With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
 Pursues the Arimasian, who by stealth 945  
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
 The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend [rare,  
 O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or  
 With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,  
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:  
 At length a universal hubbub wild 961  
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,  
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,  
 Undaunted to meet there whatever Pow'r 955  
 Or Spirit of the nethermost abyss  
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies  
 Bord'ring on light; when strait behold the throne  
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread 969  
 Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned  
 Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
 The consort of his reign; and by them stood  
 Orcus and Adee, and the dreaded name  
 Of Demogorgon; Rumour next and Chance, 984  
 And Tumult and Confusion, all embroil'd,  
 And Discord, with a thousand various mouths.  
 T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus: Ye Pow'rs  
 And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,  
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy, 970  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your realm, but by constraint  
 Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,  
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds  
 Confine with Heav'n; or if some other place  
 From your dominion won, th' ethereal King  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound; direct my course; 980  
 Directed no mean recompense it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce

964. *Orcus* or *Pluto*, so called by the ancients. *Adee* may be taken for any dark place.

983. A deity among the ancients whose name they supposed capable of producing the most terrible effects.

To her original darkness and your sway  
 (Which is my present journey), and once more 983  
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night;  
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
 With fault'ring speech and visage incomposed,  
 Answer'd: I know thee, stranger, who thou art; 990  
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
 Made head against Heav'n's King, though over-  
 thrown.

I saw and heard; for such a num'rous host  
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep  
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 996  
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n's gates  
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands  
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here  
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve  
 That little which is left so to defend, 1000  
 Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils,  
 Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night: first Hell  
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;  
 Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,  
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain 1003  
 To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell:  
 If that way be your walk, you have not far;  
 So much the nearer danger; go and speed;  
 Havock, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain.

He ceased, and Satan stay'd not to reply; 1010  
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd,  
 Springs upward like a pyramid of fire  
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round 1014  
 Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset  
 And more endanger'd than when Argo pass'd  
 Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks;  
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd

1008. Homer mentions a golden chain by which Jupiter could draw up the earth, &c.—See *Iliad*, book 8.

1011. A metaphor to express his satisfaction at concluding his journey.

1017. *Argo* was the ship in which Jason and his companions sailed to Colchis, in search of the golden fleece. *Bosphorus* is the name of the Straits of Constantinople, or the channel of the Black Sea.

Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020  
 So he with difficulty and labour hard  
 Moved on, with difficulty and labour he;  
 But he once past, soon after when man fell,  
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain  
 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,  
 Paved after him a broad and beaten way 1025  
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf  
 Famely endured a bridge of wondrous length  
 From Hell continued reaching th' utmost orb  
 Of this frail world; by which the Spirits perverse  
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro, 1031  
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
 God and good Angels guard by special grace.  
 But now at last the sacred influence  
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n 1035  
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night  
 A glimm'ring dawn. Here Nature first begins  
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire  
 As from her outmost works a broken foe  
 With tumult less, and with less hostile din, 1040  
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,  
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
 And like a weather-beaten vessel holds  
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;  
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, 1045  
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
 Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide  
 In circuit, undetermined square or round,  
 With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd  
 Of living sapphire, once his native seat; 1050  
 And fast by hanging in a golden chain  
 This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.  
 Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
 Accurs'd, and in a curs'd hour he hies. 1055

1020. *Charybdis*, a dangerous part of the sea between Messina and Italy.

1023. Dr. Bentley supposes eleven lines to be inserted here by the Editor of Milton; but if the passage be examined, it will be seen they cannot be an interpolation. His strongest objection is, that the bridge is described again in Book X.

1052. By the pendent world is meant the whole new creation of heaven and earth. See verse 1004.

## BOOK III.

### THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; forbids the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice: Man hath offended the Majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him: they obey, and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity: what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,  
 Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam,  
 May I express thee unblamed? since God is Light,  
 And never but in unapproached light  
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee, 5  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
 Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,  
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,  
 Before the Heav'n's thou wert, and at the voice  
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest 10  
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
 Won from the void and formless infinite.  
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,

1. This transition from the fearful gloom and confusion of Hell and Chaos to the worlds of light has a magnificent effect upon the mind. The touch of sweet and holy feeling with which the Author alludes to his own personal sorrow heightens, rather than diminishes, the impression of awe and delight.

2. See 1 John i. 5. and 1 Tim. vi. 16.

3. See Book of Wisdom, vii. 25, 26.

12. *Fold*, not empty, but chaos-like

## BOOK III.

69

Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight 15  
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne  
 With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre  
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20  
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp: but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs, 25  
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
 Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath, 30  
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate,  
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,  
 Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides, 35  
 And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old:  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark 45  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the Book of knowledge fair  
 Presented with an universal blank  
 Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,

17. Orpheus composed a hymn to night.

20. The brooks here mentioned were Kedron and Siloah.

25. *Thamyras*, a poet mentioned in Homer, II. ii. 583. *Mæonides*, Homer, so named from his father Mæon. *Tiresias* was a Theban, and *Phineus* a king of Arcadia, both blind poets.

27. The melody of the verse is here particularly observable.

48. *Rased*, from the Latin *radere*, to rub out, in allusion to the manner in which the ancients, who wrote on waxen tablets, obliterated writing.

And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 80  
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her pow'rs  
 Irradiate, there plant eyes; all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight. 85  
 Now had th' Almighty Father from above,  
 From the pure empyrean where he sits  
 High throned above all highth, bent down his eye,  
 His own works and their works at once to view :  
 About him all the sanctities of Heav'n 90  
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received  
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right  
 The radiant image of his glory sat,  
 His only Son : on earth he first beheld  
 Our two first parents, yet the only two 95  
 Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,  
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,  
 In blissful solitude. He then survey'd  
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 100  
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night,  
 In the dun air sublime, and ready now  
 To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet  
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
 Firm land embosom'd, without firmament, 105  
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
 Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,  
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake :  
 Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage 110  
 Transports our Adversary ! whom no bounds  
 Prescribed, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains  
 Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss  
 Wide interrupt can hold ; so bent he seems

52. It is observed, that the same idea occurs in Milton's *Prose Works*. He probably alluded to Eph. i. 18.

56. Tasso may have been translated here.—Canto 1. st. 7.

62. See Heb. i. 3. also Tasso, Canto 9. st. 34.

80. Addison has judiciously observed, that it is not the imagination of Milton which is so much to be looked for in these speeches as his learning. The one could not be safely trusted in giving a living language to the wisdom of the Almighty. Notwithstanding this, however, almost every passage of the kind is remarkable for great dignity and grandeur.



## BOOK III.

71

On desperate revenge, that shall redound 98  
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now,  
 Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way  
 Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,  
 Directly tow'rd's the new-created world,  
 And man there placed, with purpose to assay 99  
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
 By some false guile pervert ; and shall pervert,  
 For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
 And easily transgress the sole command,  
 Sole pledge of his obedience : So will fall, 95  
 He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault ?  
 Whose but his own ? Ingrate, he had of me  
 All he could have ; I made him just and right,  
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
 Such I created all th' ethereal Pow'rs 100  
 And Spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd ;  
 Freely they stood, who stood,—and fell, who fell.  
 Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere  
 Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,  
 Where only what they needs must do appear'd, 105  
 Not what they would ? what praise could they receive ?  
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
 When will and reason (reason also is choice)  
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,  
 Made passive both, had served necessity, 110  
 Not me ! They therefore as to right belong'd,  
 So were created, nor can justly accuse  
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
 As if predestination over-ruled  
 Their will, disposed by absolute decree 115  
 Or high foreknowledge ; they themselves decreed  
 Their own revolt, not I. If I foreknew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
 Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.  
 So without least impulse or shadow of fate, 120  
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,  
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all  
 Both what they judge and what they choose ; for as  
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,  
 Till they enthrall themselves ; I else must change

117. *If* is here used in the sense of *though*.

Their nature, and revoke the high decree 130  
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd  
 Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.  
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
 Self-tempted, self-depraved : Man falls, deceived 136  
 By th' other first : Man therefore shall find grace,  
 The other none : in mercy' and justice both,  
 Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory' excel.  
 But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect 136  
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.  
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
 Most glorious ; in him all his Father shone  
 Substantially express'd ; and in his face 140  
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
 Love without end, and without measure grace ;  
 Which utt'ring, thus he to his Father spake :

O Father, gracious was that word which closed  
 Thy sov'reign sentence, that Man should find grace ;  
 For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extol 146  
 Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound  
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne  
 Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.  
 For should Man finally be lost, should Man, 150  
 Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,  
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd  
 With his own folly ! that be from thee far,  
 That far be from thee, Father, who art Judge  
 Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155  
 Or shall the Adversary thus obtain  
 His end, and frustrate thine ? Shall he fulfil  
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,  
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,  
 Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell 160  
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind  
 By him corrupted ? Or, wilt thou thyself  
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake,  
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made ?

136. A difference is here marked in the effect which Homer and Milton attribute to the speeches of their several *Deities* the one making terror, the other delight, the consequence.

140. See Heb. i. 3.

153. See Gen. xviii. 25.

BOOK III.

73

So should thy goodness and thy greatness both 165  
Be question'd and blasphemed without defence.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd :

O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,

Son of my bosom, Son who art alone

My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170

All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are ; all

As my eternal purpose hath decreed.

Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will,

Yet not of will in him, but grace in me

Freely vouchsafed. Once more I will renew 175

His lapsed pow'rs, though forfeit and enthrall'd

By sin to foul exorbitant desires :

Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand

On even ground against his mortal foe,

By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180

His fall'n condition is, and to me owe

All his deliv'rance, and to none but me

Some I have chosen of peculiar grace

Elect above the rest ; so is my will :

The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd 185

Their sinful state, and to appease betimes

Th' incensed Deity, while offer'd grace

Invites ; for I will clear their senses dark,

What may suffice, and soften stony hearts

To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190

To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,

Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,

Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.

And I will place within them as a guide

My umpire Conscience ; whom if they will hear, 195

Light after light well used they shall attain,

And, to the end persisting, safe arrive.

This my long suff'rance and my day of grace

They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste ;

But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more, 200

That they may stumble on, and deeper fall :

And none but such from mercy I exclude.

But yet all is not done : Man disobeying,

Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins

Against the High Supremacy of Heav'n, 205

166. The reader will find Jesus Christ addressed by these titles in different parts of Scripture.

Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,  
 To expiate his treason hath nought left.  
 But to destruction sacred and devout,  
 He, with his whole posterity, must die;  
 Die he or justice must; unless for him 210  
 Some other able, and as willing, pay  
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
 Say, heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love?  
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
 Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save? 215  
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?  
 He ask'd; but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,  
 And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf  
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd,  
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220  
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
 And now without redemption all mankind  
 Must have been lost, adjudged to Death and Hell  
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 225  
 His dearest meditation thus renew'd:  
 Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;  
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230  
 Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?  
 Happy for man, so coming: he her aid  
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost:  
 Atonement for himself or off'ring meet,  
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring. 235  
 Behold me then; me for him, life for life  
 I offer: on me let thine anger fall;  
 Account me Man: I for his sake will leave  
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240  
 Well pleased: on me let Death wreck all his rage:  
 Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long  
 Lie vanquish'd: thou hast given me to possess

215. See 1 Peter iii. 18.

217. See Rev. viii. 1.

221. *Unprevented*; prevent is here used according to its sense in the Latin *prævenire*, to come before; not preceded by anything else. It is used in this manner in one of the prayers of our Liturgy, 'Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings,' &c. that is, Let thy grace anticipate us in our designs, and so make them just and holy.

Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,  
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due 245  
 All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,  
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250  
 My Vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;  
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.  
 I through the ample air in triumph high  
 Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and shew 255  
 The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
 Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
 While by thee raised I ruin all my foes,  
 Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave:  
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260  
 Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,  
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assured  
 And reconciliation; wrath shall be no more  
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. 265  
 His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
 To mortal men, above which only shone  
 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270  
 Of his great Father. Admiration seized  
 All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend,  
 Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:  
 O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace  
 Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou 275  
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear  
 To me are all my works, nor Man the least,  
 Though last created; that for him I spare  
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280

244. See John v. 26.

245. See Ps. xvi. 10. and Acts ii. 26, 31.

252. The panning character of this line has been justly repro-  
bated as unworthy of the subject.

264. Ps. lxxviii. 16. and Col. ii. 12.

256. 1 Cor. xv. 26.

280. If the reader compare this picture of the Son of God with  
that in the sixth book, he will be awed and delighted with the  
grandeur of Milton's conception of the Messiah's character

Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,  
 Their nature also to thy nature join;  
 And be thyself Man among men on earth,  
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
 By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room 285  
 The Head of all mankind, though Adam's son.  
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,  
 As from a second root, shall be restored  
 As many' as are restored; without thee none.  
 His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit 290  
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
 Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die, 295  
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
 His brethren ransom'd with his own dear life.  
 So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,  
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate 300  
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys  
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.  
 Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss 305  
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found  
 By merit more than birthright, Son of God,  
 Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310  
 Far more than great or high; because in thee  
 Love hath abounded more than glory 'bounds,  
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne:  
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315  
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
 Anointed Universal King: all pow'r  
 I give thee; reign for ever, and assume  
 Thy merits; under thee as Head Supreme

287. See 1 Cor. xv. 22.

301. The language is here accommodated to the eternity of the speaker, to whom past, present, and future, are one.

317. Matt. xviii. 18.

Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce :  
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide 231  
 In Heav'n, or Earth; or under Earth in Hell.  
 When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n  
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim 232  
 Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds  
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
 Of all past ages, to the gen'ral doom  
 Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
 Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge 233  
 Bad men and Angels; they arraign'd shall sink  
 Beneath thy sentence: Hell, her numbers full,  
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,  
 And after all their tribulations long 234  
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
 With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.  
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,  
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need, 235  
 God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies:  
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me.  
 No sooner had th' Almighty ceased, but all  
 The multitude of Angels, with a shout 236  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest voices, utt'ring joy, Heav'n rung  
 With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd  
 Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent  
 Tow'rd's either throne they bow, and to the ground  
 With solemn adoration down they cast 237  
 Their crowns, inwove with amarant and gold;  
 Immortal amarant; a flow'r which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
 Began to bloom; but soon, for man's offence, 238

231. Philip. ii. 10.

234. 2 Pet. iii. 12, 13.

233. I cannot do better than here recommend to the reader, the perusal of Dr. Chalmers' powerfully interesting sermon on the subject of a new Heaven and a new Earth.

241. 1 Cor. xv. 22 and Pa. xcvi. 7. and Heb. i. 6.

242. John v. 22.

239. Rev. iv. 10.

243. *Amarant*, a flower whose beauty never fades. Allusion is made here to 1 Pet. i. 4. and 1 Pet. v. 4.

To Heav'n removed, where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flow'rs aloft, shading the fount of life,  
 And where the riv'r of bliss through midst of Heav'n  
 Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream;  
 With these, that never fade, the Spirits elect 366  
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beaus,  
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
 Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.  
 Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,  
 Harps ever tuned, that glitt'ring by their side 368 .  
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
 Of charming symphony they introduce  
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;  
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join 370  
 Melodious part,—such concord is in Heav'n.  
 Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,  
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
 Eternal King; thee, Author of all being,  
 Fountain of Light, thyself invisible 375  
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st  
 Throned inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380  
 Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.  
 Thee, next they sang, of all creation first,  
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud 385  
 Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,  
 Whom else no creature can behold: on thee  
 Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory 'bides,  
 Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
 He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs therein 390  
 By thee created, and by thee threw down  
 Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day  
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,

366. The happiness of Heaven is repeatedly compared in Scripture to a fountain or river.

368. The same idea is in Tasso, Can. 3. st. 57. and in Spenser's *Ann* to Heavenly Beauty.

372. See Isaiah vi. 2.

382. Col. 1. 13. Rev. iii. 14.

387. John 1. 18. xiv. 9.



Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook  
 Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks 398  
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.  
 Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim  
 Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,  
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
 Not so on Man : Him thro' their malice fall'n, 400  
 Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom  
 So strictly, but much more to pity' incline ;  
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
 So strictly, but much more to pity' inclined, 405  
 He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
 Of mercy' and justice in thy face discern'd,  
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat  
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die  
 For man's offence. O unexampled love ! 410  
 Love no where to be found less than Divine !  
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name  
 Shall be the copious matter of my song  
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin. 415  
 Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,  
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Mean while upon the firm opacous globe  
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous inferior orbs, inclosed 420  
 From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,  
 Satan alighted walks : a globe far off  
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
 Starless exposed, and ever-threat'ning storms 425  
 Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky ;  
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n,  
 Though distant far, some small reflection gains  
 Of glimm'ring air less vex'd with tempest loud :  
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430  
 As when a vulture on Imaus bred,  
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,

412. Milton has been hitherto professedly repeating the substance of the angels' song. He here speaks of his own determination.

431. *Imaus*, a celebrated mountain in Asia.

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With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
 Embellish'd : thick with sparkling orient gems  
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth  
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.  
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
 To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz,  
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
 And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heav'n. 515  
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes  
 Viewless : and underneath a bright sea flow'd  
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
 Who after came from earth, sailing arrived, 520  
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake  
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.  
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
 The Fiend by easy 'scent, or aggravate  
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss : 525  
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,  
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,  
 Wider by far than that of after-times  
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large, 530  
 Over the Promised Land, to God so dear,  
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
 On high behests his Angels to and fro  
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
 From Parnassus the fount of Jordan's flood 535  
 To Beersaba, where the Holy Land  
 Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore :  
 So wide the op'ning seem'd, where bounds were set  
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.  
 Satan from hence, now on the lower stair 540  
 That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven gate,  
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
 Of all this world at once. As when a scout  
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
 All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn 545

510. See Gen. xxviii. 12, 13.

534. *Pass'd frequent*, is to be understood after regard.

540. The description and comparison here are very noble.

Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
 Which to his eye discovers unaware  
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
 First seen, or some renown'd metropolis  
 With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd, 580  
 Which now the rising Sun gilds with his beams :  
 Such wonder seized, though after Heaven seen,  
 The Spirit malign, but much more envy seized,  
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair. 584  
 Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood  
 So high above the circling canopy  
 Of Night's extended shade) from eastern point  
 Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears  
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
 Beyond th' horizon ; then from pole to pole 590  
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
 Down right into the world's first region throws  
 His sight precipitant, and winds with ease  
 Through the pure marble air his oblique way  
 Amongst innumerable stars, that shone 595  
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds ;  
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,  
 Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,  
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,  
 Thrice happy isles ; but who dwelt happy there 599  
 He stay'd not to inquire : above them all  
 The golden Sun, in splendour likest Heav'n,  
 Allured his eye : thither his course he bends  
 Through the calm firmament (but up or down,  
 By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell, 603  
 Or longitude) where the great luminary  
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
 Dispenses light from far ; they as they move  
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute 606  
 Days, months, and years, tow'rd's his all-cheering lamp  
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd  
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
 The universe, and to each inward part

588 Constellations directly opposite to each other. The *fleecy star* is *Aries*, which is said to bear Andromeda, because just under it.

598. *Hesperian gardens* ; celebrated among the ancients, and supposed to have been the Cape Verd Islands.

With gentle penetration, though unseen, 580  
 Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep ;  
 So wondrously was set his station bright.  
 There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
 Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb  
 Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw. 585  
 The place he found beyond expression bright,  
 Compar'd with aught on earth, metal or stone ;  
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd  
 With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire ;  
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear ; 590  
 If stone, carbuncle most, or chrysolite,  
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
 In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides  
 Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
 That stone, or like to that which here below 595  
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought ;  
 In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind  
 Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound  
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
 Drain'd through a limbeck to his native form. 600  
 What wonder then if fields and regions here  
 Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run  
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
 Th' arch-chemic Sun, so far from us remote,  
 Produces with terrestrial humour mix'd 610  
 Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare ?  
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
 Undazzled ; far and wide his eye commands ;  
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615  
 But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon  
 Culminate from th' equator, as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall ; and th' air,  
 No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620  
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
 Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,

603. *Hermes*, or *Mercury* ; *Proteus* was a sea-god, celebrated  
 as is well known for the variety of shapes he had the power of  
 taking ; the ancients meant to express, under the name of this  
 fabulous being, the first principle of things. The stone alluded  
 to is that by which philosophers hoped to turn all things into gold.

The same whom John saw also in the Sun.  
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid :  
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar 623  
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
 Illustrious on his shoulders sledge with wings  
 Lay waving round. On some great charge employ'd  
 He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope 630  
 To find who might direct his wand'ring flight  
 To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,  
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.  
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
 Which else might work him danger or delay : 635  
 And now a stripling Cherub he appears,  
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
 Youth smiled celestial, and to ev'ry limb  
 Suitable grace diffused, so well he feign'd :  
 Under a coronet his flowing hair 640  
 In curls on either cheek play'd ; wings he wore  
 Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold ;  
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.  
 He drew not nigh unheard : the Angel bright, 645  
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,  
 Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known  
 Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seven  
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,  
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650  
 That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth  
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
 O'er sea and land : him Satan thus accosts :  
 Uriel, for thou of those sev'n Spirits that stand  
 In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright, 655  
 The first art wont his great authentic will  
 Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,  
 Where all his sons thy embassy attend ;  
 And here art likeliest, by Supreme decree,  
 Like honour to obtain, and as his eye 660  
 To visit oft this new creation round ;

623. See Rev. xix. 17.

627. Instead of *sledge* for softness.642. *Succinct*. ready or prepared.644. *Decent*, used in the Latin sense, graceful and beautiful.

660. Zach. iv. 10. Tobit xii. 15. Rev. i. 4. v. 6. viii. 2.

Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,  
 His chief delight and favour; him for whom  
 All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd, 695  
 Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim  
 Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest Seraph, tell  
 In which of all these shining orbs hath Man  
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
 But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell; 696  
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze  
 Or open admiration him behold,  
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd  
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;  
 That both in him and all things, as is meet, 697  
 The Universal Maker we may praise,  
 Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes  
 To deepest Hell; and to repair that loss  
 Created this new happy race of Men  
 To serve him better: wise are all his ways. 698  
 So spake the false Dissembler unperceived;  
 For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
 Invisible, except to God alone,  
 By his permissive will, thro' Heav'n and Earth: 699  
 And oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps  
 At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity  
 Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill  
 Where no ill seems: which now for once beguiled  
 Uriel, though regent of the Sun, and held 700  
 The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;  
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foul  
 In his uprightness answer thus return'd:  
 Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know  
 The works of God, thereby to glorify 705  
 The great Work-Master, leads to no excess  
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 706  
 Contented with report hear only in Heav'n:  
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
 Had in remembrance always with delight:



## BOOK III.

59

But what created mind can comprehend 703  
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?  
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,  
 This world's material mould, came to a heap :  
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar 710  
 Stood ruled, stood vast Infinitude confined ;  
 Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,  
 Light shone, and Order from Disorder sprung :  
 Swift to their sev'ral quarters hasted then  
 The cumbrous elements, Earth, Flood, Air, Fire ; 715  
 And this ethereal quintessence of Heav'n  
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
 That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars  
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move :  
 Each had his place appointed, each his course ; 720  
 The rest in circuit walls this universe.  
 Look downward on that globe, whose hither side  
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines ;  
 That place is Earth, the seat of Man ; that light  
 His day, which else, as th' other hemisphere, 725  
 Night would invade ; but there the neigh'ring moon  
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid  
 Timely' interposes, and her monthly round  
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n,  
 With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730  
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,  
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
 Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r.  
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires. 735  
 Thus said, he turn'd ; and Satan bowing low,  
 As to superior Spirits is wont in Heav'n,  
 Where honour due and rev'rence none neglects,  
 Took leave, and tow'rd the coast of earth beneath,  
 Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hoped success, 740  
 Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,  
 Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

720. *Triform*, so called from her increase and decrease towards east and west, and her fulness.

742. *Niphates*, a mountain on the borders of Armenia, now which Paradise is supposed to have been situated.

## BOOK IV

### THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the Tree of Life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described: Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of Death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress; then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel, descending on a sun-beam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel: by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O for that warning voice, which he who saw  
Th' Apocalypse heard cry in Heav'n aloud,  
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
Came furious down to be revenged on men,  
Woe to th' inhabitants on earth! that now, 8  
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd  
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped,  
Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare: for now  
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,  
The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind, 10  
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:  
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold

1. There is great propriety in the opening of the present book. The grand subject of the relation which St. John gave of the Apocalypse or Revelation he received, is the overthrow of Satan, whose first attempts upon Man's purity and happiness form the ground-work of this part of the poem.

## BOOK IV.

39

Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
 Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth 18  
 New rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,  
 And, like a dev'lish engine, back recoils  
 Upon himself: horror and doubt distract  
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
 The Hell within him; for within him Hell 20  
 He brings, and round about him; nor from Hell  
 One step no more than from himself can fly  
 By change of place: now Conscience wakes Despair  
 That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory  
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be 23  
 Worse; of worse deeds worse suff'rings must ensue.  
 Sometimes tow'rs Eden, which now in his view  
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;  
 Sometimes tow'rs Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun,  
 Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r: 26  
 Then much revolving, thus in sighs began:  
 O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God  
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call, 35  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down 40  
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King:  
 Ah wherefore! he deserved no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard. 45  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,  
 How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,  
 I scorn'd subjection, and thought one step higher  
 Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit 51  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,

34. Memory is here used in the sense of reflection or consideration.

35. Milton first thought of writing a tragedy on the Loss of Paradise, and the first ten lines of this speech formed its opening.

36. *Sdeign'd*, for *disdain'd*, from the Italian, *sdegnare*.

So burdensome still paying, still to owe,  
 Forgetful what from Him I still received,  
 And understood not that a grateful mind 60  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharged: what burden then?  
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior Angel, I had stood  
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised 65  
 Ambition. Yet, why not? some other Pow'r,  
 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,  
 Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great  
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 68  
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?  
 Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then or what t' accuse,  
 But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?  
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,  
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70  
 Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?  
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell; 75  
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n  
 O then at last relent. Is there no place  
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left? 80  
 None left but by submission; and that word  
 DISDAIN forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85  
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell!  
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced, 90  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery! such joy ambition finds.  
 But say I could repent, and could obtain

ss. Understood not, to be connected with the preceding verse.

## BOOK IV.

91

By act of grace my former state, how soon 94  
 Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 What feign'd submission swore ! ease would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void ;  
 For never can true reconciliation grow  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep :  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse, 100  
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear  
 Short intermission bought with double smart.  
 This knows my Punisher : therefore, as far  
 From granting he, as I from begging peace.  
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead 105  
 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,  
 Mankind created, and for him this world.  
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
 Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost :  
 Evil be thou my good ; by thee at least 110  
 Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;  
 As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.  
 Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face ;  
 Thrice changed with pale, ire, envy, and despair ; 115  
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.  
 For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul  
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,  
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm, 120  
 Artificer of fraud ; and was the first  
 That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,  
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge :  
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
 Uriel once warn'd ; whose eye pursued him down 125  
 The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount  
 Saw him disfigured more than could befall  
 Spirit of happy sort ; his gestures fierce  
 He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,  
 As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen. 130  
 So on he fares, and to the border comes  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,  
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides 135  
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,

Access deny'd; and over head up grew,  
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm;  
 A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend 140  
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung;  
 Which to our gen'ral sire gave prospect large  
 Into his nether empire neighb'ring round: 145  
 And higher than that wall a circling row  
 Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,  
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
 Appear'd with gay enamel'd colours mix'd:  
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams  
 Than in fair ev'ning cloud, or humid bow, 151  
 When God hath show'r'd the earth: so lovely seem'd  
 That landskip: and of pure now purer air  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155  
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,  
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail  
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160  
 Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow  
 Sabeian odours from the spicy shore  
 Of Araby the Blest; with such delay [league  
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a  
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:  
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend 165  
 Who came their bane, though with them better pleased  
 Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume  
 That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse

151. The description which Milton has given of Paradise is similar to those of Homer, Spenser, and Tasso, in their accounts of the gardens in which the scene of their poems sometimes lies. To these may be added Ariosto's and Marino's, it being generally allowed, that though Milton's is superior to any other, that the Italian come nearest in beauty and perfection.

155. An allusion is here observed of Shakespeare in the *Twelfth Night*, or of Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, c. 34. st. 31.

162. *Mozambique* is an island on the eastern coast of Africa. As the north-east wind blows contrary to those who have doubled the Cape, they are hence obliged to slack the reins.—Sabeian from Saba, a city and province of Arabia Felix.

165. See Tobit viii.

## BOOK IV.

98

Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 179  
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill  
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;  
But further way found none, so thick intwined,  
As one continued brake, the undergrowth 175

Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd  
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way:  
One gate there only was, and that look'd east  
On th' other side; which when th' arch-felon saw,  
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, 180

At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound  
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve  
In hurdled cots amid the field secure, 185  
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:

Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash  
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190  
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:

So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;  
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.  
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,  
The middle tree and highest there that grew, 195

Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life  
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death  
To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought  
Of that life-giving plant, but only used  
For prospect, what well used had been the pledge  
Of immortality. So little knows 201

Any, but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views 204  
To all delight of human sense exposed  
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
A Heav'n on Earth: for blissful Paradise

182. A wolf is a frequent subject of comparison in the poets, but for the whole of this, see John x. 1.

183. *Lewd*, impious or wicked.

184. Gen. ii. 9. *In the midst*, signifies the excellency as well as the situation of the tree.

Of God the garden was, by him in th' east  
 Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line 210  
 From Auran eastward to the royal tow'rs  
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
 Or where the sons of Eden long before  
 Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil  
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd; 215  
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow  
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;  
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,  
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life, 220  
 Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,  
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.  
 Southward through Eden went a river large,  
 Nor changed his course, but thro' the shaggy hill  
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown 225  
 That mountain as his garden mould high raised  
 Upon the rapid current, which thro' veins  
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
 Water'd the garden: thence united fell 230  
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
 And now divided into four main streams,  
 Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm  
 And country, whereof here needs no account; 235  
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,  
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,  
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
 With mazy error under pendent shades  
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240  
 Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradise, which not nice Art  
 In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,  
 Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote  
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade 245

210. Gen. ii. 8. *Seleucia*, a city on the river Tigris, built by one of Alexander's successors.—*Telassar* was a country on the borders of Amyria.—See Isa. xxxvii. 12.

233. Gen. ii. 10.

238. S. Pactolus, Hermus, &c. are said to have rolled over gold and gems.



Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this place  
 A happy rural seat of various view ;  
 Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums and balm,  
 Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind  
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250  
 If true, here only', and of delicious taste :  
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,  
 Or palmy hillock ; or the flow'ry lap  
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store, 255  
 Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose :  
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant : mean while murm'ring waters fall 260  
 Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,  
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd  
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
 The birds their choir apply ; airs, vernal airs,  
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265  
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
 Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field  
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gath'ring flow'rs,  
 Herself a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis 270  
 Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain  
 To seek her through the world, nor that sweet grove  
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspired  
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise  
 Of Eden strive ; nor that Nyseian isle 275  
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,  
 Hid Amalthea and her florid son  
 Young Bacchus from his step-dame Rhea's eye ;  
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280  
 Mount Amara, though this by some supposed

246. *Imbrown'd*, from the Italian.

256. Bentley objects to this passage as puerile, but in his usual spirit of hypercriticism.

258. *Pen* was a symbol of nature among the ancients. The graces of mythological allusion were never more beautifully employed than in the whole of this passage.

261. *Mount Amara* was where the Abyssinian kings kept their children guarded. It was inclosed with alabaster rocks, which it took a day to ascend.

True Paradise under the Ethiop line  
 By Nilus' head, inclosed with shining rock,  
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
 From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend 293  
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
 Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.  
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,  
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad  
 In naked Majesty seem'd lords of all, 298  
 And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
 (Severe but in true filial freedom placed),  
 Whence true authority in men; though both 299  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:  
 For contemplation he and valour form'd;  
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace;  
 He for God only, she for God in him:  
 His fair large front and eye sublime, declared 300  
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:  
 She, as a veil down to the slender waist,  
 Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore 305  
 Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved  
 As the vine curls her tendrils; which imply'd  
 Subjection, but required with gentle sway,  
 And by her yielded, by him best received;  
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310  
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,  
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame  
 Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,  
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind 315  
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,  
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,  
 Simplicity and spotless innocence!  
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight  
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill. 320  
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
 That ever since in love's embraces met;

298. Dr. Bentley has proposed with propriety, the reading of *and* instead of *in* in this line.

Adam the goodl est man of men since born  
 His sons : the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green 323  
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side  
 They sat them down ; and after no more toil  
 Of their sweet gard'ning labour than sufficed  
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease  
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 324  
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,  
 Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs  
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline  
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'ra.  
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind 325  
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream ;  
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as becoms  
 Fair couple link'd in happy nuptial league,  
 Alone as they. About them frisking play'd 326  
 All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase  
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den :  
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
 Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
 Gambol'd before them : th' unwieldy elephant, 327  
 To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreath'd  
 His lithe proboscis ; close the serpent sly  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grass 328  
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,  
 Or bedward ruminating ; for the Sun,  
 Declined, was hasting now with prone career  
 To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale  
 Of Heav'n the stars that usher ev'ning rose : 329  
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad :  
 O Hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold !  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced  
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps, 330  
 Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright  
 Little inferior ; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace

The Hand that form'd them on their shape hath  
 pour'd. 363  
 Ah, gentle pair, ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches, when all these deligh-  
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,  
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy :  
 Happy, but for so happy ill secured 370  
 Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n  
 Ill fenced for Heav'n to keep out such a foe  
 As now is enter'd ; yet no purposed foe  
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn  
 Though I unpitied : League with you I seek, 375  
 And mutual amity so strait, so close,  
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
 Henceforth. My dwelling haply may not please,  
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense ; yet such  
 Accept your Maker's work ; he gave it me, 380  
 Which I as freely give : Hell shall unfold,  
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
 And send forth all her kings ; there will be room,  
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
 Your num'rous offspring ; if no better place, 385  
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge  
 On you who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.  
 And should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,  
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarge, 390  
 By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now  
 To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor  
 So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,  
 The tyrant's plea, excused his dev'lish deeds.  
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree 395  
 Down he alights among the sportful herd  
 Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,  
 Now other, as their shape served best his end  
 Nearer to view his prey, and unesp'y'd  
 To mark what of their state he more might learn 400  
 By word or action mark'd ; about them round  
 A lion now he stalks with sery glare ;  
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd  
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
 Straight couches close, then rising changes oft 405  
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground

Whence rushing he might surest seize them both  
 Griped in each paw : when Adam, first of men  
 To first of women Eve, thus moving speech,  
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utt'rance flow : 410

Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,  
 Dearer thyself than all ; needs must the Pow'r  
 That made us, and for us this ample world,  
 Be infinitely good, and of his good  
 As liberal and free as infinite ; 415

That raised us from the dust, and placed us here  
 In all this happiness, who at his hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Aught whereof he hath need ; he who requires  
 From us no other service than to keep 420  
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit

So various, not to taste that only tree  
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life ;  
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is, 425  
 Some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou know'st  
 God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree,  
 The only sign of our obedience left  
 Among so many signs of pow'r and rule

Conferr'd upon us, and dominion giv'n 430  
 Over all other creatures that possess  
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights : 435

But let us ever praise him, and extol  
 His bounty, following our delightful task  
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs ;  
 Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd : O thou for whom 440  
 And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my guide  
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
 And daily thanks ; I chiefly who enjoy 445  
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
 Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou  
 Like consort to thyself canst no where find.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed 430  
 Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
 Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound  
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved 435  
 Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n. I thither went  
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
 On the green bank, to look into the clear  
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite 440  
 A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,  
 Bending to look on me. I started back;  
 It started back: but pleased I soon return'd;  
 Pleased it return'd as soon with ans'ring looks  
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd 445  
 Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,  
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me. What thou seest,  
 What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;  
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 450  
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he  
 Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy  
 Inseparably thine: to him shalt bear  
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd  
 Mother of Human Race. What could I do 455  
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?  
 Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
 Under a platan; yet methought less fair,  
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth wat'ry image. Back I turn'd: 460  
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return, fair Eve;  
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art:  
 His flesh, his bone: to give thee being I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart  
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side 465  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand

431. Milton's first edition read thus: the second, *Under a shade  
 of flow'rs*, but they reposed not under, but on flow'rs.  
 453. Gen II. 23.

Seized mine; I yielded, and from that time see  
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 499  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our gen'ral mother, and with eyes  
Of conjugal attraction unreprieved,  
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd  
On our first father; half her swelling breast 505  
Naked met his under the flowing gold  
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight,  
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,  
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter  
On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds 510  
That shed May show'rs; and press'd her matron lip  
With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turn'd  
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign  
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus 'plain'd:

Sight hateful! sight tormenting! thus these two,  
Imparadis'd in one another's arms, 515  
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,  
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
Among our other torments not the least, 520  
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing, pines.  
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd  
From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems;  
One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge call'd,  
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden! 525  
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord  
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?  
Can it be death? And do they only stand  
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,  
The proof of their obedience and heir faith? 530  
O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds  
With more desire to know, and to reject  
Envious commands, invented with design  
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt 535  
Equal with Gods: aspiring to be such,  
They taste and die. What likelier can ensue?  
But first with narrow search I must walk round

499. Jupiter is here figurative of the Heaven, and Juno of the earth.  
505. *Imparadis'd*—this word had been used before, by  
Sir Philip Sidney in the *Arcadia*.

This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd :  
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530  
 Some wand'ring Spirit of Heav'n by fountain side,  
 Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw  
 What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,  
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. 535  
 So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began  
 Thro' wood, thro' waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.  
 Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heav'n  
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting Sun 540  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
 Levell'd his ev'ning rays: it was a rock  
 Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,  
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545  
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high;  
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.  
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,  
 Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night; 550  
 About him exercis'd heroic games  
 Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand  
 Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,  
 Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.  
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through th' even 555  
 On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star  
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired  
 Impress the air, and shews the mariner  
 From what point of his compass to beware  
 Impetuous winds. He thus began in haste: 560  
 Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath giv'n  
 Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place  
 No evil thing approach or enter in.  
 This day at highth of noon came to my sphere  
 A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know 565  
 More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,

549. For mention of Gabriel, see Daniel vii. and ix. also Luke l. his name signifies *the man* or *the power of God*.

554. *Through th' even*, or that part of the heavens now becoming dark with the approaching evening.

561. This is in allusion to the courses of the priests in the temple service: see 1 Chron. xxiv. and Luke l. 8, 9.



God's latest image : I described his way  
 Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait ;  
 But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570  
 Alien from Heav'n, with passions far obscured :  
 Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade  
 Lost sight of him. One of the banish'd crew,  
 I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise  
 New troubles : him thy care must be to find. 575  
 To whom the winged warrior thus return'd :  
 Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
 Amid the Sun's bright circle, where thou sitt'st,  
 See far and wide : in at this gate none pass  
 The vigilance here placed, but such as come 580  
 Well known from Heav'n ; and since meridian hour  
 No creature thence : if Spirit of other sort  
 So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthy bounds  
 On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude  
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar. 585  
 But if within the circuit of these walks,  
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know,  
 So promised he ; and Uriel to his charge 590  
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now raised,  
 Bore him slope downward to the Sun, now fall'n  
 Beneath th' Azores ; whether the prime orb,  
 Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd  
 Diurnal, or this less voléble earth,  
 By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there 595  
 Arraying with reflected purple' and gold  
 The clouds that on his western throne attend.  
 Now came still ev'ning on, and twilight grey  
 Had in her sober liv'ry all things clad ;  
 Silence accompanied : for beast and bird, 600  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,

567. The first image of God was Christ; the second, Angels; the last, Man — Described, that is, observed attentively.

582. The Azores are islands in the Atlantic, off the coast of Portugal. The word is to be pronounced as three syllables.

594. Voléble, with the v pronounced long.

595. This is the first evening in the time of the poem, and it furnishes Milton with an opportunity of putting forth the splendour of his descriptive genius in one of its most magnificent efforts. One of the commentators on this passage absurdly remarks that it was the poet's weak eyes made him love to mention the evening twilight.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold,  
 Both day and night. How often from the steep 690  
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
 Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands 694  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk  
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,  
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd  
 On to their blissful bow'r; it was a place 698  
 Chosen by the Sov'reign Planter, when he framed  
 All things to Man's delightful use. The roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side 699  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub  
 Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flow'r,  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,  
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and  
 Mosaic: underfoot the violet, [wrought  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay 701  
 Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone  
 Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,  
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none:  
 Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower 703  
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,  
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph  
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,  
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
 Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed, 710  
 And heav'nly choirs the hymenean sung,  
 What day the genial Angel to our sire  
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,  
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods  
 Endow'd with all their gifts: and O too like 715

700. *Homér*, II. xiv. 247.

714. *Pandora*, the fable of Pandora's box needs no explanation.  
 — *Authentic Eve*, the original, and prototype, or the source of  
 earthly Eve. — *Number* is not a comparative here, but means *very*  
*number*

In sad event, when to th' unwiser son  
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared  
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged  
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood, 730  
Both turn'd, and under open sky adored  
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,  
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry pole : Thou also mad'st the night,  
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, 735  
Which we in our appointed work employ'd  
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
Ordain'd by thee ; and this delicious place  
For us too large, where thy abundance wants 740  
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
But thou hast promised from us two a race  
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake  
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep. 745

This said unanimous, and other rites  
Observing none, but adoration pure  
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower  
Handed they went ; and eased the putting off  
These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740  
Straight side by side were laid ; nor turn'd I ween  
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites  
Mysterious of connubial love refused :  
Whatever hypocrites austere talk  
Of purity, and place, and innocence, 745  
Defaming as impure what God declares  
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.  
Our Maker bids increase ; who bids abstain  
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man ?  
Hail wedded Love, mysterious law, true source 750  
Of human offspring, sole propriety  
In Paradise of all things common else.  
By thee adult'rous lust was driven from men,  
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,  
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure, 755

746. In allusion to 1 Tim. iv. 1, 2, 3.

750. This apostrophe is said to be borrowed from one of *Tasso's* *Idylls*. *Mysterious* : See Eph. v. 32.

Relations dear, and all the charities  
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.  
 Far be 't, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 764  
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,  
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.  
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile 765  
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,  
 Casual fruition; nor in court-amours,  
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
 Or serenate, which the starved lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770  
 These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing, slept,  
 And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof  
 Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,  
 Blest pair! and O yet happiest, if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more. 775  
 Now had Night measured with her shadowy cone  
 Half way up hill this vast sublunary vault,  
 And from their ivory port the Cherubim  
 Forth issuing at th' accustomed hour, stood arm'd  
 To their night-watches in warlike parade, 780  
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake:  
 Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south  
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;  
 Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part;  
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785  
 From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he call'd  
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge:  
 Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed  
 Search thro' this garden; leave unsearch'd no nook;  
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,  
 Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm. 791  
 This evening from the Sun's decline arrived

756. *The charities*; the affections called forth by the different relations of life. 761. Heb. xiii. 4.

769. *Serenate*: Milton follows the Italian in his spelling.

*Starved*; cold, unaccepted.

782. *Uzziel*, the strength of God.

794. See Heb. chap. i.

788. *Ithuriel*, the discoverer of God. *Zephon*, a secret, or searcher of secrets.

Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen  
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escaped  
The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795  
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct,  
In search of whom they sought: him there they found,  
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800  
Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge  
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;  
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise, 805  
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise  
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,  
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
Blown up with high conceits, ingendering pride.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810  
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
Of force to its own likeness. Up he starts,  
Discover'd and surprised. As when a spark  
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815  
Fit for the tun some magazine to store  
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain  
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;  
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.  
Back stept those two fair Angels, half amazed 820  
So sudden to behold the grisly king;  
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon:

Which of those rebel Spirits, adjudged to Hell,  
Com'st thou, escaped thy prison? and transform'd,  
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait, 825  
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,  
Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate  
For you; there sitting where ye durst not soar.  
Not to know me, argues yourselves unknown, 830  
The lowest of your thring; or if ye know,  
Why ask ye, and superfluous beg?

795. *Hübner*, that is, wherever the speaker is, it afterwards be.  
804. *Virgil*, *Æneid*, l. 11, v. 11.  
814. *Ariosto* employs the same figure.

Your message, like to end as much in vain ?

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.  
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same, 836  
Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known

As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure ;  
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
Departed from thee' ; and thou resemblest now  
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul. 840

But come ; for thou, be sure, shalt give account  
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub ; and his grave rebuke,  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 846

Invincible. Abash'd the Devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue' in her shape how lovely ; saw and pined  
His loss ; but chiefly to find here observed

His lustre visibly impair'd ; yet seem'd 850

Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
Best with the best, the sender not the sent,  
Or all at once ; more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,  
Will save us trial what the least can do 856

Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage ;  
But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,  
Champing his iron curb. To strive or fly  
He held it vain ; awe from above had quell'd 860

His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh  
The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,  
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,  
Gabriel from the front, thus call'd aloud : 863

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,  
And with them comes a third of regal port,  
But faded splendour wan ; who, by his gait 870  
And fierce demeanour, seems the prince of Hell,

836. Bentley proposes a new reading, ' Or brightness undiminish'd' in the next line : Newton to change *thy* into *by* in the present.

856. It is observed, that Milton has followed Homer in this episode. See *Il.* x. 632.

Not likely to part hence without contest:  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,  
And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
How busy'd, in what form and posture couch'd. 876

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake:  
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed  
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880  
By thy example, but have pow'r and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow: 885  
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd  
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
Though thither doom'd! Thou would'st thyself, no  
doubt, 890

And boldly venture to whatever place  
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change  
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;  
To thee no reason, who knowest only good, 895  
But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object  
His will who bound us? Let him surer bar  
His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.  
The rest is true, they found me where they say; 900  
But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel moved  
Disdainfully, half smiling, thus reply'd:  
O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,  
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew, 905  
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither,  
Unlicensed from his bounds in Hell prescribed;  
So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910

876. Bentley thinks *transgressions* should be taken in the sense of *transcursions*, that is, to pass over bounds.

893. Torment with ease, a Latin idiom.

However, and to 'scape his punishment.  
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,  
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy sight  
 Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell  
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain 918  
 Can equal anger infinite provoked.  
 But wherefore thou alone? Wherefore with thee  
 Came not all Hell broke loose? Is pain to them  
 Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they  
 Less hardy to endure? Courageous Chief, 920  
 The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleged  
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern:  
 Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain, 925  
 Insulting Angel: well thou know'st I stood  
 Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
 The blasting volley'd thunder made all speed,  
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
 But still thy words at random, as before, 930  
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
 From hard assays and ill successes past,  
 A faithful leader, not to hazard all  
 Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:  
 I therefore, I alone first undertook 935  
 To wing the desolate abyss, and spy  
 This new created world, whereof in Hell  
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
 Better abode, and my afflicted Pow'rs  
 To settle here on earth, or in mid-air; 940  
 Though for possession put to try once more  
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against;  
 Whose easier bus'ness were to serve their Lord  
 High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,  
 And practised distances to cringe, not fight. 945

To whom the warrior Angel soon reply'd:  
 To say and straight unsay, pretending first  
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
 Argues no leader, but a liar traced,  
 Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name, 950

937. *Thy fiercest*; the adjective as a substantive, as in instances already alleged.

938. *Thy* is read in the second edition.



O sacred name of faithfulness profaned !  
 Faithful to whom ? to thy rebellious crew ?  
 Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.  
 Was this your discipline and faith engaged,  
 Your military' obedience, to dissolve 965  
 Allegiance to th' acknowledged Pow'r Supreme ?  
 And thou, aly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
 Once fawn'd, and cringed, and servilely adored  
 Heav'n's awful Monarch ? wherefore but in hope 970  
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign ?  
 But mark what I arre'd thee now, Avaunt ;  
 Fly thither whence thou fledst : if from this hour  
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,  
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 975  
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
 The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.  
 So threaten'd he ; but Satan to no threats  
 Gave heed, but, waxing more in rage, reply'd :  
 Then when I am thy captive, talk of chains, 980  
 Proud limitary Cherub ; but ere then  
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arm, though Heav'n's King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,  
 Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels 975  
 In progress through the road of Heav'n star-paved.  
 While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright  
 Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns  
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980  
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends  
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
 Sways them ; the careful plowman doubting stands,  
 Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan, alarm'd, 985  
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved :

963. *Arre'd*, to decree or award.965. *Drag* ; the present for the future. 966. *Rev. xx. 2.*971. *Limitary*, setting bounds to. *Ps. xviii. 10*974. *Each*, chap. i. x. and xi.980. *Ported*, borne pointed towards him.985. *These* applies the epithet *disceos* to his hero Argantes when preparing to fight with Tancred.

His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp [decide  
 What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful  
 Might have ensued, nor only Paradise 991  
 In this commotion, but the starry cope  
 Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements  
 At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon 996  
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray,  
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,  
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
 The pendulous round earth with balanced air 1000  
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
 Battles, and realms: in these he put two weights,  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
 The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam:  
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend: 1006  
 Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;  
 Neither our own, but giv'n. What folly then  
 To boast what arms can do? since thine no more  
 Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
 To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010  
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign, [weak,  
 Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light, how  
 If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew  
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
 Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.

999. A powerful personification of horror.

1000. The same allegory is employed by both Homer and Virgil, and in Scripture we find Daniel informing Belshazzar that he was weighed in the balances: for illustrations of this passage, see Job xxviii. xxxvii. Isa. xl. 1. Sam. ii. 3. Proverbs xvi. 2. and Dan. v.

1002. Bentley proposes to read *signal* instead of *sequel*, but the latter is preferable, see Hom. Il. vii. 65. also Virgil, Æn. xii. 728.

1012. Milton follows Scripture and not the poets in making the scale ascend in token of victory.

## BOOK V.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labours: Their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance described, his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph; who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
 When Adam waked, so custom'd, for his sleep  
 Was aery light from pure digestion bred,  
 And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only sound *5*  
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
 Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song  
 Of birds on ev'ry bough; so much the more  
 His wonder was to find unawaken'd Eve  
 With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek, *10*  
 As through inquiet rest; he on his side  
 Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love  
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
 Beauty, which whether waking or asleep, *15*  
 Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice  
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,  
 My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,  
 Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
 Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field *20*

1. This is a lovely description of morning, and the more beautiful because not separated from the consideration of the actors in the poem.—I think it will be generally found that poets of great eminence seldom indulge themselves in pure description, or rather, that their descriptions are almost always mixed up with circumstance and detail.

2. *Wake refers to sleep, not to vapours.*

Calls us ; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,  
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
 How Nature paints her colours, how the bee  
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet. 28

Such whisp'ring waked her, but with startled eye  
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake :

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My glory, my perfection, glad I see  
 Thy face, and morn return'd ; for I this night 30  
 (Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,  
 If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design,  
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought, 35  
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk,  
 With gentle voice ; I thought it thine : it said,  
 Why sleep'st thou, Eve ? now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40  
 Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song ; now reigns  
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
 Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,  
 If none regard ; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire ! 45  
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.  
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not ;  
 To find thee I directed then my walk ;  
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways 50  
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
 Of interdicted knowledge : fair it seem'd,  
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day :  
 And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood 54

34. I am inclined to think that this mention of *nature* is the only blemish in the passage : none of Adam's curious questionings which have been reprobated by writers, were unnatural in a being continually contemplating the universe with an undimmed eye ; but it is very inconsistent to suppose he would personify the principle of things, and separate its operation from the immediate action of the divine hand.—Nature was a noble and splendid conception in the mind of the heathen poets and philosophers, but it is a poetic contradiction after the thoughts have been long fixed on a personal Deity.

41. *His* and *her* are applied by Milton to the nightingale indifferently.

One shaped and wing'd, like one of those from Heav'n  
 By us oft seen. His dewy locks distill'd  
 Ambrosia : on that tree he also gazed ;  
 And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharged,  
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet  
 Nor God, nor Man ? is knowledge so despised ? 60  
 Or envy', or what reserve forbids to taste ?  
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
 Longer thy offer'd good : why else set here ?  
 This said, he paused not, but with vent'rous arm  
 He pluck'd, he tasted ! Me damp horror chill'd 65  
 At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold :  
 But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,  
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt,  
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
 For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men : 70  
 And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more  
 Communicated, more abundant grows,  
 The Author not impair'd, but honour'd more ?  
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,  
 Partake thou also ; happy though thou art, 75  
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be :  
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods  
 Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confined,  
 But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes  
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80  
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.  
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
 Ev'n to my mouth, of that same fruit held part  
 Which he had pluck'd. The pleasant sav'ry smell  
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide  
 And various ; wond'ring at my flight and change  
 To this high exaltation ; suddenly 90  
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
 And fell asleep ; but O how glad I waked  
 To find this but a dream ! Thus Eve her night  
 Related ; and thus Adam answer'd sad :  
 Best image of myself and dearer half, 95  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally ; nor can I like

This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;  
 Yet evil whence! In thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure. But know, that in the soul 100  
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
 Reason as chief: among these Fancy next  
 Her office holds. Of all external things  
 Which the five watchful senses represent,  
 She forms imaginations, aery shapes; 105  
 Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames  
 All what we' affirm or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
 Into her private cell when Nature rests.  
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes 110  
 To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,  
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
 Some such resemblances methinks I find  
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream, 115  
 But with addition strange; yet be not sad.  
 Evil into the mind of God or Man  
 May come and go, so unapproved, and leave  
 No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope  
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream 120  
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks  
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene  
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise 125  
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers  
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,  
 Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store.  
 So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall 130  
 From either eye, and wiped them with her hair.  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135  
 So all was clear'd, and to the field they hasts.  
 But first, from under shady arborous roof  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight

117. God in this line means angel; the word is so applied in Scripture sometimes: see also John x. 22. and refer to line 68.

Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen,  
 With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim, 140  
 Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,  
 Discovering in wide landskip all the east  
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,  
 Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began  
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145  
 In various style; for neither various style  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung  
 Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence  
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or num'rous verse,  
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp 151  
 To add more sweetness; and they thus began:  
 These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,  
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then!  
 Unspeakable, who sit'st above these Heav'ns 156  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works: yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160  
 Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing! ye in Heav'n,  
 On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. 166  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170  
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
 Moon, that now meets the orient Sun, now fly'st, 175  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,

143. This prayer is a close imitation of the 148th Psalm: see also the Cantic in our Liturgy taken from it.

145. Wind. xiii. 345.

162. *Day without night*, without such night as ours: as the Author afterward explains it, Book vi. 8.

172. Bentley proposes to read 'him Creator,' for 'thy greater.'

And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
 In mystic dance not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth 190  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise 195  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,  
 Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs, 199  
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
 With every plant; in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow, 195  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,  
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or ev'n,  
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail Universal Lord, be bounteous still 205  
 To give us only good; and if the night  
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.  
 So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts

197. *Soul* is here used as in Scripture, frequently to signify any living thing.

202. The commentators have exercised their ingenuity to explain why Milton used the singular *I* in this line when it would seem that both Adam and Eve were expressing themselves in the hymn. Bentley reads *we*, which if right, would do away with the difficulty at once. Others, among which are Newton and Dr. Pearce, think the prayer was intended to be interlocutory, which would also explain it, but I imagine that from Milton's known opinion on the subject of female modesty and subjection, it is easy to suppose he never intended to represent Eve as audibly accompanying the devoutness of her husband. This idea may be strengthened by referring to 1 Cor. xiv. 34. and 1 Tim. ii. 11.



BOOK V.

121

Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm. 210  
 On to their morning's rural work they haste,  
 Among sweet dews and flow'rs; where any row  
 Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far  
 Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check  
 Fruitless embraces; or they led the vine 215  
 To wed her elm; she spoused about him twines  
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
 Her dow'r th' adopted clusters, to adorn  
 His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld  
 With pity Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd 220  
 Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd  
 To travel with Tobias, and secured  
 His marriage with the sev'ntimes-wedded maid.  
 Raphael, said he, thou bear'st what stir on Earth  
 Satan from Hell, 'scaped thro' the darksome gulf, 225  
 Hath raised in Paradise, and how disturb'd  
 This night the human pair, how he designs  
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.  
 Go, therefore, half this day as friend with friend  
 Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade 230  
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired,  
 To respite his day-labour with repast,  
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on  
 As may advise him of his happy state,  
 Happiness in his pow'r left free to will, 235  
 Left to his own free will, his will though free,  
 Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware  
 He swerve not too secure. Tell him withal  
 His danger, and from whom; what enemy,  
 Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now 240  
 The fall of others from like state of bliss.  
 By violence? No, for that shall be withstood;  
 But by deceit and lies. This let him know,  
 Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend  
 Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd. 245  
 So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfill'd  
 All justice: nor delay'd the winged Saint

214. *Pamper'd*, from *pamper*, overgrown with leaves.

224. See Tasso, *Lib. Can. ix. st. 88*, which Milton seems here to have had in view.

245. See also Tasso, *Can. ix. 60*. The description of the ascending angel is splendid in both poets, and they may be profitably compared.

After his charge received ; but from among  
 Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood  
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light 230  
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n ; th' angelic choir,  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all th' empyreal road ; till at the gate  
 Of Heav'n arrived, the gate self-open'd wide  
 On golden hinges turning, as by work 235  
 Divine the Sov'reign Architect had framed.  
 From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
 Star interpos'd, however small, he sees,  
 Not unconform to other shining globes,  
 Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd  
 Above all hills. As when by night the glass 261  
 Of Galileo, less assured, observes  
 Imagined lands and regions in the moon :  
 Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades  
 Delos or Samos first appearing, kens 268  
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing  
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
 Winnows the buxom air : till within soar 270  
 Of tow'ring eagles, to all the fowls he seems  
 A Phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,  
 When to inhume his reliques in the Sun's  
 Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.  
 At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns,  
 A seraph wing'd ; six wings he wore, to shade

230. *Ardors*, Seraphim, which has the same meaning in Hebrew.

234. So Homer makes the gates of Heaven open to the gods, II. v. 749.

235. The word *being* must be understood after *star*.

262. Galileo first used the telescope in astronomical observations. The *Cyclades*, of which Delos and Samos are two, are islands in the Archipelago.

272. The Phoenix has the epithet *sole* applied to it, because it is said that but one exists at a time. It is described as very beautiful, and living several hundred years, at the end of which time it burns itself on a pile prepared of aromatic wood ; from its ashes springs its solitary successor, which immediately flies with the remains of its predecessor to Thebes, in Egypt, where it reposes them in the temple of the Sun.

276. His *proper shape*, that in which he seemed to have been before.

His lineaments divine; the pair that clad  
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
 With regal ornament; the middle pair 296  
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold  
 And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet  
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,  
 Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood, 298  
 And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd  
 The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands  
 Of Angels under watch; and to his state,  
 And to his message high in honour rise;  
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound.  
 Their glitt'ring tents he pass'd, and now is come 291  
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh  
 And flow'ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm:  
 A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here  
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will 296  
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.  
 Him through the spicy forest onward come  
 Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat  
 Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted Sun 300  
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm  
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs:  
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepared  
 For dinner sav'ry fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 308  
 Of nect'rous draughts between, from milky stream,  
 Berry or grape. To whom thus Adam call'd:  
 Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight, behold  
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape  
 Comes this way moving; seems another morn 316  
 Risen on mid-noon; some great behest from Heav'n  
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
 And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour

294. A beautiful comparison—feathers lie over one another like the plume of a coat of mail.

295. Maia's son, Mercury: see *Iliad* xxiv. 239. *Æn.* iv. 234.

299. Gen. xlviii. 1 where Abraham is described sitting in the door of the tent.

310. Nothing can be conceived more splendid than the idea conveyed in the short description of Raphael's glory. In Milton's *Adonis* there is a similar one, *C. li. st. 37.*

Abundance, fit to honour and receive 325  
 Our heav'nly stranger : well we may afford  
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
 From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies  
 Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows  
 More fruitful ; which instructs us not to spare. 330

To whom thus Eve : Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,  
 Of God inspired, small store will serve, where store,  
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk,  
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes : 335  
 But I will haste, and from each bow and brake,  
 Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice  
 To entertain our Angel guest, as he  
 Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth  
 God hath dispensed his bounties as in Heav'n. 340

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
 What order, so contrived as not to mix  
 Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring 345  
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change ;  
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
 Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields  
 In India East or West, or middle shore  
 In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where 350  
 Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat  
 Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk, or shell,  
 She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
 Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink, the grape  
 She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths 355  
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd  
 She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold  
 Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground  
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.

Mean while our primitive great sire, to meet 360  
 His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train

325. *Choice to choose* : an alliteration not uncommon to Milton or the classics.

340. *In Pontus*, part of Asia ; *the Punic coast*, Africa ; the kingdom of *Alcinous*, Phœnicia, an island in the Ionian Sea, near Corfu.

345. *Meaths*, sweet drinks.

Accompany'd than with his own complete  
 Perfections : in himself was all his state,  
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
 On princes, when their rich retinue long 355  
 Of horses led, and grooms beamear'd with gold,  
 Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.  
 Nearer his presence Adam, though not awed,  
 Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,  
 As to' a superior nature, bowing low, 360  
 Thus said : Native of Heav'n, for other place  
 None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain ;  
 Since by descending from the thrones above,  
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while  
 To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us 365  
 Two only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess  
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bow'r  
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears  
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
 Be over, and the Sun more cool decline. 376

Whom thus th' angelic virtue answer'd mild :  
 Adam, I therefore came ; nor art thou such  
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
 As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n,  
 To visit thee. Lead on then where thy bow'r 375  
 O'ershades ; for these mid hours, till ev'ning rise,  
 I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge  
 They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled  
 With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells ; but Eve  
 Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair 380  
 Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd  
 Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,  
 Stood to' entertain her guest from Heav'n. No veil  
 She needed, virtue-proof ; no thought infirm  
 Alter'd her cheek, On whom the Angel, Hail 385  
 Bestow'd ; the holy salutation used  
 Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb  
 Shall fill the world more num'rous with thy sons,  
 Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390

362. *WVA* should be expunged according to Bentley, as it is superfluous.

376. *Pomona*, the goddess of fruit-trees.

382. In allusion to the judgment of Paris between Venus, Juno, and Minerva.

387. Lake L. 2. 2.

Have heap'd this table. Raised of grassy turf  
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round,  
 And on her ample square, from side to side,  
 All autumn piled, tho' spring and autumn here  
 Danced hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;  
 No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began 398  
 Our author: Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom  
 All perfect good, unmeasured out, descends,  
 To us for food, and for delight hath caused 400  
 The earth to yield; unsav'ry food perhaps  
 To spiritual natures: only this I know,  
 That one celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel: Therefore, what he gives  
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to Man in part 403  
 Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found  
 No' ingrateful food: and food alike those pure  
 Intelligent substances require,  
 As doth your rational; and both contain  
 Within them ev'ry lower faculty 410  
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
 For know, whatever was created, needs  
 To be sustain'd and fed: of elements 415  
 The grosser feeds the purer; earth the sea,  
 Earth and the sea feed air; the air those fires  
 Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon;  
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged  
 Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd. 420  
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale  
 From her moist continent to higher orbs.  
 The Sun, that light imparts to all, receives  
 From all his alimential recompense  
 In humid exhalations, and at even 425  
 Sups with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees  
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
 Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn  
 We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground  
 Cover'd with pearly grain, yet God hath here 430

431. A Latinism.

426. See Ps. cv. 40. Exodus xvi. 14. Matt. xxi. 22. and Rev. viii. 2.

Vary'd his bounty so with new delights,  
 As may compare with Heaven; and to taste  
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,  
 And to their viands fell; nor seemingly  
 The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss 436  
 Of Theologians; but with keen dispatch  
 Of real hunger and concoctive heat  
 To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires  
 Through Spirits with ease: nor wonder, if by fire  
 Of sooty coal th' empyric alchemist 439  
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,  
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,  
 As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve  
 Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups  
 With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence 443  
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
 Then had the sons of God excuse to' have been  
 Enamour'd at thy sight; but in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
 Was understood, the injured lover's Hell. 450  
 Thus, when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,  
 Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose  
 In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass  
 Giv'n him by this great conference, to know  
 Of things above his world, and of their being 455  
 Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw  
 Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms  
 Divine effulgence, whose high pow'r so far  
 Exceeded human; and his wary speech  
 Thus to th' empyreal minister he framed: 460  
 Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
 Thy favour in this honour done to Man,  
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed  
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
 Food not of Angels, yet accepted so, 468  
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem

435. It was the opinion of most theologians that the angels did not eat, their opinion being founded on some metaphysical notions, and on a passage in Tobit iii. 19. But Milton seems to be justified by the canonical Scripture. See Gen. xviii. and xix.

438. This is a fine distinction between the processes of digestion in men and angels.

440. *Empyric*, making many experiments.

443. *To crown the cup*, is a classical expression.

447. Gen. vi. 2.

At Heav'n's high feasts to' have fed: yet what com-  
 To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd: [para 1  
 O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
 All things proceed, and up to him return, 470  
 If not depraved from good, created all  
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
 Endued with various forms, various degrees  
 Of substance, and in things that life, of life:  
 But more refined, more spirituous, and pure, 475  
 As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending  
 Each in their sev'ral active spheres assign'd,  
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
 Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root  
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves  
 More aery, last the bright consummate flow'r 481  
 Spirits odorous breathes: flow'rs and their fruit,  
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,  
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,  
 To intellectual: give both life and sense, 485  
 Fancy and understanding; whence the soul  
 Reason receives, and reason is her being  
 Discursive or intuitive: discourse  
 Is ofttest yours; the latter most is ours,  
 Diff'ring but in degree; of kind the same. 490  
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good,  
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
 To proper substance: time may come, when Men  
 With Angels may participate, and find  
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare; 495  
 And from these corp'ral nutriments, perhaps  
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,  
 Improved by tract of time, and wing'd ascend  
 Ethereal, as we, or may at choice  
 Here or in heav'nly Paradises dwell; 500  
 If ye be found obedient, and retain  
 Unalterably firm his love entire,  
 Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy  
 Your fill what happiness this happy state

478. The reader may very profitably consult a volume of sermons lately published by Dr. A. Clarke, in which he will find some excellent observations on Milton's materialism. I am inclined, however, to believe that the poet meant to convey no other idea than that derived from 1 Cor. xv. 44.

503. Acts xvii. 25.



BOOK V.

129

Can comprehend, incapable of more.

295

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd :

O favourable Spirit, propitious guest,

Well hast thou taught the way that might direct

Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set

From centre to circumference, whereon

510

In contemplation of created things,

By steps we may ascend to God. But say,

What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found

Obedient ? Can we want obedience then

To him, or possibly his love desert,

515

Who form'd us from the dust, and placed us here

Full to the utmost measure of what bliss

Human desire can seek or apprehend ?

To whom the Angel : Son of Heav'n and Earth,

Attend. That thou art happy, owe to God ;

520

That thou continuest such, owe to thyself ;

That is, to thy obedience : therein stand.

This was that caution giv'n thee ; be advised.

God made thee perfect, not immutable ;

And good he made thee ; but to persevere

525

He left it in thy pow'r ; ordain'd thy will

By nature free, not over-ruled by fate

Inextricable, or strict necessity,

Our voluntary service he requires,

Not our necessitated : such with him

530

Finds no acceptance, nor can find ; for how

Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve

Willing or no, who will but what they must

By destiny, and can no other choose ?

Myself and all th' angelic host, that stand

535

In sight of God enthroned, our happy state

Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds :

On other surety none. Freely we serve,

Because we freely love, as in our will

To love or not : in this we stand or fall :

540

And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,

112. Every part of the vast system of the universe, is not only connected with the rest by a kind of natural necessity, but the connexion is apparent to the contemplative eye of reason, and hence having become acquainted with the lowest circumstance in it, the mind is carried gradually and easily on till it looks down from the highest point on the whole grand creation of the Almighty God.

And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell. O fall;  
From what high state of bliss into what woe!

To whom our great progenitor: Thy words  
Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545

Divine Instructor, I have heard, than when  
Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills  
Aëreal music send: nor knew I not

To be both will and deed created free;  
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550

Our Maker, and obey him whose command  
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
Assured me', and still assure: tho' what thou tell'st  
Hath pass'd in Heav'n, some doubt within me move,  
But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555

The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;  
And we have yet large day; for scarce the Sun  
Hath finish'd half his journey', and scarce begins  
His other half in the great sone of Heav'n. 560

Thus Adam made request: and Raphael,  
After short pause, assenting, thus began:  
High matter thou enjoin'st me', O prime of men,  
Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate  
To human sense th' invisible exploits 565

Of warring Spirits! How without remorse  
The ruin of so many, glorious once  
And perfect while they stood? How last unfold  
The secrets of another world, perhaps  
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good 570

This is dispensed; and what surmounts the reach  
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
By lik'ning spiritual to corp'ral forms,  
As may express them best: though what if Earth  
Be but the shadow' of Heav'n, and things therein 575  
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought!

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild  
Reign'd where these Heav'ns now roll, where Earth  
now rests

Upon her centre poised; when on a day  
'For time, though in eternity, apply'd 580  
To motion, measures all things durable

551. In allusion to the command not to eat of the tree of knowledge.

By present, past, and future; on such day  
 As Heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal host  
 Of angels by imperial summons call'd,  
 Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne 588  
 Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd  
 Under their Hierarchs in order bright :  
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,  
 Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear  
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590  
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees ;  
 Or in their glitt'ring tissues bear emblaz'd  
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love  
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbe  
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595  
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,  
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,  
 Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake :  
 Hear, all ye Angels, progeny of light, 600  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,  
 Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand :  
 This day I have begot whom I declare  
 My only Son ; and on this holy hill  
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605  
 At my right hand ; your Head I him appoint ;  
 And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow  
 All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord :  
 Under his great vicegerent reign abide  
 United as one individual soul, 610  
 For ever happy. Him who disobeys,  
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day  
 Cast out from God, and blessed vision, falls  
 Into' utter darkness, deep ingulph'd, his place  
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end. 615  
 So spake th' Omnipotent : and with his words  
 All seem'd well pleased ; all seem'd, but were not all.  
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent

588. Milton is believed to have had Plato's idea in this expression, the latter making the *great year* to be the revolution of all the spheres. See also Job i. 6. 1 Kings xxii. 19.

590. A *gonfalon*, a streamer or banner.

595. Exodus xix.

600. This, as the former speech, is mostly derived from Scripture. See Ps. ii. 6, 7. Gen. xxii. 16. Phil. ii. 10, 11.

In song and dance about the sacred hill;  
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere 620  
 Of planets and of fix'd, in all her wheels  
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
 Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular  
 Then most, when most irregular they seem;  
 And in their motions harmony divine 625  
 So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear  
 Listens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd  
 (For we have also' our ev'ning and our morn,  
 We ours for change delectable, not need)  
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630  
 Desirous; all in circles as they stood,  
 Tables are set, and on a sudden piled  
 With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows  
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,  
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heav'n. 635  
 On flow'rs reposed, and with fresh flow'rets crown'd,  
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure  
 Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds  
 Excess, before th' All-bounteous King, who show'r'd  
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy. 641  
 Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhaled  
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade  
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had chang'd  
 To grateful twilight (for night comes not there 644  
 In darker veil) and roseate dew's disposed  
 All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest:  
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far  
 Than all this globous earth in plain outspread  
 (Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng, 650  
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend  
 By living streams among the trees of life,  
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,  
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept  
 Fann'd with cool winds; save those who in their course  
 Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne 656

623. It was the opinion of the Pythagorean philosophers, that a most exquisite music was produced by the motion of the spheres; some allusion to it is made in Job xxxviii. 37.

632. *Rubied nectar*; borrowed from Homer.

637. *And with refection sweet*, in the first edition.

642. *Ambrosial*, an Homeric epithet.

647. Ps. cxli. 4.

Alternate all night long : but not so waked  
 Satan ; so call him now, his former name  
 Is heard no more in Heav'n ; he of the first,  
 If not the first Arch-Angel, great in pow'r, 666  
 In favour, and pre-eminence, yet fraught  
 With envy 'gainst the Son of God, that day  
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
 Messiah King anointed, could not bear  
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself im-  
 pair'd. 663

Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain,  
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved  
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworshipp'd, unbey'd the throne supreme 670  
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake : [close  
 Sleep'st thou, companion dear ! What sleep can  
 Thy eye-lids ! and remember'st what decree  
 Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips 675  
 Of Heav'n's Almighty ! Thou to me thy thoughts  
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to' impart ;  
 Both waking we were one ; how then can now  
 Thy sleep dissent ! New laws thou seest imposed ;  
 New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise  
 In us who serve, new counsels to debate 681  
 What doubtful may ensue : more in this place  
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
 Of all those myriads which we lead the chief ;  
 Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night 685  
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
 And all who under me their banners wave,  
 Homeward with flying march where we possess  
 The quarters of the north ; there to prepare  
 Fit entertainment to receive our King 690  
 The great Messiah, and his new commands ;  
 Who speedily through all the hierarchies  
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.  
 So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infused

667. Alternate is a verb.

671. Beelzebub is here meant, who is always represented  
 next in rank to Satan.

679. Sennacherib, de parte Virginia, lib. 40. Isaiah xlv. 12, 13.  
 Jer. l. 14. vi. 1.

Bad influence into th' unwary breast 698  
 Of his associate : he together calls,  
 Or sev'ral one by one, the regent pow'rs,  
 Under him regent : tells, as he was taught,  
 That the Most High commanding, now ere night,  
 Now ere dim night had disencumber'd Heav'n, 700  
 The great hierarchal standard was to move ;  
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
 Or taint integrity : but all obey'd  
 The wonted signal and superior voice 705  
 Of their great potentate ; for great indeed  
 His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n !  
 His count'nance, as the morning star that guides  
 The starry flock, allured them, and with lies  
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host. 710  
 Mean while th' Eternal Eye, whose sight discerns  
 Abstractest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,  
 And from within the golden lamps that burn  
 Nightly before him, saw without their light  
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715  
 Among the sons of morn, what multitudes  
 Were banded to oppose his high decree ;  
 And smiling to his only Son, thus said :  
 Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
 In full resplendence, Heir of all my might, 720  
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure  
 Of our omnipotence, and with what arms  
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
 Of Deity or empire ; such a foe  
 Is rising, who intends to' erect his throne 725  
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north ;  
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
 In battle what our pow'r is, or our right.  
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
 With speed what force is left, and all employ 730  
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.  
 To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear,

710. Rev. xii. 3, 4.

711. *Th' Eternal Eye* ; this expression must be taken as a metonymy for God, to give the proper sense to line 716.

712. Rev. iv. 5.

713. See Ps. li. 1, &amp;c.

715. Heb. i. 2.

BOOK V.

125

Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,  
Made answer: Mighty Father, thou thy foes 725

Justly hast in derision, and secure  
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,  
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
Illustrates, when they see all regal pow'r  
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event 740  
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.

So spake the Son; but Satan with his pow'rs  
Far was advanced on winged speed, an host  
Innumerable as the stars of night, 745  
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the Sun  
Impearls on ev'ry leaf and ev'ry flow'r.

Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies  
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,  
In their triple degrees; regions to which 750  
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
Than what this garden is to all the earth,

And all the sea, from one entire globose  
Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd;  
At length into the limits of the north 755

They came, and Satan to his royal seat  
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
Raised on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs  
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;

The palace of great Lucifer (so call 760  
That structure in the dialect of men  
Interpreted) which not long after, he  
Affecting all equality with God,

In imitation of that mount whereon  
Messiah was declared in sight of Heav'n, 765  
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;  
For thither he assembled all his train.

Pretending so commanded to consult  
About the great reception of their King,  
Thither to come, and with calumnious art 770  
Of counterfeited truth, thus held their ears:

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,  
Pow'rs,

724. *Lightning* is taken for a substantive by Newton, but it is evidently an adjective, or we should have 'ineffable lightning,' an expression Milton would never have made use of.

If these magnific titles yet remain  
 Not merely titular, since by decree  
 Another now hath to himself ingross'd 775  
 All pow'r, and us eclipsed under the name  
 Of King Anointed, for whom all this haste  
 Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,  
 This only to consult, how we may best,  
 With what may be devised of honours new, 780  
 Receive him coming to receive from us  
 Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
 Too much to one, but double how endured,  
 To one and to his image now proclaim'd ?  
 But what if better counsels might erect 785  
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ?  
 Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend  
 The supple knee ? Ye will not, if I trust  
 To know ye right ; or if ye know yourselves  
 Natives and sons of Heav'n possess'd before 790  
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
 Equally free ; for orders and degrees  
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.  
 Who can in reason then or right assume  
 Monarchy over such as live by right 795  
 His equals, if in pow'r and splendour less,  
 In freedom equal ? or can introduce  
 Law and edict on us, who without law  
 Err not ? much less for this to be our Lord,  
 And look for adoration to th' abuse 800  
 Of those imperial titles which assert  
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.  
 Thus far his bold discourse without control  
 Had audience, when among the Seraphim  
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored 805  
 The Deity', and divine commands obey'd,  
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe,  
 The current of his fury thus opposed :  
 O argument, blasphemous, false, and proud !  
 Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n 810  
 Expected, least of all from thee, Ingrate,  
 In place thyself so high above thy peers.

799. There is a difficulty in the construction of this passage ; but it is explained by taking ' for this to be our Lord,' in connection with ' can introduce law and edict.'



Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
 The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,  
 That to his only Son, by right endued 818  
 With regal sceptre, ev'ry soul in Heav'n  
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
 Confess him rightful King ? Unjust, thou say'st,  
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
 And equal over equals to let reign, 820  
 One over all with unsucceeded pow'r.  
 Shalt thou give law to God ? Shalt thou dispute  
 With him the points of liberty, who made  
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of Heav'n  
 Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being ?  
 Yet, by experience taught, we know how good, 822  
 And of our good and of our dignity  
 How provident he is, how far from thought  
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
 Our happy state under one head more near 824  
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
 That equal over equals monarch reign :  
 Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,  
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,  
 Equal to him begotten Son ? by whom 826  
 As by his Word the mighty Father made  
 All things, ev'n thee ; and all the Spirits of Heav'n  
 By him created in their bright degrees,  
 Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory named  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,  
 Essential Pow'rs ; nor by his reign obcured, 828  
 But more illustrious made ; since he the Head  
 One of our number thus reduced becomes ;  
 His laws our laws ; all honour to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,  
 And tempt not these ; but hasten to appease 830  
 Th' incensed Father and th' incensed Son,  
 While pardon may be found, in time besought.  
 So spake the fervent Angel ; but his zeal  
 None seconded, as out of season judged, 832  
 Or singular and rash, whereat rejoiced  
 Th' Apostate, and more haughty thus replied :  
 That we were form'd then, say'st thou ? and the work

Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd 854  
 From Father to his Son ! Strange point, and new !  
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd : who  
 When this creation was ? Remember'st thou [saw  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being ;  
 We know no time when we were not as now ;  
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised 859  
 By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course  
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature  
 Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal sons.  
 Our puissance is our own ; our own right hand  
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 865  
 Who is our equal : then thou shalt behold  
 Whether by supplication we intend  
 Address, and to begirt th' almighty throne  
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
 These tidings, carry to th' Anointed King ; 870  
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.  
 He said, and as the sound of waters deep  
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause  
 Through the infinite host ; nor less for that  
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875  
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold :  
 O alienate from God, O Spirit accursed,  
 Forsaken of all good ! I see thy fall  
 Determined, and thy hapless crew involved  
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880  
 Both of thy crime and punishment : henceforth  
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
 Of God's Messiah : those indulgent laws  
 Will not be now vouchsafed ; other decrees  
 Against thee are gone forth without recall ; 885  
 That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,  
 Is now an iron rod, to bruise and break  
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,  
 Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
 These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath  
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame,  
 Distinguish not ; for soon expect to feel  
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire ;  
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,



Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd

ms

L



Mentoring of the Warrior Angels



BOOK VI.

139

When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know. 895  
 So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
 Among the faithless, faithful only he ;  
 Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
 Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,  
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ; 900  
 Nor number, nor example, with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught ; 905  
 And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
 On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described : Satan and his Powers retire under night : He calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder ; but they at length pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan : Yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory : He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven : which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep : Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

ALL night the dreadless Angel, unpursued,  
 Through Heav'n's wide champain held his way, till  
 Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand [morn,  
 Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave  
 Within the mount of God, fast by his throne, 5  
 Where light and darkness in perpetual round -  
 Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through  
 Grateful vicissitude, like day and night ; [Heav'n  
 Light issues forth, and at the other door

895. The character of Abdiel thus introduced has a very beautiful effect.

2. Copied from Homer, *Il.* v. 748.

5. A passage of Hesiod is pointed out by Warburton as the original of this.—*Theog.* 746.

Obeisquous darkness enters, till her hour 10  
 To veil the Heav'n, though darkness there might well  
 Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn  
 Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold  
 Empyrean; from before her vanish'd night,  
 Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain,  
 Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright, 15  
 Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,  
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.  
 War he perceived, war in precinct, and found  
 Already known what he for news had thought 20  
 To have reported. Gladly then he mix'd  
 Among those friendly Pow'rs, who him received  
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,  
 That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one  
 Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill 25  
 They led him, high applauded, and present  
 Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice  
 From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard:  
 Servant of God, well done! well hast thou fought  
 The better fight, who singly hast maintain'd 30  
 Against revolted multitudes the cause  
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;  
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
 Universal reproach (far worse to bear  
 Than violence); for this was all thy care 35  
 To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds  
 Judged thee perverse: the easier conquest now  
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40  
 By force, who reason for their law refuse,  
 Right reason for their law, and for their king  
 Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.  
 Go Michael, of celestial armies prince,  
 And thou in military prowess next 45  
 Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons  
 Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints,  
 By thousands and by millions ranged for fight,

10. See Maccabees vi. 30.

15. War in precinct, in allusion to the soldiers girding themselves up before the battle.

20. Abdiel in Hebrew means servant of God.  
Rev. xii. 7, &



BOOK VI.

141.

Equal in number to that Godless crew  
 Rebellious ; them with fire and hostile arms 50  
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n  
 Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss  
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
 His fiery Chaos to receive their fall. 55  
 So spake the sov'reign voice, and clouds began  
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign  
 Of wrath awak'd ; nor with less dread the loud  
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow : 60  
 At which command the powers militant  
 That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd  
 Of union irresistible, moved on  
 In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
 Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65  
 Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds  
 Under their God-like leaders, in the cause  
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move  
 Indissolubly arm : nor obvious hill,  
 Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides 70  
 Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground  
 Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
 Their nimble tread. As when the total kind  
 Of birds, in orderly array on wing,  
 Came summon'd over Eden, to receive 75  
 Their names of thee ; so over many a tract  
 Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide  
 Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,  
 Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd  
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 80  
 In battailous aspect, and nearer view  
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields  
 Various, with boastful argument portray'd,  
 The banded Pow'rs of Satan hasting on 85  
 With furious expedition ; for they ween'd  
 That self-same day by fight, or by surprise,  
 To win the mount of God, and on his throne

72. So Homer describes the motion of his gods.

84. *Boastful argument*, in allusion to the designs painted on the shields of knights.

To set the envier of his state, the proud  
 Aspirer, but their thoughts proved fond and vain 90  
 In the mid-way: though strange to us it seem'd  
 At first, that Angel should with Angel war,  
 And in fierce hosting meet, who went to meet  
 So oft in festivals of joy and love  
 Unanimous, as sons of one great sire 95  
 Hymning th' Eternal Father; but the shout  
 Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
 High in the midst exalted as a God,  
 Th' Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100  
 Idol of majesty divine, inclosed  
 With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;  
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now  
 Twixt host and host but narrow space was left  
 (A dreadful interval), and front to front 105  
 Presented, stood in terrible array,  
 Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,  
 On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,  
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,  
 Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold: 110  
 Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood  
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores;  
 O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the High'st  
 Should yet remain, where faith and reality 115  
 Remain not! wherefore should not strength and might  
 There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove  
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable!  
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,  
 I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd 120  
 Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just  
 That he who in debate of truth hath won  
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike  
 Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,  
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so 125  
 Most reason is that reason overcome.  
 So pondering, and from his armed peers  
 Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met

92. *Hosting*, a word not first used by Milton, as supposed.

115. *Reck'y*, not *sureness* but *loyalty*, derived from the Indian word *realo*, *loyal*.

His daring foe, at this prevention more  
 Incensed; and thus securely him defy'd: 139  
 Proud, art thou met! Thy hope was to have reach'd  
 The height of thy aspiring unopposed,  
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side  
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy pow'r  
 Or potent tongue: fool! not to think how vain 135  
 Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms!  
 Who out of smallest things could without end  
 Have raised incessant armies to defeat  
 Thy folly! or with solitary hand  
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow, 140  
 Unaided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd  
 Thy legions under darkness! but thou seest  
 All are not of thy train: there be who faith  
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then  
 To thee not visible, when I alone 145  
 Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent  
 From all; my sect thou seest; now learn, too late,  
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.  
 Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye abance,  
 Thus answer'd: Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour 150  
 Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st  
 From flight, seditious Angel, to receive  
 Thy merited reward, the first assay  
 Of this right hand provoked, since first that tongue,  
 Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose 155  
 A third part of the Gods, in synod met  
 Their deities to assert, who while they feel  
 Vigour divine within them, can allow  
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st  
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160  
 From me some plume, that thy success may shew  
 Destruction to the rest. This pause between  
 (Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;  
 At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n  
 To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now 165  
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve.  
 Ministring Spirits, train'd up in feast and song:

147. *Sect*, not in allusion, as is supposed, to any religious or political party, but according to its primitive sense, a division, from *seco*.

161. *Success*, fortune, good or bad, is signified by this word.

167. Heb. l. 14.

Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heav'n,  
 Servility with freedom to contend,  
 As both their deeds compared this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd: 171

Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find  
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote.  
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name  
 Of Servitude to serve whom God ordains, 175  
 Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,  
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180  
 Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd;  
 Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.  
 Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me serve  
 In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine  
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd; 185  
 Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: meanwhile  
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So say'ng, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190  
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,  
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield  
 Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge  
 He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee  
 His massy spear upstay'd, as if on earth 195  
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way  
 Sidelong, had push'd a mountain from his seat,  
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amusement seiz'd  
 The rebel Thrones, but greater rage, to see  
 Thus foll'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd and shout,  
 Presage of victory and fierce desire 201  
 Of battle; whereat Michael bid sound  
 Th' Arch-Angel trumpet: through the vast of Heav'n  
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
 Hosannah to the Highest: nor stood at gaze 205  
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd  
 The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,  
 And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now

BOOK VI.

148

Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 216  
Of brasen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
And flying vaulted either host with fire.  
So under fiery cope together rush'd 218  
Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage. All Heav'n  
Resounded; and had Earth been then, all Earth  
Had to her centre shook. What wonder! when  
Millions of fierce encount'ring Angels fought 220  
On either side, the least of whom could wield  
These elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r  
Army 'gainst army numberless, to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 222  
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;  
Had not th' Eternal King omnipotent  
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-ruled  
And limited their might; though number'd such  
As each divided legion might have seem'd 226  
A num'rous host, in strength each armed hand  
A legion, led in fight yet leader seem'd  
Each warrior single as in chief, expert  
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
Of battle, open when, and when to close 228  
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argued fear: each on himself rely'd,  
As only in his arm the moment lay  
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame 230  
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread  
That war, and various; sometimes on firm ground  
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing,  
Tormented all the air: all air seem'd then  
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale 242  
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day  
Prodigious pow'r had shone, and met in arms  
No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
Of fighting Seraphim confused, at length 246

235. Fields ploughed in ridges form the subject of this line metaphor.

244. Tormented, as the Latins use *torcere*.

Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd  
 Squadrons at once: with huge two-handed sway  
 Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down  
 Wide wasting: such destruction to withstand  
 He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb  
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield: 268  
 A vast circumference. At his approach  
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil  
 Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end  
 Intestine war in heav'n, th' arch-foe subdued,  
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown 269  
 And visage all inflamed, first thus began:

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
 Unnamed in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest  
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself 263  
 And thy adherents, how hast thou disturb'd  
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought  
 Misery, uncreated till the crime  
 Of thy rebellion? How hast thou instill'd  
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270  
 And faithful, now proved false? But think not here  
 To trouble holy rest; Heav'n casts thee out  
 From all her confines. Heav'n, the seat of bliss,  
 Brooks not the works of violence and war,  
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along, 275  
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,  
 Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils  
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
 Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God  
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280

So spake the Prince of Angels: to whom thus  
 The Adversary: Nor think thou with wind  
 Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds  
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these  
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285  
 Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me  
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats  
 To chase me hence? Err not that so shall end  
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style  
 The strife of glory; which we mean to win, 290  
 Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell

282. *Adversary*, the meaning of the Hebrew, Satan.

Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
 If not to reign. Mean while thy utmost force,  
 And join him named Almighty to thy aid,  
 I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh. 295

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight  
 Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue  
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift  
 Human imagination to such height 300

Of Godlike pow'r! for likest Gods they seem'd,  
 Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,  
 Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.  
 Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air  
 Made horrid circles: two broad suns their shields  
 Blazed opposite, while expectation stood 305

In horror: from each hand with speed retired,  
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion: such as, to set forth 310

Great things by small, if Nature's concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung.  
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky

Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.  
 Together both with next to' almighty arm 315  
 Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd

That might determine, and not need repeat,  
 As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd  
 In might or swift prevention. But the sword 320  
 Of Michael from the armoury of God,

Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge. It met

The sword of Satan with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd, 325

But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring shared  
 All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,  
 And writhed him to and fro convolved; so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound

295. *Can relate of him*: the substantive *fight* before mentioned must be understood after these verbs.

312. Bentley proposes to read *warfare* instead of *war here*.  
 321. So Virgil mentions the sword of *Aeneas*; Homer and *These* also are imitated in this passage.

323. Homer, *Il. II.* 363. Virgil, *Æn. xii.* 731.

329. *Discontinuous*, separating the parts.

Pass'd through him: but th' ethereal substance clos'd,  
Not long divisible; and from the gash 331

A stream of nect'rous humour issuing, flow'd  
Sanguine, such as celestial Spirits may bleed,  
And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.

Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335

By angels many' and strong, who interposed  
Defence, while others bore him on their shields  
Back to his chariot, where it stood retired

From off the files of war: there they him laid

Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame, 340

To find himself not matchless, and his pride

Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath

His confidence to equal God in pow'r.

Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout

Vital in ev'ry part, not as frail man 345

In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,

Cannot but by annihilating die;

Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound

Receive, no more than can the fluid air.

All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350

All intellect, all sense: and as they please,

They limb themselves: and colour, shape, or size

Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserved

Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought, 355

And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array

Of Moloch, furious king; who him defy'd,

And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound

Threaten'd; nor from the Holy One of Heav'n

Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon 360

Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms

And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing

Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,

339. Homer calls the blood *flowing* from the gods *ichor*, that is, a pure fluid corresponding to the more refined substance of their bodies. Bentley reads *ichoreus* instead of *nect'rous*, but this would be a tautology as *sanguine* follows.—See Hom. II. v. 239.

335. *Was run*, a Latinism, *ventum est*.

345. *The might of Gabriel fought*, a Greek expression frequent in Homer.

359. So Mars is represented dying from battle in the *Iliad*.

363. Raphael speaks here in the third person of himself, his name being unknown to Adam.—Some critics propose to add *such* after Raphael.



Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,  
 Vanquish'd Adramelech and Asmadai, 363  
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less than Gods  
 Did disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,  
 Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and  
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy [mail.  
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 370  
 Ariel and Arioch, and the violence  
 Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.  
 I might relate of thousands, and their names  
 Eternize here on earth ; but those elect  
 Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven, 375  
 Seek not the praise of men. The other sort  
 In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,  
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
 Cancell'd from Heaven and sacred memory,  
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380  
 For strength from truth divided and from just,  
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise  
 And ignominy ; yet to glory' aspires  
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame :  
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom. 385  
 And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerved.  
 With many an inroad gored ; deformed rout  
 Enter'd, and foul disorder ; all the ground  
 With shiver'd armour strewn, and on a heap  
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd, 390  
 And fiery foaming steeds : what stood, recoil'd  
 O'erwearied, through the faint Satanic host  
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprised,  
 Then first with fear surprised and sense of pain,  
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought 395  
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour  
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.  
 Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints  
 In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,  
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd : 400  
 Such high advantages their innocence  
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,

363. *Adramelech*, afterwards one of the idols of Sepharvaim, 2 Kings xvii. 31. *Asmadai*, the same as Asmodeus, Tobit iii. 8.

371. *Ariel*, a name in Hebrew, meaning a strong lion : *Arioch* has a similar sense. *Ramiel*, one exalting himself against God.

391. *What stood* is the nominative to the verbs *recoil'd* and *fell*.

Not to have disobey'd : in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd 404  
 By wound, tho' from their place by violence moved.

Now Night her course began, and over Heaven  
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,  
 And silence on the odious din of war.  
 Under her cloudy covert both retired,  
 Victor and vanquish'd, on the foughten field 410  
 Michael and his angels prevalent  
 Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,  
 Cherubic waving fires. On th' other part  
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,  
 Far in the dark dislodged ; and void of rest, 415  
 His potentates to council call'd by night ;  
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began :

O now in danger try'd, now known in arms,  
 Not to be overpow'r'd, Companions dear,  
 Found worthy not of liberty alone, 420  
 Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,  
 Honour, dominion, glory, and renown ;  
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight  
 (And if one day, why not eternal days ?)  
 What Heaven's Lord had pow'rfullest to send 425  
 Against us from about his throne, and judged  
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
 But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,  
 Of future we may deem him, though till now  
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd, 430  
 Some disadvantage we endured and pain,  
 Till now not known ; but known, as soon condemn'd ;  
 Since now we find this our empyreal form  
 Incapable of mortal injury,  
 Imperishable, and though pierced with wound, 435  
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.  
 Of evil then so small, as easy think  
 The remedy ; perhaps more valid arms,  
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes ; 440  
 Or equal what between us made the odds,  
 In nature none. If other hidden cause  
 Left them superior, while we can preserve  
 Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,

407. *Inducting*, bringing on.

BOOK VI.

151

Due search and consultation will disclose. 445

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood  
Nisroch, of principalities the prime.

As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,  
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,  
And cloudy in aspect, thus answering spake : 450

Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free  
Enjoyment of our right as Gods : yet hard  
For Gods, and too unequal work we find,  
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,  
Against unpain'd, impassive ; from which evil 455  
Ruin must needs ensue ; for what avails  
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with  
pain

Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
Of mightiest ? Sense of pleasure we may well  
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460  
But live content, which is the calmest life :

But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
Of evils, and excessive, overturns  
All patience. He who therefore can invent  
With what more forcible we may offend 465  
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm  
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves  
No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto, with look composed, Satan reply'd :  
Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470  
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.

Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,  
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd  
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems, and gold ;  
Whose eye so superficially surveys 476

These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
Of spirituous and fiery spume, till touch'd  
With Heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth  
So bounteous, op'ning to the ambient light ? 481  
These in their dark nativity the deep

447. *Nisroch*, god of the Assyrians, in whose temple Sennacherib was slain. 2 Kings xix. 37. and Isa. xxvii. 37.

482. *The deep*, not hell, as is usually meant by this word, but the under parts of the ground.

Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame ;  
 Which into hollow engines, long and round,  
 Thick ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire 498  
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth  
 From far, with thund'ring noise among our foes,  
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash  
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 500  
 The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.  
 Nor long shall be our labour ; yet ere dawn,  
 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive ;  
 Abandon fear ; to strength and council join'd  
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd. 505

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer  
 Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope revived.  
 Th' invention all admired, and each, how he  
 To be th' inventor mis'd ; so easy' it seem'd  
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have  
 thought 508

Impossible ; yet haply of thy race  
 In future days, if malice should abound,  
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspired  
 With dev'lish machination, might devise  
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men 509  
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew ;  
 None arguing stood ; innumerable hands  
 Were ready ; in a moment up they turn'd  
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510  
 Th' originals of nature in their crude  
 Conception ; sulphurous and nitrous foam  
 They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,  
 Concocted and adjusted they reduced  
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd. 515  
 Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth  
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,  
 Whereof to found their engines and their balls  
 Of missive ruin ; part incentive reed  
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520  
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,  
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,

[20] *Pernicious* ; to be understood, it is probable, as the Latin  
*perdit*, quick, speedy.

With silent circumspection unesp'y'd.

Now when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd,  
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms 523  
The matin-trumpet sung. In arms they stood  
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,  
Soon banded: others from the dawning hills  
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,  
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 526  
Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
In motion or in halt. Him soon they met  
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow  
But firm battalion. Back with speediest sail  
Zophiel, of Cherabim the swiftest wing, 528  
Came flying, and in mid-air aloud thus cry'd:

Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,  
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
This day. Fear not his sight; so thick a cloud  
He comes, and settled in his face I see 530  
Sad resolution and secure. Let each  
His adamantine coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,  
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling show'r, 535  
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd be them, aware themselves, and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment;  
Instant without disturb they took alarm,  
And onward moved embattled; when behold, 538  
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe  
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube  
Training his devilish engin'ry, impaled  
On ev'ry side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood 540  
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd  
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,  
That all may see who hate us, how we seek 543  
Peace and composure, and with open breast

527. *Panoply*, complete armour.

528. *Zophiel*, the spy of God.

541. *Sad*, sullen, or as in old authors *grave* and serious.

542. *Impediment*, like the Latin *impedimenta*, the baggage

of an army.

543. *Training*, drawing in train.

Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse;  
 But that I doubt. However witness Heaven,  
 Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge  
 Freely our part; ye who appointed stand, 586  
 Do as ye have in charge, and briefly touch  
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
 Had ended; when to right and left the front  
 Divided, and to either flank retired: 576

Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,  
 A triple mounted row of pillars laid  
 On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,  
 Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,  
 With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd) 575  
 Brass, iron, stony mold, had not their mouths  
 With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,  
 Portending hollow truce. At each, behind,  
 A Seraph stood, and in his hand, a reed  
 Stood waving, tip'd with fire: while we suspense 580  
 Collected stood within our thoughts amused,  
 Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds  
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd  
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame, 584  
 But soon obscured with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,  
 From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar  
 Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air,  
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
 Their dev'lish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail  
 Of iron globes; which on the victor host 590  
 Levell'd with such impetuous fury smote,  
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,  
 Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell  
 By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd;  
 The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might 593  
 Have easily as Spirits evaded swift  
 By quick contraction or remove; but now  
 Foul dissipation follow'd and forced rout;  
 Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.

575. *Mold*, substance. There are stone cannon, it is said, at Delft in Holland, and Milton is supposed to have taken this idea from having seen them.

580. *Held*, instead of *stood*, is proposed as a new reading.

590. *Serried*, from the Italian *serrate*; close, compact.

What should they do? If on they rush'd, reſults 600  
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
 Doubled, would render them yet more deſpised,  
 And to their foes a laughter; for in view  
 Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,  
 In poſture to diſplode their ſecond tire 605  
 Of thunder: back defeated to return  
 They worſe abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,  
 And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd:

O Friends, why come not on theſe victors proud?  
 Ere while they fierce were coming; and when we  
 To entertain them fair with open front 611  
 And breſt (what could we more?) propounded terms  
 Of compoſition, ſtraight they changed their minds,  
 Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,  
 As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd  
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps 616  
 For joy of offer'd peace. But I ſuppoſe,  
 If our propoſals once again were heard,  
 We ſhould compel them to a quick reſult.

To whom thus Belial, in like gameſome mood: 620  
 Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of weight,  
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,  
 Such as we might perceive amuſed them all,  
 And ſtumbled many; who receives them right,  
 Had need from head to foot well underſtand; 625  
 Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,  
 They ſhew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themſelves in pleaſant vein,  
 Stood ſcoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond  
 All doubt of victory; Eternal Might 630  
 To match with their inventions they preſumed  
 So eaſy', and of his thunder made a ſcorn,  
 And all his hoſt derided, while they ſtood  
 A while in trouble: but they ſtood not long;  
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms  
 Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit to' oppoſe 636  
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,  
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd!)  
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills  
 (For earth hath this variety from Heav'n 640

620. Belial was moſt fitted by his character to make the anſwer  
 here.

611. See Virgil, *Æn.* l. 136.

God and Messiah his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with rays direct  
Shone full; he all his Father full express'd 730  
Ineffably into his face received;

And thus the filial Godhead answer'ing, spake:

O Father, O Supreme of Heav'nly Thrones,  
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st  
To glorify thy Son; I always thee, 735

As is most just; this I my glory' account,  
My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
That thou in me well pleased, declar'st thy will  
Fulfill'd; which to fulfil is all my bliss.

Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving, I assume, 738  
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end

Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee  
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:  
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on,  
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on, 735  
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,  
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd,  
To their prepared ill mansion driv'n down,  
To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,  
That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740

Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
Then shall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th' impure  
Far separate, circling thy holy mount,  
Unfeigned Hallelujahs to thee sing,  
Hymns of high praise: and I among them Chief. 745

So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose  
From the right hand of glory where he sat;  
And the third sacred morn began to shine,  
Dawning through Heav'n. Forth rush'd with whirl-  
The chariot of paternal Deity, [wind sound  
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
Itself instinct with Spirit, but convoy'd  
By four Cherubic shapes: four faces each  
Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all  
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels  
Of beryl, and careering fires between; 750

732. 1 Cor. xv. 24. and John xvii.

745. Milton is supposed, by making the contest last three days, to allude to the time occupied by the death and resurrection of Christ.

749. See Ezekiel i. 4, also Isa. lvi. 12.



Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch.  
 He in celestial panoply all arm'd 760  
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended. At his right hand victory  
 Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow  
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored;  
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd 765  
 Of smoke and bick'ring flame and sparkles dire:  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,  
 He onward came; far off his coming shone;  
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen. 770  
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime  
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned,  
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own  
 First seen; them unexpected joy surprised,  
 When the great ensign of Messiah blazed 775  
 Aloft, by Angels borne, his sign in Heav'n;  
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced  
 His army, circumfused on either wing,  
 Under their Head embody'd all in one.  
 Before him pow'r divine his way prepared: 780  
 At his command th' uprooted hills retired  
 Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went  
 Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,  
 And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smiled.  
 This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured, 785  
 And to rebellious fight rallied their Pow'rs  
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
 In Heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,  
 Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent? 790  
 They, harden'd more by what might most reclaim,  
 Grieving to see his glory, at the sight  
 Took envy; and aspiring to his highth,  
 Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud

760. The Urim and Thummim formed part of Aaron's breast plate. The former in Hebrew means *light*, the latter *perfection*.

765. Ps. xlviii. 3. 1. 3. for the next line see Jude 14. Ps. lxxviii. 17. Rev. vii. 4. 771. Ps. xlviii. 10.

776. It is doubtful whether Milton alluded to any particular sign here but measured, I think, not to the crowd, as has been supposed.

Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 798  
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
 In universal ruin last ; and now  
 To final battle drew, disdaining flight  
 Or faint retreat ; when the great Son of God  
 To all his host on either hand thus spake : 800  
     Stand still in bright array, ye Saints ; here stand  
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battle rest :  
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause ;  
 And as ye have received, so have ye done 805  
 Invincibly : but of this cursed crew  
 The punishment to other hand belongs :  
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints ;  
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,  
 Nor multitude ; stand only and behold 810  
 God's indignation on these Godless pour'd  
 By me ; not you, but me, they have despised,  
 Yet envy'd. Against me is all their rage,  
 Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supreme  
 Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains, 815  
 Hath honour'd me according to his will.  
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd ;  
 That they may have their wish, to try with me  
 In battle which the stronger proves ; they all,  
 Or I alone against them, since by strength 820  
 They measure all, of other excellence  
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels ;  
 Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.  
     So spake the Son, and into terror changed  
 His count'nance, too severe to be beheld, 825  
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
 At once the Four spread out their starry wings  
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
 Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound  
 Of torrent floods, or of a num'rous host. 830  
 He on his implous foes right onward drove,  
 Gloomy as night : under his burning wheels  
 The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,  
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
 Among them he arrived ; in his right hand 835

832. *Gloomy as night*, from Homer, who so mentions Apollo and Hector.

Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd  
 Plagues. They astonish'd, all resistance lost,  
 All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;  
 O'er shields and helms and helmeted heads he rode  
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate, 841  
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again  
 Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.  
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged Four, 843  
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels  
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;  
 One Spirit in them ruled, and ev'ry eye  
 Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
 Among th' accursed, that wither'd all their strength,  
 And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd, 851  
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
 His thunder in mid volley; for he meant  
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n. 853  
 The overthrown he rais'd, and, as a herd  
 Of goats or tim'rous flock together throng'd,  
 Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued  
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
 And crystal wall of Heav'n; which opening wide,  
 Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclosed 861  
 Into the wasteful deep. The monstrous sight  
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse  
 Urged them behind: headlong themselves they threw  
 Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath 863  
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise; Hell saw  
 Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled  
 Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870  
 Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,  
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout  
 Incumber'd him with ruin. Hell at last  
 Yawning, received them whole, and on them closed:  
 Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire 873

942. Rev. vi. 16.

838. Job vi. 4.

894. *Rolling*, from the Latin *ruo*, to rush or fall headlong.

Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
 Disburden'd Heav'n rejoiced, and soon repair'd  
 Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.  
 Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes, 898  
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd :  
 To meet him, all his saints, who silent stood  
 Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,  
 With jubilee advanced ; and as they went,  
 Shaded with branching palm, each order bright, 899  
 Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,  
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,  
 Worthiest to reign. He celebrated rode  
 Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts  
 And temple of his Mighty Father throned 900  
 On high ; who into glory him received ;  
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on  
 Earth,

At thy request, and that thou may'st beware  
 By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 905  
 What might have else to human race been hid ;  
 The discord which befel, and war in Heav'n  
 Among th' Angelic Pow'rs, and the deep fall,  
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd  
 With Satan ; he who envies now thy state, 909  
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
 Thee also from obedience, that with him  
 Bereaved of happiness thou may'st partake  
 His punishment, eternal misery :  
 Which would be all his solace and revenge, 915  
 As a despite done against the Most High,  
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe.  
 But listen not to his temptations, warn  
 Thy weaker ; let it profit thee to' have heard,  
 By terrible example, the reward 920  
 Of disobedience. Firm they might have stood,  
 Yet fell ; remember, and fear to transgress.

898. Rev. iv. 11.

900. Him is understood after envies--or, *it is after him*.

## BOOK VII.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Rachael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created: that God after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days; the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine  
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,  
Above the flight of Pegasus wing.  
The meaning, not the name I call; for thou 5  
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born:  
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,  
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play 10  
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd  
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee  
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presumed,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
Thy temp'ring. With like safety guided down, 15  
Return me to my native element;  
Lest from this flying steed, unrein'd (as once  
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime),

1. Milton has, throughout his poem, shewn the most admirable skill in adapting to his purpose, such parts of the classical mythology as he wished to employ. He has been much blamed for his frequent, and, as it is thought, affected display of learning in this particular; but there is a circumstance which has not, I believe, struck the minds of his commentators, which goes far to justify him in this respect. Milton's imagination, filled with the rich antiquity of his theme, was necessarily frequently occupied by the splendid pomp with which superstition crowds her temple, but he could not contemplate a single part of his subject, without positing the truth of nature and revelation in juxtaposition with the corruptions of both. Hence many of his most beautiful ideas are mixed up with these allusions, and it can hardly fail the notice of a reflecting reader, that the mind never once losing sight of the various forms under which the enemies of God have appeared, comprehends the compass of the poem more closely than it could otherwise have done.

2 Proverbs viii. 24.

18. *Bellerophon*: he attempted, it is said, to mount to heaven on the winged horse Pegasus, and fell in the Aiclan field or in Cilicia.

Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall  
 Erroneous, there to wander and forlorn. 28  
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
 Within the visible diurnal sphere ;  
 Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,  
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged  
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days, 29  
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues ;  
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round  
 And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou  
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or whed morn  
 Purples the east : still govern thou my song, 30  
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few ;  
 But drive far off the barb'rous dissonance  
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears 31  
 To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd  
 Both harp and voice ; nor could the Muse defend  
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores ;  
 For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.  
 Say, Goddess, what ensued when Raphaël, 40  
 The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd  
 Adam, by dire example, to beware  
 Apostasy, by what befel in Heav'n  
 To those apostates, lest the like befel  
 In Paradise to Adam or his race, 43  
 Charged not to touch the interdicted tree,  
 If they transgress. and alight that sole command,  
 So easily obey'd amid the choice  
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
 Though wand'ring. He with his consorted Eve 30  
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear  
 Of things so high and strange, things to their thought  
 So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,  
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss 35

21. Half of the Epilogue, or Raphael's account.

22. An allusion to the condition of himself in the prodigate and irreligious times of Charles the Second, during which blind and neglected, he lived in an obscure retreat, but probably in danger of persecution for his principles.

23. *Orpheus*, the Thracian bard was torn to pieces by the voracity of Bacchus, in Rhodope, a mountain of Thrace.

With such confusion : but the evil soon  
 Driv'n back, redounded as a flood on those  
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
 With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
 The doubts that in his heart arose : and now 60  
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
 What nearer might concern him ; how this world  
 Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous, first began ;  
 When, and whereof created ; for what cause  
 What within Eden or without was done 65  
 Before his memory, as one whose drouth  
 Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,  
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
 Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest :  
 Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70  
 Far diff'ring from this world, thou hast reveal'd,  
 Divine interpreter, by favour sent  
 Down from the empyrean, to forewarn  
 Us timely' of what might else have been our loss,  
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach :  
 For which to th' infinitely Good we owe 75  
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
 Receive with solemn purpose, to observe  
 Immutably his sov'reign will, the end  
 Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsafed 80  
 Gently for our instruction to impart  
 Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd  
 Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,  
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
 What may no less perhaps avail us known : 85  
 How first began this Heav'n which we behold  
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd  
 Innumerable, and this which yields or fills  
 All space, the ambient air wide interfused  
 Embracing round this florid Earth ; what cause 90  
 Moved the Creator in his holy rest  
 Through all eternity so late to build  
 In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon  
 Absolved, if unforbid thou may'st unfold  
 What we, not to explore the secrets, ask 95

92. A question often since asked, but well answered by the consideration, that whenever the world had been created there would have been an eternity before its existence.

Of his eternal empire, but the more  
 To magnify his works, the more we know.  
 And the great light of day yet wants to run  
 Much of his race, though steep; suspens in Heav'n,  
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears, 100  
 And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
 His generation, and the rising birth  
 Of nature from the unapparent deep;  
 Or if the star of ev'ning and the moon  
 Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring 105  
 Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch;  
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy song  
 End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought;  
 And thus the God-like Angel answer'd mild: 110  
 This also thy request with caution ask'd  
 Obtain; though to recount almighty works,  
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?  
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
 To glorify the Maker, and infer 115  
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
 Thy hearing; such commission from above  
 I have received, to answer thy desire  
 Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain 120  
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope  
 Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,  
 Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night;  
 To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n;  
 Enough is left besides to search and know: 125  
 But knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
 Her temp'rance ever appetite, to know  
 In measure what the mind may well contain;  
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
 Wisdom to folly', as nourishment to wind. 130

Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n  
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
 Of Angels than that star the stars among)  
 Fell with his flaming legions through the deep  
 Into his place, and the great Son return'd 135  
 Victorious with his saints, th' Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld

103. Gen. 1. 2.

123. *Impossible*, so in Scripture.



Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake :

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought  
 All like himself rebellious : by whose aid 140  
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
 Of Deity supreme, us disposess'd,  
 He trusted to have seized, and into fraud  
 Drew many, whom their place knows here no more ;  
 Yet far the greater part have kept, I see, 145  
 Their station ; Heav'n yet populous retains  
 Number sufficient to possess her realms  
 Though wide, and this high temple to frequent  
 With ministeries due and solemn rites :  
 But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150  
 Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,  
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
 That detriment, if such it be to lose  
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
 Another world ; out of one man a race 155  
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
 Not here, till by degrees of merit raised,  
 They open to themselves at length the way  
 Up hither, under long obedience try'd,  
 And Earth be changed to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,  
 One kingdom, joy and union without end. 161  
 Mean while inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heav'n ;  
 And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
 This I perform ; speak thou and be it done.  
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee 165  
 I send along ; ride forth, and bid the deep  
 Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,  
 Boundless the deep, because I am who fill  
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.  
 Though I uncircumscribed myself retire 170  
 And put not forth my goodness which is free  
 To act or not, necessity and chance  
 Approach not me ; and what I will is fate.

139. *At least*. Instead of *at least*, is proposed.

144. Job vii. 10.

150. In allusion probably to the new heaven and new earth before mentioned, and not, as is supposed, to any mere improvement in man.

162. *Lax*, free to follow their former angelic pleasures and occupations. It has no relation, as Newton supposes, to space or room.

166. *Lake*: 25.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake,  
 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect. 175  
 Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
 Than time or motion; but to human ears  
 Cannot without process of speech be told;  
 So told as earthly notion can receive.  
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n, 180  
 When such was heard declared th' Almighty's will.  
 Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will  
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace:  
 Glory to him, whose just avenging ire  
 Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight 185  
 And th' habitations of the just: to him  
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
 Good out of evil to create, instead  
 Of Spirits malign, a better race to bring  
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190  
 His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son  
 On his great expedition now appear'd,  
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd  
 Of majesty divine; sapience and love 195  
 Immense, and all his Father in him shone.  
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd  
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
 And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd  
 From th' armoury of God, where stand of old 200  
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodged  
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
 Celestial equipage: and now came forth  
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit lived,  
 Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide 205  
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound!  
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
 The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word  
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds.  
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss 211  
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault

182. God instead of *the* is proposed by Bentley.

192. Zeck. vi. 1.

Heavn's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,  
Said then th' omnific Word; your discord end.

Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim

Uplifted, in paternal glory rode

Far into Chaos, and the world unborn, 222

For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train

Follow'd in bright procession, to behold

Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then stay'd the servid wheels, and in his hand

He took the golden compasses, prepared 223

In God's eternal store, to circumscribe

This universe, and all created things.

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd

Round through the vast profundity obscure,

And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds, 224

This be thy just circumference, O world!

Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,

Matter uniform'd and void. Darkness profound

Cover'd th' abyss; but on the wat'ry calm

His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread, 225

And vital virtue' infused and vital warmth

Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged

The black tartareous cold infernal dregs

Adverse to life: then founded, then conglobed

Like things to like, the rest to sev'ral place 226

Disparted, and between spun out the air;

And Earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

Let there be light, said God; and forthwith light

Ethereal first of things, quintessence pure,

Sprung from the deep, and from her native east 227

To journey 'through the aery gloom began,

Sphered in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun

223. Prov. viii. 27.

It is well observed, that this book is a magnificent paraphrase of the Mosiac account of the creation.

224. Gen. i. 2. I cannot but observe here that one of the most sublime, and at the same time learned of modern reasoners, in speaking to me on this passage of Scripture, remark'd, that the usual way in which it is understood is not only incorrect, but greatly diminishes its sublimity. It is highly wrong, according to him, to suppose that light was first called into being on the creation of this world, for Heaven had been for ever filled with it, and God himself is compared to it; the expression, consequently, 'Let there be light,' is to be interpreted, 'Let the light flow forth, set there be light shining from its great original fountain on the commencing system.'

Was not: she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;  
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere 263  
 Divided: light the Day, and darkness Night  
 He named. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:  
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the celestial choirs, when orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld 265  
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout  
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd,  
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised  
 God and his works; Creator him they sung,  
 Both when first ev'ning was, and when first morn.  
 Again, God said, Let there be firmament 267  
 Amid the waters, and let it divide  
 The waters from the waters. And God made  
 The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
 Transparent, elemental air, diffused 268  
 In circuit to the uttermost convex  
 Of this great round: partition firm and sure,  
 The waters underneath from those above  
 Dividing: for as earth, so he the world  
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270  
 Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule  
 Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes  
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:  
 And Heav'n he named the Firmament. So ev'n  
 And morning chorus sung the second day. 275  
 The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet  
 Of waters, embryo immature involved,  
 Appear'd not. Over all the face of th' earth  
 Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm  
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe, 280  
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
 Sate with genial moisture, when God said,  
 Be gather'd now, ye waters under Heav'n,  
 Into one place, and let dry land appear.  
 Immediately the mountains huge appear 285  
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave

266. Job xxxviii. 4. 7. I might multiply references without end  
 in this part of the poem, but it must be left to the industry or  
 curiosity of the reader to discover the scriptural allusions where they  
 are so numerous as in the present instances.

Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky:  
 So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
 Capacious bed of waters: thither they 299  
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd  
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;  
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
 For haste: such flight the great command impress'd  
 On the swift floods. As armies at the call 305  
 Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)  
 Troop to their standard, so the wat'ry throng,  
 Wave rolling after wave, where way they found;  
 If steep, with torrent rapture; if through plain,  
 Soft-ebbing: nor withstood them rock or hill, 309  
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
 With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,  
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;  
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
 All but within those banks, where rivers now 315  
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
 The dry land, Earth, and the great receptacle  
 Of congregated waters he call'd Seas:  
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' earth  
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, 319  
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,  
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.  
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad,  
 Her universal face with pleasant green; 325  
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd  
 Opening their various-colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,  
 Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept  
 The smelling gourd, upstood the corny reed 331  
 Embattled in her field, and th' humble shrub,  
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit. Last  
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread  
 Their branches, hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd

321. *Swelling* has been suggested, and most probably correctly.

325. *Herb. coma* is the same in Latin, small leaves, twigs, &c. implicit, entangled.

326. *Gemm'd*, from *gemmare*, to put forth blossoms.

Their blossoms : with high woods the hills were  
crown'd 326

With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,  
With borders long the rivers : that earth now  
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might  
dwell,

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 328  
Her sacred shades. Though God had yet not rain'd  
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground  
None was, but from the earth a dewy mist  
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each  
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' earth 335  
God made, and ev'ry herb, before it grew  
On the green stem ; God saw that it was good :  
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again the Almighty spake, Let there be Lights  
High in th' expanse of Heaven, to divide 340

The day from night : and let them be for signs,  
For seasons, and for days, and circling years ;  
And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
Their office in the firmament of Heav'n,

To give light on the earth : and it was so. 342

And God made two great lights, great for their use

To Man ; the greater to have rule by day,

The less by night altern ; and made the stars

And set them in the firmament of Heav'n 348

T' illuminate the earth, and rule the day

In their vicissitude, and rule the night,

And light from darkness to divide. God saw,

Surveying his great work, that it was good :

For, of celestial bodies, first the sun,

A mighty sphere, he framed, unlightsome first. 353

Though of ethereal mould : then form'd the moon

Globose, and ev'ry magnitude of stars,

And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field :

O' light by far the greater part he took,

Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd 358

In the sun's orb, made porous to receive

And drink the liquid light, firm to retain

Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars

Repairing, in their golden urns draw light, 363

And hence the morning planet gilds her horns ;

By tincture or reflection they augment  
 Their small peculiar, though for human sight  
 So far remote, with diminution seen.  
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370  
 Regent of day, and all th' horizon round  
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
 His longitude through Heav'n's high road. The grey  
 Dawn and the Pleiades before him danced,  
 Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,  
 But opposite in levell'd west was set 375  
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
 From him, for other light she needed none  
 In that aspect; and still that distance keeps  
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines, 380  
 Revolved on Heav'n's great axle; and her reign  
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
 Spangling the hemisphere. Then first adorn'd  
 With her bright luminaries that set and rose, 385  
 Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.  
 And God said, Let the waters generate  
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:  
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings  
 Display'd on th' open firmament of Heav'n. 390  
 And God created the great whales, and each  
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
 The waters generated by their kinds,  
 And ev'ry bird of wing after his kind;  
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas, 395  
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;  
 And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.  
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay  
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400  
 Of fish that with their fins and shining scales  
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
 Bank the mid-sea: part single or with mate  
 Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves  
 Of coral stray or sporting with quick glance, 405  
 Shew to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold,  
 Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend

373. For longitude Bentley reads *his long career*.

402. *Sculls*, a Saxon word, signifying an assembly.

Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food  
 In jointed armour watch. On smooth the seal,  
 And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk 410  
 Wallowing unwieldy', enormous in their gait,  
 Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,  
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,  
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills 415  
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.  
 Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores  
 Their brood as num'rous hatch, from th' egg that soon  
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclosed  
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and sedge 420  
 They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime,  
 With clang despised the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect: there the eagle and the stork  
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:  
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise 425  
 In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Their airy caravan high over seas  
 Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing,  
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane 430  
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air  
 Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes.  
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
 Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings  
 Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingale 435  
 Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:  
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bathed  
 Their downy breast. The swan with arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit 440  
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tow'r  
 The mid æreal sky: others on ground  
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train  
 Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue 445

410. *Bended*, because so appearing when sporting in the sea.

421. *Pens*, from the Latin *penna*, a feather. *Summ'd*, a term in falconry, meaning full grown.

423. Job xxxix. 27, 28.

434. Milton's fondness for the nightingale is remarkably shown in his repeated allusions to that bird.



Of rainbows and starry' eyes. The waters thus  
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl  
Ev'ning and morn solemnized the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose  
With ev'ning harps and matin, when God said, 460  
Let th' earth bring forth soul-living in her kind,  
Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,  
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd; and straight  
Opening her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth  
Innum'rous living creatures, perfect forms, 465  
Lisab'd and full grown. Out of the ground up rose  
As from his lair the wild beast, where he wons  
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;  
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:  
The cattle in the fields and meadows green: 469  
These rare and solitary, these in flocks,  
Past'ring at once, and in broad herds upspring.  
The grassy clods now calved; now half appear'd  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free 464  
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
And rampant shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,  
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole  
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground 469  
Bore up his launching head; scarce from his mould  
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved  
His vastness; fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,  
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land  
The river-horse and scaly crocodile.  
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground, 475  
Insect or worm: those waved their limber fans  
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,  
With spots of gold and purple', azure and green:  
These as a line their long dimension drew, 469  
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all  
Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,  
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved  
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept

467. The *libbard*, the leopard, the word is used by Spenser and others.

471. The *Behemoth* is supposed by Bochart to be the river-horse.

482. *Minims*, from the Latin *Minime*.

The parsimonious emmet, provident 493  
 Of future, in small room large heart inclosed,  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes  
 Of commonalty : swarming next appear'd  
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 495  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stored. The rest are numberless,  
 And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them  
 Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown [names  
 The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field, 495  
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd  
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand 500  
 First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely smiled; air, water, earth,  
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd  
 Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;  
 There wanted yet the master-work, the end 505  
 Of all yet done; a creature who not prone  
 And brute as other creatures, but endued  
 With sanctity of reason, might erect  
 His stature, and upright with front serene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence 510  
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
 Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes  
 Directed in devotion, to adore  
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief 515  
 Of all his works. Therefore th' Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father (for where is not he  
 Present ?) thus to his Son audibly spake :

Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
 In our similitude, and let them rule 520  
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,  
 And ev'ry creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
 This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,  
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed 525

497. Virgil describes the serpent as having a mane.

The breath of life : in his own image he  
 Created thee, in the image of God  
 Express ; and thou becam'st a living soul.  
 Male he created thee, but thy consort  
 Female for race ; then bless'd mankind, and said,  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth, 581  
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold  
 Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,  
 And ev'ry living thing that moves on th' earth.  
 Wherever thus created, for no place 585  
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st  
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
 This garden, planted with the trees of God,  
 Delectable both to behold and taste ;  
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 590  
 Gave thee ; all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,  
 Variety without end ; but of the tree,  
 Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,  
 Thou may'st not ; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st ;  
 Death is the penalty imposed ; beware, 595  
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin  
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.  
 Here finish'd he, and all that he had made  
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good ;  
 So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day : 600  
 Yet not till the Creator from his work  
 Desisting, though unwear'd, up return'd,  
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high abode,  
 Thence to behold this new-created world,  
 Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd 605  
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
 Answer'ing his great idea. Up he rode,  
 Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound  
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned  
 Angelic harmonies. The earth, the air 610  
 Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st) ;  
 The Heav'ns, and all the constellations rung ;  
 The planets in their station list'ning stood,  
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.

602. The word *station* is a scientific term, and signifies the place of a planet when it appears at rest in its orbit.

Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung ; 580  
 Open, ye Heav'n's, your living doors : let in  
 The great Creator from his work return'd  
 Magnificent, his six days' work, a world ;  
 Open, and henceforth oft ; for God will deign  
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men 579  
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
 Thither will send his winged messengers  
 On errands of supernal grace. So sung  
 The glorious train ascending. He through Heav'n,  
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led 577  
 To God's eternal house direct the way :  
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,  
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,  
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,  
 Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest 580  
 Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh  
 Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun  
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,  
 Forerunning night ; when at the holy mount  
 Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne 585  
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,  
 The Filial Pow'r arrived, and sat him down  
 With his great Father (for he also went  
 Invisible) yet stay'd (such privilege  
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd 589  
 Author and End of all things, and from work  
 Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,  
 As resting on that day from all his work,  
 But not in silence holy kept : the harp  
 Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe, 590  
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,  
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice  
 Choral or unison : of incense clouds  
 Fuming from golden censers hid the mount. 599  
 Creation and the six days' acts they sung :  
 Great are thy works, Jehovah ! infinite

585. Ps. xlv. 7. which was sung when the ark was carried into the sanctuary of the temple on Mount Zion.

591. There is a similar expression in Chaucer.

597. The divisions on the finger board of a violin are called frets.

599. Rev. vii. 3, 4.

Thy pow'r! What thought can measure thee, or  
tongue

Relate thee! Greater now in thy return  
Than from the giant Angels! thee that day 608

Thy thunders magnify'd! but to create,  
Is greater than created to destroy.

Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
Thy empire! Easily the proud attempt  
Of Spirits apostate and their counsels vain 610

Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought  
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw

The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
To manifest the more thy might: his evil 615

Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.

Witness this new-made world, another Heav'n

From Heav'n-gate not far, founded in view

On the clear Hyaline, the glassy sea:

Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620

Num'rous, and ev'ry star perhaps a world

Of destined habitation; but thou know'st

Their seasons: among these the seat of Men,

Earth with her nether ocean circumfused, 624

Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy Men,

And sons of Men, whom God hath thus advanced,

Created in his image, there to dwell

And worship him, and in reward to rule

Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air, 630

And multiply a race of worshippers

Holy and just! thrice happy if they know

Their happiness, and persevere upright!

So sung they, and the empyrean rung

With Halleluiahs. Thus was Sabbath kept.

And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd 635

How first this world and face of things began,

And what before thy memory was done

From the beginning, that posterity

Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st

Aught, not surpassing human measure, say. 640

608. *Giant*, not in allusion to their stature it is supposed, but to their pride and fierceness.

624. *Nether*, to distinguish it from the watery above the firmament.

## BOOK VIII.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents: and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and his society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear;  
Then, as new waked, thus gratefully reply'd:

What thanks sufficient, or what recompense      5  
Equal have I to render thee, divine  
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed  
This friendly condescension to relate  
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard      10  
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
With glory attributed to the High  
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,  
Which only thy solution can resolve.  
When I behold this goodly frame, this world,      15  
Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute  
Their magnitudes; this earth, a spot, a grain,  
An atom, with the firmament compared  
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll  
Spaces incomprehensible (for such      20  
Their distance argues, and their swift return  
Diurnal) merely to officiate light  
Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,  
One day and night, in all their vast survey

18. Allusion is made in the following part of the discourse between Raphael and Adam, to the two most celebrated systems of astronomy, those of Ptolemy and Copernicus: the difference is which was, that the former made the earth, the latter the sun, the centre of the universe. Adam speaks in allusion to the Ptolemaic system, and the Angel answers by detailing the usual explanations formerly given of the difficulties alleged.

19. *Number'd*, Ps. cxlviii. 4.

BOOK VIII.

151

Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire  
 How Nature, wise and frugal, could commit  
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
 So many nobler bodies to create,  
 Greater, so manifold to this one use,  
 For aught appears, and on their orbs impose 25  
 Such restless revolution, day by day  
 Repeated, while the sedentary earth,  
 That better might with far less compass move,  
 Served by more noble than herself, attains  
 Her end without least motion, and receives 35  
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought  
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;  
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.  
 So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd  
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve  
 Perceiving where she sat retired in sight, 41  
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,  
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom, 45  
 Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,  
 And, touch'd by her fair tendence, gladlier grew.  
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her ear  
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserved, 50  
 Adam relating, she sole auditress;  
 Her husband, the relator, she preferr'd  
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather. He, she knew, would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute 55  
 With conjugal caresses; from his lip  
 Not words alone pleased her. O when meet now  
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd!  
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went,  
 Not unattended, for on her, as queen, 60  
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot darts of desire  
 Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.  
 And Raphael, now to Adam's doubt proposed,  
 Benevolent and facile, thus reply'd: 65  
 To ask or search I blame thee not; for Heav'n  
 Is as the book of God before thee set,

Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn  
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.  
 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth, 76  
 Imports not, if thou reckon right: the rest  
 From Man or Angel the Great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets, to be scann'd by them who ought  
 Rather admire: or if they list to try 78  
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heav'n's  
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n  
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield 80  
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
 To save appearances, how gird the sphere  
 With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.  
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess, 82  
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journeys run,  
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
 The benefit. Consider first, that great 84  
 Or bright infers not excellence: the earth,  
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,  
 Nor glist'ring, may of solid good contain  
 More plenty than the sun that barren shines,  
 Whose virtue on itself works no effect, 86  
 But in the fruitful earth; there first received  
 His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.  
 Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries  
 Officious, but to thee earth's habitant.  
 And for the Heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak 100  
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
 So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far,  
 That man may know he dwells not in his own:  
 An edifice too large for him to fill,  
 Lodged in a small partition, and the rest 108

82. *Calculate*, to observe scientifically.

84. *Centric*, or concentric, are spheres whose centre is the same with that of the earth.—*Eccentric* are the contrary.—*Cycle* is a circle, and *Epicycle* a circle upon a circle. They are terms invented by the Ptolemaics, and used in explaining their system.

102. Job xxviii. 3.



Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,  
 Though numberless, to his omnipotence,  
 That to corporeal substances could add 100  
 Speed almost spiritual. Me thou think'st not slow,  
 Who since the morning-hour set out from Heav'n,  
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived  
 In Eden, distance inexpressible  
 By numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
 Admitting motion in the Heav'ns, to shew 115  
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;  
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.  
 God, to remove his ways from human sense,  
 Placed Heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly sight,  
 If it presume, might err in things too high, 121  
 And no advantage gain. What if the sun  
 Be centre to the world, and other stars,  
 By his attractive virtue and their own  
 Incited, dance about him various rounds? 125  
 Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then hid,  
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
 In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these  
 The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,  
 Insensibly three diff'rent motions move? 130  
 Which else to sev'ral spheres thou must ascribe,  
 Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,  
 Or save the sun his labour, and that swift  
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb, supposed,  
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel 135  
 Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,  
 If earth industrious of herself fetch day  
 Travelling east, and with her part averse  
 From the sun's beam meet night, her other part  
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light, 140  
 Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,  
 To the terrestrial moon, be as a star  
 Enlight'ning her by day, as she by night  
 This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,  
 Fields and inhabitants. Her spots thou seest 145

122. The Copernican system is now mentioned.

124. *Diurnal rhomb*, explained in the next line, as, the wheel of day and night

As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
 Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat  
 Allotted there; and other suns perhaps  
 With their attendant moons thou wilt descry,  
 Communicating male and female light, 130  
 Which two great sexes animate the world,  
 Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live.  
 For such vast room in nature unpossess'd  
 By living soul, desert and desolate,  
 Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute 135  
 Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far  
 Down to this habitable, which returns  
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
 But whether thus these things, or whether not;  
 Whether the sun predominant in Heav'n 140  
 Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,  
 He from the east his flaming road begin,  
 Or she from west her silent course advance  
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
 On her soft axle, while she paces even, 145  
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,  
 Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;  
 Leave them to God above; him serve and fear!  
 Of other creatures, as him pleases best,  
 Wherever placed, let him dispose: joy thou 150  
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
 And thy fair Eve. Heav'n is for thee too high  
 To know what passes there. Be lowly wise:  
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being;  
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there 155  
 Live, in what state, condition, or degree,  
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd  
 Not of Earth only, but of highest Heav'n.  
 To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd:  
 How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure 160  
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,  
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live,  
 The easiest way; nor with perplexing thoughts  
 To interrupt the sweet of life, from which

130. The conceit in this line is very old, the sun being said to communicate male, the moon female light.

135. *Nought*, or *like*, is proposed instead of *light* in this verse, but the reasons alleged are hardly sufficient to authorize the change.

## BOOK VIII.

188

God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares, 188  
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves  
 Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions  
 But apt the mind or fancy is to rove [vain  
 Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end ;  
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn, 190  
 That not to know at large of things remote  
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
 That which before us lies in daily life,  
 Is the prime wisdom ; what is more is fume,  
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence, 194  
 And renders us in things that most concern  
 Unpractis'd, unprepared, and still to seek.  
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
 Useful, whence haply mention may arise 200  
 Of something not unseasonable to ask  
 By suffrance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.  
 Thee I have heard relating what was done  
 Ere my remembrance : now hear me relate  
 My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard ; 205  
 And day is yet not spent ; till then thou seest  
 How subtly to detain thee I devise,  
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply :  
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n ; 210  
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
 Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
 And hunger both, from labour, at the hour  
 Of sweet repast : they satiate and soon fill,  
 Though pleasant, but thy words, with grace divine  
 Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety. 216  
 To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek :  
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,  
 Nor tongue ineloquent ; for God on thee  
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd 220  
 Inward and outward both, his image fair ?  
 Speaking or mute, all comeliness and grace

204. There are few passages in the poem which will be read with more pleasing sensations, than the relation Adam gives of his first sensations on his becoming conscious of existence. The same idea of describing a human being wakening into life in the full maturity of his powers, has been made the subject of a beautiful little piece in *Buffon*.

Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms :  
 Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth  
 Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire 230  
 Gladly into the ways of God with Man :  
 For God, we see, hath honour'd thee, and set  
 On Man his equal love : say therefore on ;  
 For I that day was absent, as befel,  
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 235  
 Far on excursion tow'rd the gates of Hell ;  
 Squared in full legion (such command we had)  
 To see that none thence issued forth a spy,  
 Or enemy, while God was in his work,  
 Lest he, incensed at such eruption bold, 240  
 Destruction with creation might have mix'd.  
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt,  
 But us he sends upon his high behests  
 For state, as Sov'reign King, and to inure  
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut  
 The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong : 241  
 But long ere our approaching, heard within  
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song ;  
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light 245  
 Ere Sabbath ev'ning : so we had in charge.  
 But thy relation now ; for I attend,  
 Pleased with thy words, no less than thou with mine.  
 So spake the God-like Pow'r, and thus our sire :  
 For Man to tell how human life began 250  
 Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?  
 Desire with thee still longer to converse  
 Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep,  
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid  
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun 255  
 Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
 Straight toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,  
 And gazed a while the ample sky, till raised  
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
 As thitherward endeavoring, and upright 260  
 Stood on my feet. About me round I saw  
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,

235. So the angel addresses John, Rev. xvii. 9.

239. The absence of Raphael was invented to give Adam a fit reason for his narrative.

240. Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 467.

And liquid lapses of murmur'ing streams : by these,  
 Creatures that lived, and moved, and walk'd, or flew;  
 Birds on the branches warbling: all things smiled;  
 With fragrance and with joy my heart s'erflow'd.  
 Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led:  
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270  
 Knew not. To speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;  
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
 Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,  
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay;  
 Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,  
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell, 276  
 Tell if ye saw, how came I thus? how here?  
 Not of myself: by some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in pow'r pre-eminent!  
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280  
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier than I know.  
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
 This happy light, when answer none return'd, 286  
 On a green shady bank profuse of flow'rs,  
 Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression seized  
 My droused sense, untroubled, though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state 290  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently moved  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being, 294  
 And lived. One came, methought, of shape divine,  
 And said, Thy mansion wants thee Adam; rise,  
 First man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
 First Father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide

268. *With fragrance*, with a joy like that of nature in spring time.

272. There is no contradiction between this line and line 353, *As when Warburton asserts*: Adam was able to name things generally, that is, according to their several kinds of being, as soon as he beheld them, but it was by a more immediate inspiration, Milton intimates, that he was taught to give names to the several species of animals, &c.

To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.  
 So saying, by the hand he took me raised, 300  
 And over fields and waters, as in air  
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
 A woody mountain, whose high top was plain ;  
 A circuit wide, inclosed, with goodliest trees 304  
 Planted, with walks and bow'rs, that what I saw  
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree  
 Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye  
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
 To pluck and eat ; whereat I waked, and found  
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310  
 Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun  
 My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide  
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
 Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,  
 In adoration at his feet I fell 315  
 Submiss : he rear'd me', and Whom thou sought'st  
 Said mildly ; Author of all this thou seest [I am,  
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath.  
 This Paradise I give thee : count it thine  
 To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat. 320  
 Of every tree that in the garden grows  
 Eat freely with glad heart ; fear here no dearth ;  
 But of the tree whose operation brings  
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith, 325  
 Amid the garden, by the tree of life,  
 Remember what I warn thee : Shun to taste,  
 And shun the bitter consequence ; for know,  
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
 Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die ; 330  
 From that day mortal, and this happy state  
 Shalt lose ; expell'd from hence into a world  
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounced  
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice 335

300. Gen. III. 15. It is supposed by a great number of commentators that Adam was not formed in Paradise, but in some other part of the earth, without the inclosure of the sacred garden, into which he was carried by God after his creation.

320. *To till* ; to cultivate in any way which the nature of a country, or its productions, may require.

330. Gen. I. 17.

## BOOK VIII.

189

Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect  
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd :  
 Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth  
 To thee and to thy race I give: as lords  
 Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340  
 Or live in sea, or air; beast, fish, and fowl.  
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold  
 After their kinds: I bring them to receive  
 From thee their names, and pay thee fealty  
 With low subjection. Understand the same 345  
 Of fish within their wat'ry residence,  
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change  
 Their element to draw the thinner air.  
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
 Approaching two and two; these cower'ing low 350  
 With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 I named them as they pass'd, and understood  
 Their nature; with such knowledge God indued  
 My sudden apprehension: but in these  
 I found not what methought I wanted still, 355  
 And to the heav'nly Vision thus presumed :  
 O by what name, for thou above all these,  
 Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,  
 Surpaskest far my naming, how may I  
 Adore thee, Author of this universe, 360  
 And all this good to man? for whose well being  
 So amply, and with hands so liberal  
 Thou hast provided all things: but with me  
 I see not who partakes. In solitude  
 What happiness? Who can enjoy alone, 365  
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?  
 Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,  
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd :  
 What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth  
 With various living creatures, and the air 370  
 Replenish'd? and all these at thy command  
 To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not  
 Their language and their ways? They also know,  
 And reason not contemptibly. With these  
 Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.  
 So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd 375  
 So ordering. I with leave of speech implored,

And humble deprecation, thus reply'd:

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Pow'r!  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak! 389

Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferior far beneath me set?  
Among unequals what society

Can sort? what harmony or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due 393

Giv'n and received; but in disparity,  
The one intense, the other still remiss  
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove

Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak  
Such as I seek, fit to participate 399

All rational delight, wherein the brute  
Cannot be human consort: they rejoice  
Each with their kind; lion with lioness;  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined;  
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl 405

So well converse; nor with the ox the ape:  
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd not displeased:  
A nice and subtle happiness I see 409

Thou to thyself proposest in the choice  
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste  
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.

What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?  
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd

Of happiness, or not, who am alone 415

From all eternity? for none I know  
Second to me, or like, equal much less.

How have I then with whom to hold converse  
Save with the creatures which I made? and those  
To me inferior! infinite descents 419

Beneath what other creatures are to thee.

He ceased; I lowly answer'd: To attain  
The height and depth of thy eternal ways,

All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!  
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee 425

Is no deficiency found. Not so is Man,  
But in degree; the cause of his desire

By conversation with his like to help,  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou



## BOOK VIII

191

Should'st propagate, already infinite, 420

And through all numbers absolute, though one ;

But Man by number is to manifest

His single imperfection, and beget

Like of his like, his image multiply'd

In unity defective, which requires 425

Collat'ral love, and dearest amity.

Thou in thy secrecy, although alone,

Best with thyself accompany'd, seek'st not

Social communication ; yet so pleased,

Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt 430

Of union or communion, deify'd :

I by conversing cannot these erect

From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom used

Permissive, and acceptance found ; which gain'd 435

This answer from the gracious voice divine :

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased ;

And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,

Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself ;

Expressing well the spirit within thee free, 440

My image not imparted to the brute,

Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee,

Good reason was thou freely should'st dislike :

And be so minded still. I, ere thou spak'st,

Knew it not good for Man to be alone ; 445

And no such company as then thou saw'st

Intended thee ; for trial only brought,

To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet.

What next I bring shall please thee, be assured ;

Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450

Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more, for now

My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,

Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th' highth

In that celestial colloquy sublime, 455

As with an object that excels the sense

Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair

Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd

By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.

Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell 460

451. *And through, &c.* perfect, complete in all its parts.

455. A beautiful idea to express the cause of Adam's deep sleep.

Of fancy, my internal sight; by which  
 Abstract, as in a trance, methought I saw,  
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood;  
 Who, stooping, open'd my left side, and took 466  
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
 And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound;  
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd,  
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands:  
 Under his forming hands a creature grew, 470  
 Manlike, but different sex; so lovely fair,  
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,  
 And in her looks; which from that time infused  
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before; 475  
 And into all things from her air inspired  
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
 She disappear'd, and left me dark. I waked  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure: 480  
 When, out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable! On she came,  
 Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen 485  
 And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd  
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites.  
 Grace was in all her steps! Heav'n in her eye!  
 In ev'ry gesture dignity and love!  
 I overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud: 490  
 This turn hath made amends! Thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest! I now see  
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself 495  
 Before me! Woman is her name; of Man  
 Extracted. For this cause he shall forego  
 Father and mother, and to' his wife adhere:  
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.  
 She heard me thus; and tho' divinely brought, 500

466. *Abstract*; that is, the spirit was so separated from the body that it did not see things as before with its material organs of vision.

485. Gen. ii. 23.

490. Gen. xiii. 24.

Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,  
 The more desirable; or to say all, 505  
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd.  
 I follow'd her: she what was honour knew,  
 And with obsequious majesty approved  
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower 510  
 I led her, blushing like the morn. All Heav'n,  
 And happy constellations on that hour  
 Shed their selectest influence! The earth  
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill!  
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs 515  
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
 Flung rose, stung odours from the spicy shrub,  
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning star  
 On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp. 520  
 Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss  
 Which I enjoy; and must confess to find  
 In all things else delight indeed, but such  
 As used or not, works in the mind no change, 525  
 Nor vehement desire; these delicacies  
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,  
 Walks, and the melody of birds; but here  
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
 Transported touch. Here passion first I felt, 530  
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
 Superior and unmoved; here only weak  
 Against the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.  
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such object to sustain; 535  
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 More than enough: at least on her bestow'd  
 Too much of ornament; in outward show  
 Elaborate; of inward, less exact.

502. The conscience; the knowledge of.

512. Taken from Homer, II. xiv. 347.

520. It was the custom of the ancients to light their bridal lamps when the evening star appeared.

For well I understand, in the prime end 540  
 Of nature, her th' inferior in the mind  
 And inward faculties, which most excel  
 In outward; also her resembling less  
 His image who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that dominion giv'n 545  
 O'er other creatures; yet, when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
 And in herself, complete; so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best! 550  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded! Wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses, discount'nanced, and like folly shews.  
 Authority and reason on her wait,  
 As one intended first, not after made 555  
 Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
 Greatness of Mind and Nobleness their seat  
 Build in her, loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard angelic placed!  
 To whom the Angel, with contracted brow: 560  
 Accuse not Nature; she hath done her part:  
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident  
 Of wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou  
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,  
 By attributing overmuch to things 565  
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.  
 For what admir'st thou? what transports thee so?  
 An outside! Fair no doubt, and worthy well  
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love;  
 Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself, 570  
 Then value. Oft-times nothing profits more  
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right  
 Well managed. Of that skill the more thou know'st,  
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
 And to realities yield all her shows; 575  
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
 So awful, that with honour thou may'st love  
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.

547. *Absolute*; complete, as used in the former instance, line 431.

548. Eph. v. 23, 29.

576. *Adorn*, for adorn'd, to avoid the inharmonious sound of the latter with the word *made*.—It is thus used, as *sledge* for *sledged*, and comes from the Italian adjective *adorno*.

# BOOK VIII.

195

But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind  
Is propagated, seem such dear delight 590  
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsafed  
To cattle and each beast; which would not be  
To them made common and divulged, if aught  
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
The soul of man, or passion in him move. 595  
What higher in her society thou find'st  
Attractive, human, rational, love still.  
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,  
Wherein true love consists not. Love refines  
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat 600  
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale  
By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend,  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure: for which cause  
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.  
To whom thus, half abash'd, Adam reply'd: 605  
Neither her outside, form'd so fair, nor aught  
In procreation, common to all kinds,  
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
So much delights me as those graceful acts, 606  
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love  
And sweet compliance; which declare unfeign'd  
Union of mind, or in us both one soul:  
Harmony to behold in wedded pair, 605  
More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.  
Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose  
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,  
Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
Variously representing; yet, still free, 610  
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
To love thou blam'st me not; for love thou say'st  
Leads up to Heav'n; is both the way and guide.  
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:  
Love not the heav'nly Spirits? and how their love  
Express they? by looks only? or do they mix 616  
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?  
To whom the Angel, with a smile that glow'd  
Celestial rosy red (love's proper hue),

605. It is supposed that Milton's index in this passage to Plato's theory of divine love.

Answer'd: Let it suffice thee that thou know'st 620  
 Us happy'; and without love no happiness.  
 Whatever pure thou in the body' enjoin'st  
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy  
 In eminence, and obstacle find none  
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars. 625  
 Easier than air with air, if Spirits embrace,  
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
 Desiring; not restrain'd conveyance need,  
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.  
 But I can now no more; the parting sun 630  
 Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant isles  
 Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.  
 Be strong, live happy', and love, but first of all,  
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep  
 His great command: take heed lest passion sway 635  
 Thy judgment to do aught which else free will  
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons  
 The weal or woe in thee is placed; beware.  
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
 And all the Blest. Stand fast; to stand or fall 640  
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.  
 Perfect within, no outward aid require;  
 And all temptation to transgress repel.  
 So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus 645  
 Follow'd with benediction: Since to part,  
 Go heav'nly Guest, ethereal Messenger,  
 Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore.  
 Gentle to me and affable hath been  
 Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever  
 With grateful memory; thou to mankind 650  
 Be good and friendly still, and oft return.  
 So parted they; the Angel up to Heav'n  
 From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

624. 1 John v. 2.

645. *Benediction*; not signifying blessing, but farewell.652. *His bower*, that is, his innermost bower or place of rest.

## BOOK IX.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, having compassed the earth with meditated guile, returns as a mist by night into Paradise, enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her, found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength: Adam at last yields: The Serpent finds her alone: his subtle approach, first guising, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now: the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason; till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge, forbidden: The Serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments, induces her at length to eat; she, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or Angel guest  
 With Man, as with his friend, familiar used  
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
 Rural repast, permitting him the while  
 Venial discourse, unblamed: I now must change      5  
 Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach  
 Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,  
 And disobedience: on the part of Heav'n  
 Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
 Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,      10  
 That brought into this world a world of woe,  
 Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery,

1. Milton has arranged the divisions of his poem with great skill. The reader is by turns filled with awe and delight, astonishment and wonder: after having been terror-stricken at the sublime account of the fall of the angels, he is charmed and soothed by the description of Paradise, and the sweet discourse of philosophy, carried on between Raphael and Adam. A new order of feelings are now to be awakened, and pity, mingled with fear, possesses us through the whole book.

"11. Nothing can be in worse taste than this and other such puns; but not a great poet is perhaps to be found, with a taste so pure, that it could resist altogether the corruptions of the popular one.

Death's harbinger. Sad task! yet argument  
 Not less but more heroic than the wrath  
 Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued 15  
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage  
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused,  
 Or Neptune's ire or Juno's, that so long  
 Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's son:  
 If answerable style I can obtain 20  
 Of my celestial patroness, who deigns  
 Her nightly visitation unimplored,  
 And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires  
 Easy my unpremeditated verse.  
 Since first this subject for heroic song 25  
 Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;  
 Not sedulous by nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the only argument  
 Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect  
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights 30  
 In battles feign'd; the better fortitude  
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom  
 Unsung; or to describe races and games,  
 Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,  
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds; 35  
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights  
 At joust and tournament; then marshal'd feast  
 Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals;  
 The skill of artifice or office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives heroic name 40  
 To person or to poem. Me of these  
 Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument

31. The picture of Milton, which here rises to the mind, is among the most beautiful of the visions to which the poem gives birth. Blind, deserted, but inspired, how like a character in the work does he seem to the imagination, while thus speaking of his communion with the heavenly muse.

32. He had, long before commencing *Paradise Lost*, or designing it even, determined to write an *Epic* on the subject of King Arthur's history.

33. Allusion is made in this passage to the principal *Epics*, the subjects of which are almost all drawn from the wars of one country or the other. The most ardent lover of the classic poems cannot but feel Milton's objection to be correct; the only caution to be observed, is, not to mistake his dislike of their subjects for any depreciation of the sublime geniuses which composed them.

34. *Impresses quaint*; witty devices on the shields—*Bases*, or housings.—*Sewers*, servants who placed the dishes on the table.—*Seneschal*, a principal servant, or steward.



Remains, sufficient of itself to raise  
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing 45  
 Depress'd, and much they may, if all be mine,  
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.  
 The sun was sunk, and after him the star  
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter 54  
 Twixt day and night, and now from end to end  
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round,  
 When Satan, who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent 65  
 On Man's destruction, mangle what might hap  
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
 By night he fled, and at midnight return'd  
 From compassing the earth, cautious of day, 69  
 Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descry'd  
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim  
 That kept their watch: thence full of anguish driven,  
 The space of sev'n continued nights he rode  
 With darkness; thrice the equinoctial line  
 He circled; four times cross'd the car of night 68  
 From pole to pole, traversing each colure;  
 On th' eighth return'd, and on the coast averse  
 From entrance or Cherubic watch, by stealth  
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
 Now not, tho' sin, not time, first wrought the change,  
 Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise 71  
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part  
 Rose up a fountain by the tree of life:  
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose  
 Satan involved in rising mist, then sought 75  
 Where to lie hid. Sea he had search'd and land  
 From Eden over Pontus, and the pool  
 Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;  
 Downward as far antarctic; and in length  
 West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd 80  
 At Darien, thence to the land where flows

71. Pontus, the Euxine or Black Sea.—The pool Mæotis. Pains Mæotis, a lake on the coast of Crim Tartary.—Ob, a river of Muscovy.—Orontes, a river of Syria.—Darien, the isthmus which joins North and South America.—Ocean barr'd, see Job xxxviii. 18.

Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd  
 With narrow search, and with inspection deep  
 Consider'd every creature; which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found 88  
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.  
 Him, after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose  
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter and his dark suggestions hide 90  
 From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake,  
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native subtlety  
 Proceeding, which in other beasts observed  
 Doubt might beget of diabolic power 95  
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
 Thus he resolv'd; but first from inward grief  
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:  
 O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd  
 More justly! seat worthier of Gods! as built 100  
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
 For what God after better worse would build!  
 Terrestrial Heav'n, danced round by other Heav'ns  
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,  
 Light above light, for thee alone, as seems, 105  
 In thee concentrating all their precious beams  
 Of sacred influence! As God in Heav'n  
 Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou  
 Centring receiv'st from all those orbs; in thee,  
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue' appears  
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth 111  
 Of creatures animate with gradual life  
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.  
 With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,

88. The subtlety of the serpent has been always noticed. It is supposed, that Satan might choose this animal in preference to any other, for his purpose, since its subtlety being known it would excite less surprise in the minds of his victims, to find it speaking and reasoning, than would have been the case in respect to any other of the beasts of the field.

113. It were to be wished that Milton had not so nearly approached in expression the ideas of the materialists. He has been accused of formally supporting their doctrine, but the contents of the poem and the elevation of his sentiments on the mysteries of universal being tend greatly to prove he was by no means an advocate of opinions which are as insupportable by reason as they are by Christianity.

If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange 115  
 Of hill and valley, rivers, woods and plains;  
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forests crown'd  
 Rocks, dens, and caves! but I in none of these  
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120  
 Torment within me', as from the hateful siege  
 Of contraries: all good to me becomes  
 Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.  
 But neither here seek I, no, nor in Heav'n  
 To dwell, unless by mast'ring Heav'n's Supreme;  
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable 125  
 By what I seek, but others to make such  
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound:  
 For only in destroying I find ease  
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd, 130  
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
 Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;  
 In woe then, that destruction wide may range.  
 To me shall be the glory sole among 135  
 Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd  
 What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days  
 Continued making, and who knows how long  
 Before had been contriving, though perhaps  
 Not longer than since I in one night freed 140  
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
 Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
 Of his adorers; he to be avenged,  
 And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,  
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd 145  
 More Angels to create, if they at least  
 Are his created, or to spite us more,  
 Determined to advance into our room  
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow, 150  
 Exalted from so base original,  
 With heav'nly spoils, our spoils. What he decreed  
 He' effected; Man he made, and for him built  
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,  
 Him lord pronounced, and, O indignity!  
 Subjected to his service Angel wings, 155  
 And flaming ministers, to watch and tend

Their earthly charge. Of these the vigilance  
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
 Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry  
 In ev'ry bush and brake, where hap may find 166  
 The serpent sleeping, in whose many folds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
 O foul descent ! that I, who erst contended  
 With Gods to sit the high'st, am now constrain'd  
 Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime, 168  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the height of deity aspired !  
 But what will not ambition and revenge  
 Descend to ? Who aspires must down as low  
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last 170  
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
 Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.  
 Let it : I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next 172  
 Provokes my envy, this new fav'rite  
 Of Heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,  
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker raised  
 From dust. Spite then with spite is best repaid.  
 So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,  
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on 180  
 His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
 The serpent : him fast sleeping soon he found,  
 In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,  
 His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles :  
 Nor yet in horrid shade or dismal den, 182  
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb  
 Fearless, unfear'd, he slept. In at his mouth  
 The devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,  
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspired  
 With act intelligential ; but his sleep 190  
 Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.  
 Now when as sacred light began to dawn  
 In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breathed

172. The character of Satan is finely managed in this passage ; the darkness of despair is made more dark by the loftiness of thought and the gleam of arch-angel grandeur still remaining.

186. *Not nocent yet*, in the first edition.

192. This is the morning of the ninth day. On the first Satan came to the earth ; for seven he was voyaging round it, and is here represented as entering Paradise on the ninth.

193. *Breathe*, like the Latin *spiro*.

Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,  
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill 196

With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir  
Of creatures wanting voice : that done partake  
The season, prime for sweetest sent's and airs ; 200  
Then commune how that day they best may ply  
Their growing work : for much their work outgrew  
The hands dispatch of two gard'ning so wide ;  
And Eve first to her husband thus began :

Adam, well may we labour still to dress 205  
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flow'r,  
Our pleasant task enjoin'd ; but till more hands  
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
Luxurious by restraint ; what we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210  
One night or two with wanton growth derides  
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,  
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present :  
Let us divide our labours ; thou where choice  
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct 216

The clasping ivy where to climb ; while I  
In yonder spring of roses, intermix'd  
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon :  
For while so near each other thus all day 220  
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near  
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
Our day's work brought to little, though begun  
Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd. 225

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd :  
Sole Eve, associate sole ; to me beyond  
Compare above all living creatures dear,  
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd  
How we might best fulfil the work which here 230  
God hath assign'd us ; nor of me shalt pass

200. Milton spells *scents* without the *c*, according to the Italian *Scintende*.

212. *Beer* instead of *hear*, in some editions.

228. *Compare* for comparison ; a verb converted into a noun as adjectives sometimes are.

Unprais'd : for nothing lovelier can be found  
 In woman, than to study household good,  
 And good works in her husband to promote.  
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed      235  
 Labour, as to debar us when we need  
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
 (Food of the mind) or this sweet intercourse  
 Of looks and smiles (for smiles from reason flow)  
 To brute deny'd, and are of love the food ;      240  
 Love not the lowest end of human life.  
 For not to irksome toil, but to delight  
 He made us, and delight to reason join'd.  
 These paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands  
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide      245  
 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
 Assist us : but if much converse perhaps  
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield ;  
 For solitude sometimes is best society,  
 And short retirement urges sweet return.      250  
 But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
 Befall thee, severed from me ; for thou know'st  
 What hath been warn'd us ; what malicious foe,  
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame      255  
 By sly assault ; and somewhere nigh at hand  
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
 Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each  
 To other speedy aid might lend at need.      260  
 Whether his first design be to withdraw  
 Our fealty from God, or to disturb  
 Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss  
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more ;  
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side      265  
 That gave thee being, still shades thee, and protects.  
 The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays ;  
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.  
 To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,      270  
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
 With sweet austere composure thus reply'd :  
 Offspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earth's  
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks      [Lord,

Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn, 275  
 And from the parting Angel overheard,  
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
 Just then return'd at shut of ev'ning flow'rs.  
 But that thou should'st my firmness therefore doubt  
 To God or thee, because we have a foe 280  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
 His violence thou fear'st not, being such  
 As we, not capable of death or pain,  
 Can either not receive, or can repel.  
 His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers 285  
 Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love  
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced? [breast,  
 Thoughts, which bow found they harbour in thy  
 Adam, mis-thought of her to thee so dear?  
 To whom with healing words Adam reply'd: 290  
 Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,  
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:  
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 Th attempt itself, intended by our foe. 295  
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperges  
 The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed  
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof  
 Against temptation. Thou thyself with scorn  
 And anger would'st resent the offer'd wrong, 300  
 Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labour to avert  
 From thee alone, which on us both at once  
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,  
 Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light. 305  
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;  
 Subtle he needs must be who could seduce  
 Angels; nor think superfluous other's aid.  
 I from the influence of thy looks receive  
 Access in ev'ry virtue; in thy sight 310  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
 Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd  
 Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.  
 Why should'st not thou like sense within thee feel

275. Nothing can be more beautifully natural than the hour of return being fixed by the closing of the flowers.

When I am present, and thy trial chooseth 216  
 With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd ?  
 So spake domestic Adam, in his care  
 And matrimonial love : but Eve, who thought  
 Less attributed to her faith sincere, 220  
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd :  
 If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
 In narrow circuit straighten'd by a foe,  
 Subtle or violent, we not endued  
 Single with like defence, wherever met, 226  
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm ?  
 But harm precedes not sin : only our foe  
 Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem  
 Of our integrity : his foul esteem  
 Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns 230  
 Foul on himself : then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd  
 By us ? who rather double honour gain  
 From his surmise proved false, find peace within,  
 Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.  
 And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd 236  
 Alone, without exterior help sustain'd ?  
 Let us not then suspect our happy state  
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combined.  
 Frail is our happiness, if this be so, 240  
 And Eden were no Eden thus exposed.  
 To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd :  
 O Woman, best are all things as the will  
 Of God ordain'd them ; his creating hand  
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left 246  
 Of all that he created, much less Man,  
 Or ought that might his happy state secure,  
 Secure from outward force. Within himself  
 The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r :  
 Against his will he can receive no harm. 250  
 But God left free the will ; for what obeys  
 Reason is free, and reason he made right ;  
 But bid her well be ware, and still erect,  
 Lest by some fair appearing good surprised,  
 She dictate false, and misinform the will 256  
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.

256. Be ware, two words were being an adjective as well as a verb.



Not then mistrust but tender love enjoins,  
 That I should mind thee oft; and mind thou me.  
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
 Since reason not impossibly may meet 360  
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,  
 And fall into deception unaware,  
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.  
 Seek not temptation then; which to avoid  
 Were better, and most likely if from me 365  
 Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.  
 Would'st thou approve thy constancy, approve  
 First thy obedience; th' other who can know,  
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
 But if thou think, trial unsought may find 370  
 Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,  
 Go: for thy stay, not free, absents thee more.  
 Go, in thy native innocence, rely  
 On what thou hast of virtue, summon all, 374  
 For God tow'ards thee hath done his part; do thine.  
 So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve  
 Persisted, yet submiss, though last, reply'd:  
 With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd  
 Chiefly by what thy own last reas'ning words  
 Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought, 380  
 May find us both perhaps far less prepared,  
 The willinger I go; nor much expect  
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek:  
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse. 384  
 Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand  
 Soft she withdrew, and, like a Wood-Nymph light,  
 Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
 Betook her to the groves; but Delia's self  
 In gait surpass'd, and Goddess-like deport,  
 Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd, 390  
 But with such gard'ning tools as art yet rude,  
 Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.  
 To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,  
 Likest she seem'd; Pomona when she fled  
 Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime, 396  
 Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
 Her long with ardent look his eye pursued,  
 Delighted; but desiring more her stay.

396. *Virgin of Proserpine, a Grecian.*—Theocritus, Idyl II. 128

Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
 Repeated ; she to him as oft engaged 400  
 To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,  
 And all things in best order to invite  
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.  
 O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,  
 Of thy presumed return ! event perverse ! 405  
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise  
 Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose !  
 Such ambush hid among sweet flow'rs and shades  
 Waited with hellish rancour imminent  
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410  
 Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.  
 For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend,  
 Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
 And on his quest, where likeliest he might find  
 The only two of mankind, but in them 415  
 The whole included race ; his purposed prey.  
 In bow'r and field he sought, where any tuft  
 Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,  
 Their tendence or plantation for delight :  
 By fountain, or by shady rivulet 420  
 He sought them both ; but wish'd his hap might find  
 Eve separate ; he wish'd, but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood, 425  
 Half spy'd, so thick the roses blushing round  
 About her glow'd, oft stooping to support  
 Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head, though gay  
 Carnation, purple', azure, or speck'd with gold,  
 Hung drooping unsustain'd : them she upstays 430  
 Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while  
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flow'r,  
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.  
 Nearer he drew ; and many a walk traversed  
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm, 435  
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
 Among thick-woven arborets and flow'rs  
 Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve :  
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd

435. *Imborder'd*, from the old word *to imborder*, *to enclose* or *to border*.

BOOK IX.

208

Or of revived Adonis, or renown'd 440  
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,  
 Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king  
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.  
 Much he the place admired; the person more.  
 As one who long in populous city pent, 443  
 Where houses thick, and sewers annoy the air,  
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe  
 Among the pleasant villages and farms  
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;  
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine, 446  
 Or dairy', each rural sight, each rural sound;  
 If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more.  
 She most, and in her look sums all delight.  
 Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold 448  
 This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
 Thus early, thus alone. Her heav'nly form  
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine,  
 Her graceful innocence, her ev'ry air  
 Of gesture or least action, overawed 450  
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.  
 That space the Evil One abstracted stood  
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd  
 Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd, 453  
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;  
 But the hot Hell that always in him burns,  
 Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight,  
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd. Then soon 470  
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites:  
 Thoughts, whither have ye led me! With what sweet  
 Compulsion thus transported to forget  
 What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope  
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste 476

440. It was supposed that Adonis was restored to life at the request of Venus. The gardens of Alcinous were celebrated universally among the ancients; those not mystic were the gardens Solomon made for Pharaoh's daughter.

447. The interview between Aladin and Sophronia in the 2 Can. of Tasso is described in similar terms.

448. That is, it would be so were he in heaven. Or there is an allusion perhaps to Job i. 6. ll. 1.

Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
 Save what is in destroying : other joy  
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
 Occasion which now smiles. Behold alone 498  
 The woman, opportune to all attempts,  
 Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
 And strength of courage haughty, and of limb  
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould, 499  
 Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,  
 I not. So much hath Hell debased, and pain  
 Enfeebled me to what I was in Heav'n.  
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods ;  
 Not terrible, though terror be in love 500  
 And beauty ; not approach'd by stronger hate,  
 Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,  
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.  
 So spake th' enemy of mankind, inclosed  
 In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve 501  
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,  
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,  
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd  
 Fold above fold a surging maze, his head 502  
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes ;  
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect  
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
 Floated redundant. Pleasing was his shape,  
 And lovely : never since of serpent kind 503  
 Lovelier : not those that in Illyria changed  
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the God  
 In Epidaurus ; nor to which transform'd  
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen ;  
 He with Olympias, this with her who bore  
 Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique 510  
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
 To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.  
 As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought,  
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind

503. Cadmus and his wife being obliged to leave Thebes on going into Illyria were changed into serpents by the way ; if the word *these* be considered as referring to serpents generally, as the nature of serpents, the construction will be easy.—The god in Epidaurus, Æsculapius, who was worshipped in that place.

504. Ammonian, Lybian ; Capitoline, Roman.

## BOOK IX.

211

Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail, 515  
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
 Carl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
 To lure her eye : she busy'd, heard the sound  
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used  
 To such disport before her through the field 520  
 From ev'ry beast ; more duteous at her call  
 Than at Circean call the herd disguised.  
 He bolder now, uncalled, before her stood,  
 But as in gaze admiring, oft he bow'd  
 His turret crest and sleek enamel'd neck, 525  
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
 The eye of Eve to mark his play. He, glad  
 Of her attention gain'd, with serpent-tongue  
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air, 530  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began :  
 Wonder not, sov'reign Mistress, if perhaps  
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder ; much less arm  
 Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze 535  
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair !  
 These all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty' adore 540  
 With ravishment beheld ! there best beheld  
 Where universally admired : but here  
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except, 545  
 Who sees thee ? (and what is one ?) who should'st be  
 A Goddess among Gods, adored and served [seen  
 By Angels numberless, thy daily train.  
 So glozed the Tempter, and his poem tuned ;  
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way, 550  
 Though at the voice much marvelling. At length,  
 Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake : [nounced  
 What may this mean ? Language of man pro-  
 By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd !  
 The first at least of these I thought deny'd 555  
 To beasts, whom God on their creation-day  
 Created mute to all articulate sound :

The latter I demur; for in their looks  
 Much reason, and in their actions oft appears.  
 Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field, 560  
 I knew, but not with human voice endued.  
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute; and how  
 To me so friendly grown above the rest  
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight! 565  
 Say! for such wonder claims attention due.  
 To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd:  
 Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,  
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all [obey'd  
 What thou command'st; and right thou should'st be  
 I was at first as other beasts that graze 571  
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
 As was my food: nor aught but food discern'd,  
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high;  
 Till on a day roving the field, I chanced 575  
 A goodly tree far distant to behold,  
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,  
 Ruddy and gold. I nearer drew to gaze;  
 When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,  
 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense 580  
 Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats  
 Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at ev'n,  
 Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.  
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd 585  
 Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once  
 (Pow'rful persuaders) quicken'd at the scent  
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.  
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,  
 For high from ground the branches would require 590  
 Thy utmost reach or Adam's: Round the tree  
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire  
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill 595  
 I spar'd not; for such pleasure till that hour  
 At feed or fountain never had I found.  
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
 Strange alteration in me, to degree  
 Of reason in my inward pow'rs, and speech 600

Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.  
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
 I turn'd my thoughts, and, with capacious mind,  
 Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,  
 Or Earth, or Middle; all things fair and good : 605  
 But all that fair and good in thy divine  
 Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray  
 United I beheld. No fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second; which compell'd  
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610  
 And gaze, and worship thee, of right declared  
 Sov'reign of creatures, universal Dame.  
 So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and Eve,  
 Yet more amazed, unwary, thus reply'd :  
 Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt 615  
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved.  
 But say, where grows the tree? from hence how far?  
 For many are the trees of God that grow  
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice, 620  
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
 Help to disburden Nature of her birth.  
 To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad : 625  
 Empress, the way is ready, and not long;  
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,  
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past  
 Of blowing myrrh and balm. If thou accept  
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon. 630  
 Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd  
 In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,  
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
 Brightens his crest; as when a wand'ring fire,  
 Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night 635  
 Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
 Kindled through agitation to a flame,  
 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,

612. *Dame*, formerly a term of great respect.

613. Warburton says, Milton has shewn more skill in the theology of this part of the poem than in any other. His answer to the objections against the Mosaic history are of his own invention.

634. The description of the serpent in this passage is remarkable for its fidelity and force.

Hov'ring and blazing with delusive light,  
Misleads th' amazed night-wand'rer from his way  
To bogs and miras, and oft through pond or pool, 640  
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.

So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud  
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree  
Of prohibition, root of all our woe! 645

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake :  
Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,  
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to' excess,  
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,  
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects. 650

But of this tree we may not taste nor touch ;  
God so commanded, and left that command  
Sole daughter of his voice : the rest, we live  
Law to ourselves ; our reason is our law. .

To whom the Tempter guilefully reply'd : 655  
Indeed ! Hath God then said, that of the fruit  
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,  
Yet Lords declared of all in earth or air ?

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless : Of the fruit  
Of each tree in the garden we may eat : 660  
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst  
The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat  
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more  
The Tempter, but with show of zeal and love [bold  
To Man, and indignation at his wrong, 665  
New part puts on, and as to passion moved,  
Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely, and in act  
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.  
As when of old some orator renown'd 670  
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence  
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd  
Stood in himself collected, while each part,

643. *Fraud*, hurt or damage.

644. *The tree of prohibition*, an Hebraism for the prohibited tree.

653. Another Hebraism ; the expression signifies among the Jews, 'a voice from heaven,' or any mysterious revelation by signs or dreams.

673. There is a similar Italian expression, *in se raccolto*. A new reading is proposed by Bentley, thus,

*Stood in himself collected whole, while each  
Motion, each air :*

But the best commentators prefer the present text.



BOOK IX.

215

Motion, each act won audience, ere the tongue,  
 Sometimes in highth began, as no delay 675  
 Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:  
 So standing, moving, or to highth up grown,  
 The Tempter, all impassion'd, thus began:  
 O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,  
 Mother of science, now I feel thy pow'r 680  
 Within me clear, not only to discern  
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
 Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.  
 Queen of this universe, do not believe  
 Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die. 685  
 How should ye? by the fruit? It gives you life  
 To knowledge; by the threat'ner? Look on me,  
 Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
 And life more perfect have attain'd than fate 690  
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.  
 Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast  
 Is open? or will God incense his ire  
 For such a petty trespass, and not praise  
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
 Of death denounced, whatever thing death be, 695  
 Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead  
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil!  
 Of good, how just! of evil, if what is evil  
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye and be just: 700  
 Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:  
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
 Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,  
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
 His worshippers. He knows that in the day 705  
 Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,  
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
 Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
 Knowing both good and evil as they know.  
 That ye shall be as Gods, since I as Man, 710  
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet;  
 I of brute human, ye of human Gods.  
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
 Human, to put on Gods; death to be wish'd,

704. Gen. iii. 5.

714. *To put on Gods; to become divine instead of human.*

Tho' threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring  
 And what are Gods, that Man may not become 716  
 As they, participating Godlike food ?  
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds.

I question it ; for this fair earth I see, 720  
 Warm'd by the sun, producing ev'ry kind ;  
 Them nothing. If they all things, who inclosed  
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
 That whose eats thereof, forthwith attains  
 Wisdom without their leave ? and wherein lies 725  
 Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know ?  
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree  
 Impart against his will, if all be his ?  
 Or is it envy ? And can envy dwell  
 In heav'nly breasts ? These, these and many more 730  
 Causes, import your need of this fair fruit.  
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words, replete with guile,  
 Into her heart too easy entrance won.  
 Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold 735  
 Might tempt alone ; and in her ears the sound  
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth :  
 Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked  
 An eager appetite, raised by the smell 740  
 So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,  
 Inclenable now grown to touch or taste,  
 Solicited her longing eye : yet first,  
 Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused :

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits, 745  
 Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired,  
 Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay  
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
 The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.  
 Thy praise he also, who forbids thy use, 750

735. This is one of the few instances of bad taste really affecting the beauty of the narrative, to be found in the poem. The whole of Satan's speech had tended to inspire spiritual pride and a bold desire of knowledge ; all the following reflections of Eve are in correspondence with the address of the tempter. The idea, therefore, here introduced of her sharpened appetite, and of the savoriness of the fruit, is in bad keeping with the general tone of the passage ; and I am not a little surprised that any of Milton's commentators could have attempted to find a beauty in its introduction.

Concoals not from us, naming thee the tree  
 Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil:  
 Forbids us then to taste; but his forbidding  
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
 By thee communicated, and our want: 755  
 For good unknown, sure is not had; or had  
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
 In plain then, what forbids he but to know;  
 Forbids us good! forbids us to be wise!  
 Such prohibitions bind not. But if death 760  
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eat  
 Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.  
 How dies the Serpent? he hath eaten and lives,  
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns:  
 Irrational till then. For us alone 765  
 Was death invented? or to us deny'd  
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?  
 For beasts it seems; yet that one beast which first  
 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770  
 The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,  
 Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.  
 What fear I then? Rather, what know to fear  
 Under this ignorance of good and evil,  
 Of God or death, of law or penalty? 775  
 Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,  
 Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
 Of virtue to make wise. What hinders then  
 To reach, and feed at once both body' and mind?  
 So saying, her rash hand, in evil hour, 780  
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!  
 Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat  
 Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe,  
 That all was lost! Back to the thicket slunk  
 The guilty Serpent, and well might, for Eve, 785  
 Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else  
 Regarded; such delight till then, as seem'd,  
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true  
 Or fancy'd so, through expectation high  
 Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her thought.  
 Greedily she ingorged without restraint 790  
 And knew not eating death. Satiated at length,  
 And heighten'd as with wine, jocund, and boom,  
 L

Thus to herself she pleasingly began :

O sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees 785

In Paradise, of operation blest

To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,

And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end

Created ; but henceforth my early care,

Not without song, each morning, and due praise 800

Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease

Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all ;

Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature

In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know ;

Though others envy what they cannot give ; 805

For had the gift been theirs, it had not here

Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,

Best guide ; not following thee I had remain'd

In ignorance : thou open'st Wisdom's way,

And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810

And I perhaps am secret : Heav'n is high,

High and remote, to see from thence distinct

Each thing on earth ; and other care perhaps

May have diverted from continual watch

Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies 815

About him. But to Adam, in what sort

Shall I appear ? Shall I to him make known

As yet my change, and give him to partake

Full happiness with me, or rather not,

But keep the odds of knowledge in my pow'r 820

Without copartner ? so to add what wants

In female sex, the more to draw his love,

And render me more equal, and perhaps,

A thing not undesirable, sometime

Superior ; for inferior, who is free ? 825

This may be well ; but what if God have seen,

And death ensue ? Then I shall be no more ;

And Adam, wedded to another Eve,

Shall live with her enjoying ; I extinct.

A death to think ! Confirm'd then, I resolve 830

Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe :

So dear I love him, that with him all deaths

I could endure ; without him live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd :

815. *To give to partake ; an elegant mode of expression in classic authors.*

## BOOK IX.

219

But first low rev'rence done, as to the Pow'r 835  
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infused  
 Into the plant sciential esp,<sup>d</sup> derived  
 From nectar. drink of Gods. Adam the while  
 Waiting, desirous her return, had wove  
 Of choicest flow'rs a garland, to adorn 840  
 Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,  
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.  
 Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new  
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd ;  
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill, 845  
 Misgave him: he the falt'ring measure felt ;  
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
 That morn when first they parted. By the tree  
 Of knowledge he must pass : there he her met,  
 Scarce from the tree returning : in her hand 850  
 A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,  
 New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused.  
 To him she hasted. In her face excuse  
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,  
 Which with bland words at will she thus address'd :  
 Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay ? 855  
 Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, deprived  
 Thy presence ; agony of love till now  
 Not felt ! nor shall be twice ; for never more  
 Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I sought, 860  
 The pain of absence from thy sight ! But strange  
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.  
 This tree is not, as we are told, a tree  
 Of danger tasted, nor to' evil unknown  
 Opening the way, but of divine effect 865  
 To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste !  
 And hath been tasted such. The serpent wise,  
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,

835. This first sign of idolatry in man is well introduced as an immediate consequence of the fall. The remaining portion of this book may be considered, I think, as in some respects superior to any other part of the poem. The mention of Adam, unconscious of the coming woe, weaving flowers for Eve is exquisitely pathetic ; the misgivings of his heart on meeting her, the description of her agitated appearance, and the discourse, deep and passionate which follows, are all conceived in the finest vein of tragic genius. In no other part of his poem had Milton an opportunity of displaying his power in the delineation of human passion, but he has here proved, that had his subject admitted it it would have possessed not less pathos than sublimity.

Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,  
 Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth 870  
 Endued with human voice and human sense,  
 Reasoning to admiration; and with me  
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I  
 Have also tasted, and have also found  
 Th' effects to correspond; opener mine eyes, 875  
 Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,  
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee  
 Chiefly I sought; without thee can despise:  
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;  
 Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon. 880  
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot  
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love!  
 Lest thou not tasting, different degree  
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce  
 Delity for thee, when Fate will not permit. 885

Thus Eve, with count'nance blithe, her story told;  
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.  
 On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,  
 Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill 890  
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;  
 From his slack hand the garland, wreath'd for Eve,  
 Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed.  
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length,  
 First to himself, he inward silence broke: 895

O fairest of creation, last and best  
 Of all God's works, Creature in whom excell'd  
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet! 900  
 How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost!  
 Defaced, deflow'r'd, and now to death devote!  
 Rather, How hast thou yielded, to transgress  
 The strict forbiddance! how to violate  
 The sacred fruit forbidden! Some cursed fraud 905  
 Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,  
 And me with thee hath ruin'd! for with thee  
 Certain my resolution is to die.  
 How can I live without thee! how forego  
 Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,  
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn! 910  
 Should God create another Eve, and I

Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
 Would never from my heart. No, no, I feel  
 The link of nature draw me : flesh of flesh,  
 Bone of my bone thou art ; and from thy state 915  
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.  
 So having said, as one from sad dismay  
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd  
 Submitting to what seem'd remediless,  
 Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd : 920  
 Bold deed thou hast presumed, advent'rous Eve,  
 And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,  
 Had it been only coveting to eye  
 That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
 Much more to taste it, under ban to touch. 925  
 But past who can recall, or done undo ?  
 Not God omnipotent, nor Fate : yet so  
 Perhaps thou shalt not die ; perhaps the fact  
 Is not so hainous now, foretasted fruit,  
 Profaned first by the serpent, by him first 930  
 Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste ;  
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives ;  
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live as Man  
 Higher degree of life : inducement strong  
 To us, as likely tasting, to attain 935  
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
 But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-Gods.  
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
 Though threat'ning, will in earnest so destroy  
 Us his prime creatures, dignify'd so high, 940  
 Set over all his works, which in our fall,  
 For us created, needs with us must fail,  
 Dependent made : so God shall uncreate,  
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,  
 Not well conceived of God, who tho' his pow'r 945  
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loth  
 Us to abolish, lest the Adversary  
 Triumph and say, Fickle their state whom God  
 Most favours : who can please him long ? Me first  
 He ruin'd, now Mankind. Whom will he next ? 950  
 Matter of scorn, not to be giv'n the Foe.  
 However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,  
 Certain to undergo like doom. If death

929. *Hainous*, so spelt by Milton, from the French *Aineus*.

Consort with thee, death is to me as life :  
 So forcible within my heart I feel 983  
 The bond of nature draw me to my own,  
 My own in thee! for what thou art is mine .  
 Our state cannot be severed; we are one,  
 One flesh. To lose thee were to lose myself  
 So Adam; and thus Eve to him reply'd: 984  
 O glorious trial of exceeding love!  
 Illustrious evidence! example high!  
 Engaging me to emulate, but short  
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
 Adam! from whose dear side I boast me sprung, 985  
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak,  
 One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof  
 This day affords, declaring thee resolved,  
 Rather than death or aught than death more dread  
 Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear, 979  
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,  
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,  
 Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,  
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented  
 This happy trial of thy love, which else 975  
 So eminently never had been known.  
 Were it I thought death menaced would ensue  
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
 The worst, and not persuade thee: rather die  
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact 980  
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured  
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
 So faithful love, unequal'd; but I feel  
 Far otherwise th' event; not death, but life  
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys, 986  
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before  
 Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.  
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste;  
 And fear of death deliver to the winds.  
 So saying, she embraced him, and for joy 988

988. There is great beauty and the truest passion in this picture of Eve. It well prepares the mind for the fall of Adam, who is represented as sinning more through the intoxication of love and fondness than any ignorance of his danger. What a magnificent scene has the poet for the first act of the fearful tragedy! The great theatre of the universe filled with darkness and horror, and the earth and elements suffering with a mysterious conscious sense of ruin.



Tenderly wept; much won that he his love  
 Had so ennobled, as of choice t' incur  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
 In recompense (for such compliance bad  
 Such recompense best merits) from the bough 995  
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit  
 With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat  
 Against his better knowledge; not deceived,  
 But fondly overcome, with female charm.  
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again 1000  
 In pangs; and Nature gave a second groan;  
 Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
 Original; while Adam took no thought,  
 Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate 1005  
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to sooth  
 Him with her loved society, that now,  
 As with new wine intoxicated both,  
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
 Divinity within them breeding wings 1010  
 Wherewith to scorn the earth: but that false fruit  
 Far other operation first display'd;  
 Carnal desire inflaming: he on Eve  
 Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him  
 As wantonly repaid. In lust they burn: 1015  
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move:  
 Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
 And elegant, of sapience no small part,  
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
 And palate call judicious. I the praise 1020  
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
 Much pleasure we have lost while we abstain'd  
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now  
 True relish, tasting. If such pleasure be  
 In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wish'd, 1025  
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.

1000. A commentator has expressed his wonder that Adam showed no astonishment at these convulsions.—Had he been ignorant of his guilt he would have done so, but he was aware of the crime he was committing, and the same fascination which made him break the known command of his Creator, prevented his regarding these signs of his wrath. It may also be conjectured that, useful as they were, the confusion of thought and passion with which he was agitated might hinder his giving them their proper and terrible interpretation.

But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,  
 As meet is, after such delicious fare ;  
 For never did thy beauty since the day  
 I saw thee first and wedded thee. adorn'd 1000  
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
 With ardour to enjoy thee ; fairer now  
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.

So said he ; and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent : well understood 1005  
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
 Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,  
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd,  
 He led her, nothing loth. Flow'rs were the couch,  
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel, 1010  
 And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.  
 There they their fill of love and love's disport  
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
 The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep  
 Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.  
 Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit, 1015  
 That with exhilarating vapour bland  
 About their spirits had play'd, and inmost pow'rs  
 Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser sleep  
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1020  
 Incumber'd, now had left them, up they rose  
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
 Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds  
 How darken'd. Innocence, that as a veil  
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone ;  
 Just confidence, and native righteousness, 1025  
 And honour from about them, naked left  
 To guilty shame ; he cover'd, but his robe  
 Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong  
 Herculean Samson from the harlot-lap 1030  
 Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked  
 Shorn of his strength. They destitute and bare  
 Of all their virtue : silent, and in face  
 Confounded long they sat, as stricken mute,

1000. The passage following is principally copied from Homer. and would be exceptionable did it not form part of the moral of the poem : what a contrast, it has been well observed, is the love scene here described to that in the eighth book.

1025. *He*, refers to shame, which is personified.

1030. *Samson* was of the tribe of Dan.

Fill Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd, 1065  
At length gave utterance to these words, constrain'd :

O Eve ! in evil hour thou didst give ear  
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught  
To counterfeit Man's voice, true in our fall,  
False in our promised rising ! Since our eyes 1070  
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know  
Both good and evil ; good lost, and evil got !  
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know  
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,  
Of innocence, of faith, of purity, 1075

Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,  
And in our faces evident the signs  
Of foul concupiscence ; whence evil store ;  
E'en shame, the last of evils : of the first  
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face 1080

Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld ! those heav'nly shapes  
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze,  
Insufferably bright ! O might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glade 1085

Obscured, where highest woods impenetrable  
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad,  
And brown as ev'ning ! Cover me, ye Pines ;  
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never see them more. 1090

But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
What best may for the present serve to hide  
The parts of each from other, that seem most  
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen ;  
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd,  
And girded on our loins, may cover round 1095  
Those middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,  
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd he ; and both together went  
Into the thickest wood ; there soon they chose 1100  
The fig-tree ; not that kind for fruit renown'd,  
But such as at this day, to Indians known  
In Malabar or Deccan, spreads her arms  
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow 1105  
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade

1102. *Malabar*, a part of the East Indies, in which is the kingdom of Deccan.

High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between :  
 There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,  
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
 At loop-holes cut through thickest shade. Those leaves  
 They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe, 1111  
 And with what skill they had together sew'd,  
 To gird their waist. Vain covering, if to hide  
 Their guilt and dreaded shame ! O how unlike  
 To that first naked glory ! Such of late 1112  
 Columbus found th' American, so girt  
 With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild  
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores.  
 Thus fenced, and as they thought, their shame in part  
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind, 1120  
 They sat them down to weep ; nor only tears  
 Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate, .  
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore  
 Their inward state of mind : calm region once 1125  
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent ;  
 For understanding ruled not, and the will  
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath  
 Usurping over sov'reign reason, claim'd 1130  
 Superior sway. From thus distemper'd breast,  
 Adam, estranged in look and alter'd style,  
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd : [stay'd  
 Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and  
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange 1135  
 Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn,  
 I know not whence, possess'd thee ; we had then  
 Remain'd still happy, not, as now, despoil'd  
 Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable.  
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to' approve  
 The faith they owe : when earnestly they seek 1141  
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail. [Eve :  
 To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus  
 What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam, severe !  
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will 1145  
 Of wand'ring, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
 But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,  
 Or to thyself perhaps ! Hadst thou been there,

1112. *Together sew'd* ; this, which is taken from our translation of the passage in Genesis, means in the original, *wove or plied*.

Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd  
 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake; 1150  
 No ground of enmity between us known,  
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.  
 Was I to have ne'er parted from thy side?  
 As good have grown there still, a lifeless rib!  
 Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head, 1155  
 Command me absolutely not to go,  
 Going into such danger as thou saidst?  
 Too facile then thou didst not much gainsay,  
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
 Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent, 1160  
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.  
 To whom then, first incensed, Adam reply'd:  
 Is this the love, is this the recompense  
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express'd  
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I, 1165  
 Who might have lived and joy'd immortal bliss,  
 Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?  
 And am I now upbraided as the cause  
 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
 It seems, in thy restraint. What could I more? 1170  
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
 The danger, and the lurking enemy  
 That lay in wait. Beyond this had been force;  
 And force upon free-will hath here no place.  
 But confidence then bore thee on, secure 1175  
 Either to meet no danger, or to find  
 Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps  
 I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
 What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
 No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue 1180  
 That error now, which is become my crime,  
 And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall  
 Him who, to worth in women overtrusting,  
 Lets her will rule. Restraint she will not brook;  
 And left to herself, if evil thence ensue, 1185  
 She first his weak indulgence will accuse.  
 Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
 The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning:  
 And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

1170. *My* restraint is found in some editions.

1183. Bentley reads, *women*; but the transition from the singular to the plural, as in this passage, is not a sufficient reason for the change.

## BOOK X.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and re-ascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of Man. To make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then, preparing for Earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man: instead of applause, is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death: God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolence of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but, conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her Seed should be revenged on the Serpent; and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the hainous and despicable act  
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how  
He in the serpent had perverted Eve,  
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,  
Was known in Heav'n: for what can 'scape the eye  
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart 6  
Omniscient! who in all things wise and just,  
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind  
Of Man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd,  
Complete to have discover'd and repulsed 10  
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend. [ber'd  
For still they knew, and ought to have still remem-  
The high injunction not to taste that fruit  
Whoever tempted: which they not obeying,

1. There is more of action, as Addison has well observed, in this book than in any other, and all the characters of the poem are made to pass in quick succession before the reader.

Incurr'd (what could they less!) the penalty, 15  
 And manifold in sin, deserved to fall.  
 Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste  
 Th' Angelic guards ascended, mute and sad  
 For Man; for of his state by this they knew,  
 Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stolen 20  
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
 From Earth arrived at Heaven-gate, displeased  
 All were who heard: dim sadness did not spare  
 That time celestial visages; yet, mix'd  
 With pity, violated not their bliss. 25  
 About the new-arrived, in multitudes  
 Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know  
 How all befell: they tow'rd the throne supreme,  
 Accountable, made haste to make appear  
 With righteous plea their utmost vigilance, 30  
 And easily approved; when the Most High  
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,  
 Amidst in thunder, utter'd thus his voice:  
 Assembled Angels, and ye Pow'rs return'd  
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd 35  
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,  
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.  
 I told ye then he should prevail and speed 40  
 On his bad errand; Man should be seduced  
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
 Against his Maker; no decree of mine  
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse 45  
 His free-will, to her own inclining left  
 In even scale. But fall'n he is; and now  
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass  
 On his transgression, death denounced that day;  
 Which he presumes already vain and void, 50  
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
 By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find  
 Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end.  
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.

21. *Mix'd with pity* must be read as in a parenthesis, according to Warburton; the idea of angelic sadness thus softened being very just and beautiful.

But whom send I to judge them? Whom but thee, 59  
 Vicegerent Son! To thee I have transferr'd  
 All judgment, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.  
 Easy it may be seen that I intend  
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee  
 Man's Friend, his Mediator, his design'd 60  
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary,  
 And destined Man himself to judge Man fall'n.  
 So spake the Father, and unfolding bright  
 Tow'rd the right hand his glory, on the Son  
 Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity: he full 61  
 Resplendent all his Father manifest  
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild:

Father Eternal, thine is to decree;  
 Mine, both in Heav'n and Earth, to do thy will  
 Supreme, that thou in me, thy Son beloved, 70  
 May'st ever rest well pleased. I go to judge  
 On earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,  
 Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,  
 When time shall be, for so I undertook  
 Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain 75  
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
 On me derived; yet I shall temper so  
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
 Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.  
 Attendance none shall need, nor train where none 80  
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judged,  
 Those two. The third, best absent, is condemn'd,  
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law  
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose 85  
 Of high collat'ral glory: him Thrones and Pow'rs,  
 Princedoms and Dominations ministrant,  
 Accompanied to Heaven-gate; from whence  
 Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.  
 Down he descended straight: the speed of Gods 90  
 Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.  
 Now was the sun in western cadence low  
 From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour

36. John v. 22-27.

59. Ps. lxxxv. 16.

71. According to Book iii. line 236.

75. *Illustrate most, shew or prove most clearly.*

92. Gen. iii. 2, and following verses.



To fan the earth, now waked, and usher in  
 The ev'ning cool, when he from wrath more cool, 98  
 Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both,  
 To sentence Man. The voice of God they heard  
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds  
 Brought to their ears, while day declined: they heard.  
 And from his presence hid themselves among 100  
 The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God  
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud:  
 Where art thou, Adam? went with joy to meet  
 My coming, seen far off! I miss thee here,  
 Not pleased, thus entertain'd with solitude, 105  
 Where obvious duty' erewhile appear'd unsought:  
 Or come I less conspicuous? or what change  
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.  
 He came, and with him Eve, more loth, tho' first  
 T' offend, discount'nanced both, and discomposed: 110  
 Love was not in their looks, either to God  
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,  
 Anger, and obstinacy', and hate, and guile.  
 Whence Adam, falt'ring long, thus answer'd brief:  
 I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice 115  
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom  
 The gracious Judge, without revile, reply'd:  
 My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
 But still rejoic'd: how is it now become 120  
 So dreadful to thee? That thou'rt naked, who  
 Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree  
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?  
 To whom thus Adam, sore beset, reply'd:  
 O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand 125  
 Before my Judge, either to undergo  
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse  
 My other self, the partner of my life;  
 Whose falling, while her faith to me remains,  
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130  
 By my complaint; but strict necessity  
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,  
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,  
 However insupportable, be all  
 Devoled; tho', should I hold my peace, yet thou 135  
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.

This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,  
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill ; 148  
 And what she did, whatever in itself,  
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed ;  
 She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

To whom the Sov'reign Presence thus reply'd :  
 Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey 149  
 Before his voice ? or was she made thy guide,  
 Superior, or but equal, that to her  
 Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place  
 Wherein God set thee 'bove her, made of thee,  
 And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd 150  
 Hers in all real dignity ? Adorn'd  
 She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
 Thy love, not thy subjection ; and her gifts  
 Were such as under government well seem'd,  
 Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part 151  
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few :  
 Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done ?  
 To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge 152  
 Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd, reply'd :  
 The Serpent me beguiled, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
 To judgment he proceeded on th' accused  
 Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer 153  
 The guilt on him who made him instrument  
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
 Of his creation ; justly then accurs'd,  
 As vitiated in nature : more to know  
 Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew) 170  
 Nor alter'd his offence ; yet God at last  
 To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied,  
 Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best ;  
 And on the serpent thus his curse let fall :

154. *Person*, here used in the sense of the Latin *persona*, character.

155. Warburton conjectures from this passage that Milton had not the intention when he wrote it, of making Michael give Adam the information on redemption which is found in the xliith book. If it be not so, the passage as he observes is out of place.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed 175  
 Above all cattle, each beast of the field;  
 Upon thy belly grov'ling thou shalt go,  
 And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.  
 Between thee and the Woman I will put  
 Enmity, and between thine and her seed : 180  
 Her Seed shall bruise thy head; thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verify'd  
 When Jesus, Son of Mary, second Eve,  
 Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heav'n,  
 Prince of the air; then, rising from his grave, 185  
 Spoil'd principalities and pow'rs, triumph'd  
 In open show, and, with ascension bright,  
 Captivity led captive through the air,  
 The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd;  
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet; 190  
 E'en he who now foretold his fatal bruise,  
 And to the Woman thus his sentence turn'd:  
 Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply  
 By thy conception: Children thou shalt bring  
 In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will 195  
 Thine shall submit: he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced:  
 Because thou'st hearken'd to th' voice of thy wife,  
 And eaten of the tree, concerning which 199  
 I charged thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof;  
 Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow  
 Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life:  
 Thorns also' and thistles it shall bring thee forth  
 Unbid; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field;  
 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, 205  
 Till thou return unto the ground; for thou  
 Out of the ground wast taken (know thy birth);  
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,  
 And th' instant stroke of death denounced, that day  
 Removed far off; then pitying how they stood 211  
 Before him naked to the air, that now  
 Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,

184. There are several allusions to Scripture in this and the following lines, Luke x. 18. Eph. ii. 2. Col. ii. 15. Ps. lxxviii. 16. and Rom. xxi. 20.

214. Philip. ii. 7.

As when he wash'd his servants' feet, so now, 218  
 As Father of his family, he clad  
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,  
 Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;  
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies :  
 Nor he their outward only with the skins 220  
 Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
 Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,  
 Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.  
 To him with swift ascent he up return'd,  
 Into his blissful bosom re-assumed 222  
 In glory, as of old ; to him appeased  
 All, tho' all-knowing, what had pass'd with Man  
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on Earth,  
 Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death, 226  
 In counterview within the gates, that now  
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
 Far into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,  
 Sin opening, who thus now to Death began :

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing 228  
 Idly, while Satan our great author thrives  
 In other worlds, and happier seat provides  
 For us, his offspring dear ! It cannot be  
 But that success attends him ; if mishap,  
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven 230  
 By his avengers, since no place like this  
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
 Wings growing, and dominion given me large  
 Beyond this deep ; whatever draws me on, 232  
 Or sympathy, or some connat'ral force,  
 Pow'rful at greatest distance, to unite  
 With secret amity things of like kind  
 By secretest conveyance. Thou my shade  
 Inseparable, must with me along ; 234  
 For Death from Sin no power can separate.

216. It was formerly believed that some animals shed their skins like snakes : but the most common supposition is, that the skins mentioned in this part of Scripture history were those of animals offered in sacrifice, which it is generally supposed were instituted in the earliest period of man's existence.

222. Isaiah lxi. 10.

226. *Sinn'd* and *judg'd*, impersonal verbs.

But lest the difficulty of passing back  
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf  
 Impassable, impervious, let us try  
 Advent'rous work, yet to thy pow'r and mine 265  
 Not unagreeable, to found a path  
 Over this main from Hell to that New World  
 Where Satan now prevails, a monument  
 Of merit high to all sh' infernal host,  
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse 269  
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.  
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
 By this new-felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer'd soon:  
 Go whither Fate and inclination strong 265  
 Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err  
 The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw  
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
 The savour of Death from all things there that live:  
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270  
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
 Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock  
 Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,  
 Against the day of battle, to a field 275  
 Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lured  
 With scent of living carcasses design'd  
 For death the following day, in bloody fight;  
 So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd  
 His nostril wide into the murky air, 280  
 Sagacious of his quarry from so far.  
 Then both from out Hell-gates into the waste  
 Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,  
 Flew diverse, and with pow'r (their pow'r was great)  
 Hov'ring upon the waters, what they met, 285  
 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
 Toet up and down, together crowded drove  
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell:  
 As when two polar winds, blowing adverse  
 Upon the Cronian seas, together drive 290  
 Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagined way

288. *Nor err, nor mistake.*

290. *Cronian sea*, the northern frozen ocean.—*Peters*, a province on the north eastern extremity of Muscovy.—*Cathaium* east, the north of China.

Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich  
 Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil  
 Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
 As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm 295  
 As Delos floating once; the rest his look  
 Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;  
 And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,  
 Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach  
 They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on 300  
 Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge  
 Of length prodigious, joining to the wall  
 Immoveable of this now fenceless world  
 Forfeit to Death: from hence a passage broad,  
 Smooth, easy, inoffensive down to Hell. 305  
 So, if great things to small may be compared,  
 Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
 From Susa his Memnonian palace high  
 Came to the sea, and over Hellespont  
 Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd, 310  
 And scourged with many a stroke th'indignant waves.  
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous art  
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,  
 Over the vex'd abyss, following the track  
 Of Satan to the self-same place where he 315  
 First lighted from his wing, and landed safe  
 From out of Chaos, to the outside bare  
 Of this round world. With pins of adamant  
 And chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
 And durable; and now in little space 320  
 The confines met of Emphyrean Heav'n  
 An' of this World, and on the left hand Hell  
 With long reach interposed: three sev'ral ways  
 In sight, to each of these three places led.  
 And now their way to Earth they had descry'd, 325  
 To Paradise first tending, when, behold,  
 Satan, in likeness of an Angel bright,

295. After it became the birth-place of Apollo, Delos ceased, it is said, to float as formerly.

304. Matt. vii. 13.

306. Xerxes, the king of Persia, built a bridge over the Hellespont to invade Greece.—Susa was the capital of Susiana, a province of Persia.

312. The art of raising bridges was among the most wonderful in antiquity; and the high-priest of the Romans derived his name Pontifex, from *pons*, a bridge, and *facere*, to make.

322. Hell is placed on the left hand according to our Serious's account. Matt. xxi. 41.

Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering  
 His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose.  
 Disguised he came ; but those his children dear 228  
 Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
 He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk  
 Into the wood fast by, and changing shape  
 T' observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
 By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded 229  
 Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought  
 Vain covertures ; but when he saw descend  
 The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd  
 He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
 The present, fearing guilty what his wrath 230  
 Might suddenly inflict ; that pass'd, return'd  
 By night, and list'ning where the hapless pair  
 Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,  
 Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood  
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy 231  
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,  
 And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot  
 Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhoped  
 Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.  
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight 232  
 Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased.  
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
 Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke :  
 O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
 Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own !  
 Thou art their author and prime architect : 233  
 For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,  
 My heart, which by a secret harmony  
 Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,  
 That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks  
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt, 234  
 Tho' distant from thee worlds between, yet felt  
 That I must after thee with this thy son ;  
 Such fatal consequence unites us three :  
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds, 235  
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure  
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
 Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined  
 Within Hell-gates till now ; thou us impower'd

228. To avoid the observation of Uriel, the constellations through which Satan passed being the most distant from Aries.

To fortify thus far, and overlay 378  
 With this portentous bridge the dark abyss.  
 Thine now is all this world ; thy virtue' hath won  
 What thy hands builded not ; thy wisdom gain'd  
 With odds what war hath lost, and fully 'venged 374  
 Our foil in Heav'n : here thou shalt monarch reign ;  
 There didst not ; there let him still victor sway,  
 As battle hath adjudg'd, from this new world  
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
 And henceforth monarchy with thee divide  
 Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds, 380  
 His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,  
 Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne.

Whom thus the Prince of darkness answer'd glad ;  
 Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,  
 High proof ye now have given to be the race 385  
 Of Satan (for I glory in the name,  
 Antagonist of Heav'n's Almighty King) ;  
 Amply have merited of me, of all  
 Th' infernal empire, that so near Heav'n's door  
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390  
 Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm  
 Hell and this world, one realm, one continent  
 Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I  
 Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,  
 To my associate Pow'rs, them to acquaint 395  
 With these successes, and with them rejoice,  
 You two this way, among these numerous orbs  
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend ;  
 There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth  
 Dominion exercise, and in the air, 400  
 Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declared ;  
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
 My substitutes I send ye, and create  
 Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might  
 Issuing from me. On your joint vigour now 405  
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
 Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.  
 If your joint pow'r prevail, th' affairs of Hell  
 No detriment need fear. Go, and be strong.

So saying, he dismiss'd them ; they with speed 410  
 Their course through thickest constellations held,

387. *Antagonist*, the meaning of the Hebrew word *Satan*



Spreading their bane ; the blasted stars look'd wan,  
 And planets, planet-struck, real eclipses  
 Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down  
 The causeway to Hell-gate ; on either side 415  
 Disparted Chaos over-built exclaim'd,  
 And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd  
 That scorn'd his indignation. Through the gate,  
 Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,  
 And all about sound desolate ; for those 420  
 Appointed to sit there had left their charge,  
 Flown to the upper world ; the rest were all  
 Far to th' inland retired, about the walls  
 Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat  
 Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd, 425  
 Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.  
 There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand  
 In council sat, solicitous what chance  
 Might intercept their emperor sent ; so he  
 Departing, gave command ; and they observed. 430  
 As when the Tartar from his Russian foe  
 By Astracan over the snowy plains  
 Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the horns  
 Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
 The realm of Aladule, in his retreat 435  
 To Tauris or Casbeen, so these the late  
 Heav'n-banish'd host, left desert utmost Hell  
 Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch  
 Round their metropolis, and now expecting  
 Each hour their great advent'rer from the search 440  
 Of foreign worlds ; he through the midst, unmark'd,  
 In show plebeian Angel militant  
 Of lowest order, pass'd ; and from the door  
 Of that Plutonian hall, invisible,  
 Ascended his high throne, which under state 445  
 Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end  
 Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while  
 He sat, and round about him saw, unseen.

412. See *Orld*, Met. ii. 791.

426. *Paragon'd*, from the French *parangonner*.

432. *Astracan*, a large city in one of the islands of the Volga.  
*Sophi*, the king of Persia, who is styled Bactrian, from one of  
 the richest of the Persian provinces.

435. *Aladule*, the greater Armenia.—*Tauris*, a city in Persia,  
 now called Ecbatana.—*Casbeen*, another great city in the same  
 country.

At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head  
 And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad 480  
 With what permissive glory since his fall  
 Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed  
 At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng  
 Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,  
 Their mighty chief return'd. Loud was th' acclaim:  
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers, 485  
 Raised from their dark Divan, and with like joy  
 Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand  
 Silence, and with these words attention won:

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,  
 For in possession such, not only' of right, 491  
 I call ye, and declare ye now, return'd  
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
 Triumphant out of this infernal pit  
 Abominable, accursed, the house of woe, 495  
 And dungeon of our tyrant. Now possess,  
 As Lords, a spacious world, to' our native Heav'n  
 Little inferior, by my adventure hard  
 With peril great achieved. Long were to tell  
 What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain 499  
 Voyaged th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
 Of horrible confusion, over which  
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved  
 To expedite your glorious march; but I  
 Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forced to ride 503  
 Th' untractable abyss, plunged in the womb  
 Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,  
 That jealous of their secrets fiercely opposed  
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproar  
 Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found 509  
 The new-created world, which fame in Heav'n  
 Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,  
 Of absolute perfection, therein Man  
 Placed in a Paradise, by our exile  
 Made happy. Him by fraud I have seduced 515  
 From his Creator, and the more to' increase  
 Your wonder, with an apple! He thereat  
 Offended (worth your laughter) hath given up  
 Both his beloved Man and all his world, 521  
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
 Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,

To range in, and to dwell, and over Man  
 To rule, as over all he should have ruled.  
 True is, me also he hath judged, or rather  
 Me not, but the brute Serpent, in whose shape 493  
 Man I deceived. That which to me belongs  
 Is enmity, which he will put between  
 Me and mankind: I am to bruise his heel;  
 His seed (when is not set) shall bruise my head.  
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise, 500  
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account  
 Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,  
 But up and enter now into full bliss?  
 So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
 Their universal shout and high applause 505  
 To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears  
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues  
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
 Of public scorn. He wonder'd, but not long  
 Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more: 510  
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intertwining  
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,  
 Reluctant, but in vain; a greater Pow'r 515  
 Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,  
 According to his doom. He would have spoke,  
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue  
 To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd  
 Alike; to serpents all as accessories 520  
 To his bold riot. Dreadful was the din  
 Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now  
 With complicated monsters, head and tail,  
 Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphibæna dire,  
 Cerastes horn'd, Hydruis, and Elops drear, 525  
 And Dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil

504. The transformation of the fallen angels mentioned in this passage is a fine invention, and one of those bold marvels which so well fit the nature of epic poetry.

513. *Supplanted*, here used in its original sense, from the Latin *supplantare*, to trip up by the heels.

524. *Amphibæna*, a serpent with a head at both ends of its body; *Cerastes*, as here called, a horned snake; *Hydruis*, a water snake; *Elops*, a serpent which gives no notice of its approach; and *Dipsas*, one which occasions a feverish thirst by its bite.

Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle  
 Ophiussa); but still greatest he the midst,  
 Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the sun  
 Engender'd in the Pythian vale on slime, 330  
 Huge Python, and his pow'r no less he seem'd  
 Above the rest still to retain. They all  
 Him follow'd, issuing forth to th' open field,  
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout  
 Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array, 335  
 Sublime with expectation when to see  
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief:  
 They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd  
 Of ugly serpents. Horror on them fell,  
 And horrid sympathy; for what they saw, 340  
 They felt themselves now changing. Down their  
 arms,

Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,  
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
 Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,  
 As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant  
 Turn'd to exploding hiss; triumph to shame, 345  
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There  
 stood

A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that 350  
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
 Used by the Tempter. On that prospect strange  
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
 For one forbidden tree a multitude  
 Now risen, to work them further woe or shame; 355  
 Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,  
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees  
 Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks  
 That curl'd Megera. Greedily they pluck'd 360  
 The fruitage, fair to sight, like that which grew

327. Lucan, Phars. ix. 696. in which the account is given of  
 Perseus slaying the Gorgon.—*Ophiussa* is an island in the Medi-  
 terranean, which was deserted by its inhabitants, on account of  
 the enormous multitude of serpents there.

330. The *Python* was a serpent said to have sprung from the  
 slime that was left after the Deucalian deluge.

360. *Megara*, one of the *furie*s.

Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed;  
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
 Deceived: they fondly thinking to allay  
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit 565  
 Chew'd bitter ashes; which th' offended taste  
 With spatt'ring noise rejected. Oft they' assay'd,  
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drugg'd as oft  
 With hatefullest disrelish, writhed their jaws  
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell 570  
 Into the same illusion, not as Man  
 Whom they triumph'd once lapsed. Thus were they  
 plagued

And worn with famin, long and ceaseless hiss,  
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed;  
 Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo 575  
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
 To dash their pride, and joy for Man seduced.  
 However, some tradition they dispersed  
 Among the Heathen of their purchase got,  
 And fabled how the Serpent, whom they call'd 580  
 Ophion with Eurynome, the wide  
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule  
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n  
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Mean while, in Paradise the hellish pair 585  
 Too soon arrived, Sin there in Pow'r before,  
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death  
 Close following, pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began: 590

562. It is said by Josephus that trees were to be seen about this devoted spot, which bore fruit delicious to the eye, but falling into ashes the moment it was touched.

573. Bentley reads *with thirst and famin dire*.

574. This idea is supposed to have been taken from the old romances, or from Ariosto, Can. 43. st. 28.

581. So true it is that the most ancient mythological fables bear evident traces of having originated in traditions derived from the scripture history.—*Ophion*, or *the serpent*, was undoubtedly Satan; and *Eurynome*, or *the wide-ruling*, must have referred to Eve, who was so called from the ambitious desires with which she eat the forbidden fruit.—Jortin says, Milton took the idea from Apollonius, l.

585. *Sin in pow'r*, that is, there was a possibility of its betraying man. *Actual once*, namely, when Adam really sinned; and *in body*, when it became always present and active.

590. Rev. vi. 8.

Second of Satan sprung, all-conqu'ring Death,  
 What think'st thou of our empire now, tho' earn'd  
 With travel difficult? Not better far  
 Than still at Hell's dark threshold to' have sat watch,  
 Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half starved? 595

Whom thus the Sin-born monster answer'd soon:  
 To me, who with eternal famine pine,  
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven;  
 There best, where most with ravin I may meet;  
 Which here, tho' plenteous, all too little seems 600  
 To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corpse.

To whom the incestuous mother thus reply'd:  
 Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs,  
 Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,  
 No homely morsels; and whatever thing 605  
 The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspar'd;  
 Till I in Man, residing through the race,  
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,  
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them sev'ral ways, 610  
 Both to destroy or unimmortal make  
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
 Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,  
 From his transcendent seat the Saints among,  
 To those bright Orders utter'd thus his voice: 615

See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance  
 To waste and havoc yonder world, which I  
 So fair and good created, and had still  
 Kept in that state, had not the folly' of Man  
 Let in these wasteful furies, who impute 620  
 Folly to me! So doth the prince of Hell  
 And his adherents, that with so much ease  
 I suffer them to enter and possess  
 A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem 625  
 To gratify my scornful enemies,  
 That laugh as if, transported with some fit  
 Of passion, I to them had quitted all,  
 At random yielded up to their misrule,  
 And know not that I call'd and drew them thither,  
 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630  
 Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath shed

601. *Unhide-bound*, not filled out, with a skin hanging  
 loose and flabby.

On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorged, nigh  
 With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling [burst  
 Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,  
 Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last 635  
 Thro' Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.  
 Then Heav'n and Earth renew'd, shall be made pure  
 To sanctity, that shall receive no stain :  
 Till then, the curse pronounced on both precedes. 640

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud  
 Sung Halleluiah, as the sound of seas,  
 Through multitude that sung : Just are thy ways,  
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works ;  
 Who can extenuate thee ! Next, to the Son, 645  
 Destined Restorer of mankind, by whom  
 New Heav'n and Earth shall to the ages rise,  
 Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was their song,  
 While the Creator, calling forth by name  
 His mighty Angels, gave them several charge, 650  
 As sorted best with present things. The sun  
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
 As might affect the earth with cold and heat  
 Scarce tolerable ; and from the north to call  
 Decrepit winter ; from the south to bring 655  
 Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank moon  
 Her office they prescribed ; to th' other five  
 Their planetary motions and aspects  
 In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite  
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join 660  
 In synod unbenign ; and taught the fix'd  
 Their influence malignant when to show'r,  
 Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,  
 Should prove tempestuous ; to the winds they set  
 Their corners, when with bluster to confound 665  
 Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll  
 With terror through the dark æreal hall.  
 Some say, he bid his Angels turn askance  
 The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
 From the sun's axle ; they with labour push'd 670  
 Oblique the centric globe. Some say, the sun  
 Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road

643. Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 7.

647. Rev. xxi. 3.

666. Blank moon, like the French word *blanc*, white.

Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven  
 Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins  
 Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain 675  
 By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,  
 As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change  
 Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring  
 Perpetual smiled on earth with verdant flow'rs,  
 Equal in days and nights, except to those 680  
 Beyond the polar circles; to them day  
 Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,  
 To recompense his distance, in their sight  
 Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known  
 Or east or west, which had forbid the snow 685  
 From cold Estotiland, and south as far  
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit  
 The sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd  
 His course intended; else how had the world  
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now, 690  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
 These changes in the Heav'ns, tho' slow, produced  
 Like change on sea and land; sidereal blast,  
 Vapour and mist, and exhalation hot,  
 Corrupt and pestilent: now from the north 695  
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,  
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,  
 Bortas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,  
 And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn; 700  
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south  
 Notus and Afer black, with thund'rous clouds  
 From Serralliona. Thwart of these as fierce  
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,  
 Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise, 705  
 Sirocco and Libeccio. Thus began  
 Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord, first,

675. *Estotiland*, a country in North America, near Hudson's Bay.—*Magellan*, a part of South America.

685. *Thyestean banquet*: Thyestes is said to have been banqueting by his brother on the bodies of his murdered children.

685. *Norumbega*, a province of North America.—*Samoeda*, a province of Muscovy.

690. The names of the north, north-west, north-east, the south, and south-west winds.—*Serralliona*, a range of mountains to the south-west of Africa.—*Sirocco* and *Libeccio*, the south-east and south-west winds.



Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,  
 Death introduced, through fierce antipathy.  
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,  
 And fish with fish ; to graze the herb all leaving, 711  
 Devour'd each other ; nor stood much in awe  
 Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim  
 Glared on him passing. These were from without  
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw 715  
 Already' in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow' abandon'd, but worse felt within ;  
 And in a troubled sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaints  
 O miserable of happy' ! Is this the end 720  
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late  
 The glory of that glory, who now, become  
 Accursed of blessed, hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
 Of happiness ? Yet well, if here would end 725  
 The misery. I deserved it, and would bear  
 My own deservings ; but this will not serve ;  
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse ! O voice once heard  
 Delightfully, ' Increase and multiply,' 730  
 Now death to hear ! For what can I increase  
 Or multiply, but curses on my head !  
 Who, of all ages to succeed, but feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My head ! Ill fare our ancestor impure ! 735  
 For this we may thank Adam ! but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration ! So besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound ;  
 On me, as on their natural centre, light 740  
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys  
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes !  
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
 To mould me man ? Did I solicit thee  
 From darkness to promote me, or here place 745  
 In this delicious garden ? As my will  
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right  
 And equal to reduce me to my dust ;

744. Bentley proposes to cut out the following ten lines as unworthy of Milton's genius and a detriment to the poem.

Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven  
 Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins  
 Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain 673  
 By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,  
 As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change  
 Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring  
 Perpetual smiled on earth with verdant flow'rs,  
 Equal in days and nights, except to those 680  
 Beyond the polar circles; to them day  
 Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,  
 To recompense his distance, in their sight  
 Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known  
 Or east or west, which had forbid the snow 685  
 From cold Estotiland, and south as far  
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit  
 The sun, as from Thyëstean banquet, turn'd  
 His course intended; else how had the world  
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 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
 These changes in the Heav'ns, tho' slow, produced  
 Like change on sea and land; sidereal blast,  
 Vapour and mist, and exhalation hot,  
 Corrupt and pestilent: now from the north 695  
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,  
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,  
 Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,  
 And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn; 700  
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south  
 Notus and Afer black, with thund'rous clouds  
 From Serralliona. Thwart of these as fierce  
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,  
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 Sirocco and Libeccio. Thus began  
 Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord, first,

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 Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim  
 Glared on him passing. These were from without  
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw 715  
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within;  
 And in a troubled sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint:  
 O miserable of happy! Is this the end 720  
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late  
 The glory of that glory, who now, become  
 Accursed of blessed, hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
 Of happiness? Yet well, if here would end 725  
 The misery. I deserved it, and would bear  
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;  
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse! O voice once heard  
 Delightfully, 'Increase and multiply,' 730  
 Now death to hear! For what can I increase  
 Or multiply, but curses on my head!  
 Who, of all ages to succeed, but feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My head! Ill fare our ancestor impure! 735  
 For this we may thank Adam! but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration! So besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound;  
 On me, as on their natural centre, light 740  
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys  
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!  
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
 To mould me man? Did I solicit thee  
 From darkness to promote me, or here place 745  
 In this delicious garden? As my will  
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right  
 And equal to reduce me to my dust;

746. Bentley proposes to cut out the following ten lines as unworthy of Milton's genius and a detriment to the poem.

So might the wrath. Fond wish ! couldst thou support  
 That burden, heavier than the earth to bear, 833  
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad Woman ! Thus, what thou desirest  
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future :

To Satan only like, both crime and doom. 840  
 O Conscience ! into what abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driven me ! out of which  
 I find no way ! from deep to deeper plunged !

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud 845  
 Through the still night, not now, as ere Man fell,  
 Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air  
 Accompany'd, with damps and dreadful gloom,  
 Which to his evil conscience represented  
 All things with double terror. On the ground 850  
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
 Curs'd his creation ; Death as oft accused  
 Of tardy execution, since denounced

The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,  
 Said he, with one thrice-acceptable stroke, 855  
 To end me ! Shall Truth fail to keep her word !  
 Justice divine not hasten to be just !

But Death comes not at call ; Justice divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for pray'rs or cries !  
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bow'rs, 860  
 With other echo, late I taught your shades  
 To answer, and resound far other song !

Whom thus afflicted, when sad Eve beheld,  
 Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,  
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd : 865  
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd :

Out of my sight, thou Serpent ! that name best  
 Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false  
 And hateful ! nothing wants, but that thy shape  
 Like his, and colour serpentine, may shew 870  
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee  
 Henceforth, lest that too heav'nly form, pretended  
 To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee  
 I had persisted happy', had not thy pride  
 And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe, 875

872. *Pretended* ; in the Latin sense, *Assid* before.

Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
 Not to be trusted, longing to be seen  
 Though by the Devil himself, him overweening  
 To o'er-reach, but with the Serpent meeting  
 Fool'd and beguiled, by him thou, I by thee, 800  
 To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,  
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
 And understood not all was but a show  
 Rather than solid virtue'; all but a rib  
 Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears, 805  
 More to the part sinister, from me drawn,  
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary  
 To my just number found. O why did God  
 Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n  
 With Spirits masculine, create at last 800  
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once  
 With Men, as Angels, without feminine,  
 Or find some other way to generate  
 Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n, 805  
 And more that shall befall, innumerable  
 Disturbances on earth, through female snares,  
 And straight conjunction with this sex : for either  
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake ; 900  
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,  
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd  
 By a far worse ; or if she love, withheld  
 By parents ; or his happiest choice too late  
 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound 905  
 To a fell adversary', his hate or shame :  
 Which infinite calamity shall cause  
 To human life, and household-peace confound.  
 He added not, and from her turn'd. But Eve,  
 Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,  
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet 911  
 Fell humble, and embracing them, besought  
 His peace ; and thus proceeded in her plaint :  
 Forsake me not thus, Adam ! Witness, Heav'n,  
 What love sincere, and rev'rence in my heart 91  
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
 Unhappily deceived ! Thy suppliant  
 Beg, and clasp thy knees. Bereave me not,

Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 922  
 My only strength and stay. Forlorn of thee,  
 Whither shall I betake me ? where subsist ?  
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
 Between us two let there be peace ; both joining,  
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity 923  
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,  
 That cruel Serpent. On me exercise not  
 Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,  
 On me already lost, me than thyself  
 More miserable. Both have sinn'd ; but thou 930  
 Against God only ; I against God and thee,  
 And to the place of judgment will return.  
 There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all  
 The sentence, from thy head removed, may light  
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe ! 933  
 Me, me only, just object of his ire.

She ended weeping ; and her lowly plight,  
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault  
 Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought  
 Commiseration. Soon his heart relented 940  
 Tow'rd's her, his life so late and sole delight,  
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,  
 His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid ;  
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost, 942  
 And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon :

Unwary' and too desirous, as before,  
 So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st  
 The punishment all on thyself ; alas,  
 Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain 950  
 His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,  
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If pray'rs  
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
 That on my head all might be visited ; 953  
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,  
 To me committed, and by me exposed.  
 But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame

940. It is said that Milton had a personal feeling in writing this passage, and described his meeting and reconciliation with his wife who had been for some time separated from him.

## BOOK X.

253

Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive  
 In offices of love, how we may lighten 960  
 Each other's burden, in our share of woe;  
 Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,  
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,  
 A long day's dying to augment our pain,  
 And to our seed (O hapless seed!) derived. 965  
 To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, reply'd :  
 Adam, by sad experiment, I know  
 How little weight my words with thee can find,  
 Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
 Found so unfortunate ! nevertheless, 970  
 Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place  
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
 Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart  
 Living or dying, from thee I will not hide  
 What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen, 975  
 Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
 Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
 As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
 If care of our descent perplex us most,  
 Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd 980  
 By Death at last ; and miserable it is  
 To be to others cause of misery,  
 Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring  
 Into this cursed world a woeful race !  
 That after wretched life, must be at last 985  
 Food for so foul a monster ! In thy pow'r  
 It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent  
 The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
 Childless thou art, childless remain ; so Death  
 Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two 990  
 Be forced to satisfy his rav'nous maw.  
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
 Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
 From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,  
 And with desire to languish without hope, 995  
 Before the present object languishing  
 With like desire, which would be misery  
 And torment less than none of what we dread,  
 Then both ourselves and seed at once to free  
 From what we fear for both let us make short ; 1000  
 Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply

With our own hands his office on ourselves.  
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears,  
 That shew no end but death, and have the pow'r  
 Of many ways to die, the shortest choosing, 1008  
 Destruction with destruction to destroy?

She ended here, or vehement despair  
 Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts  
 Had entertain'd, as dyed her cheeks with pale.  
 But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd: 1010  
 To better hopes his more attentive mind  
 Labouring had raised, and thus to Eve replied:

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
 To argue in thee something more sublime  
 And excellent than what thy mind contemns; 1015  
 But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes  
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,  
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
 For loss of life and pleasure overloved.

Or if thou covet death, as utmost end 1020  
 Of misery, so thinking to evade

The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God  
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so  
 To be forestall'd: much more I fear lest death  
 So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain 1025

We are by doom to pay: rather such acts  
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest  
 To make death in us live. Then let us seek  
 Some safer resolution, which methinks  
 I have in view, calling to mind with heed 1030

Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise  
 The Serpent's head. Piteous amends! unless  
 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe  
 Satan, who in the serpent hath contrived  
 Against us this deceit. To crush his head 1035

Would be revenge indeed: which will be lost  
 By death brought on ourselves, or childless days  
 Resolved, as thou proposest; so our foe  
 Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we  
 Instead, shall double ours upon our heads. 1040

No more be mention'd then of violence  
 Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,  
 That cuts us off from hope, and savours only  
 Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,  
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke 1045



Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild  
 And gracious temper he both heard and judged,  
 Without wrath or reviling ! We expected  
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
 Was meant by death that day ; when lo ! to thee 1050  
 Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,  
 And bringing forth ; soon recompensed with joy,  
 Fruit of thy womb. On me the curse aslope  
 Glanced on the ground. With labour I must earn  
 My bread. What harm ? Idleness had been worse :  
 My labour will sustain me. And lest cold 1055  
 Or heat should injure us, his timely care  
 Hath unbesought provided, and his hands  
 Cloth'd us, unworthy, pitying while he judged ;  
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060  
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline,  
 And teach us farther by what means to shun  
 Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow !  
 Which now the sky with various face begins  
 To shew us in this mountain, while the winds 1065  
 Blow moist and keen, shatt'ring the graceful locks  
 Of these fair spreading trees ; which bids us seek  
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
 Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star  
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams 1070  
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,  
 Or, by collision of two bodies, grind  
 The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds  
 Justling, or push'd with winds, rude in their shock,  
 Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n  
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine, [down  
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,  
 Which might supply the sun. Such fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedy or cure  
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought, 1080  
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace  
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust : our final rest and native home. 1085  
 What better can we do, than to the place  
 Repairing where he judged us, prostrate fall

1060. *Diurnal star*, the sun. 1075. *Time*, to fight or kindle.

Before him, reverent, and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air 1095  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow' unfeign'd, and humiliation meek ?  
 Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn  
 From his displeasure ; in whose look serene,  
 When angry most he seem'd, and most severe, 1098  
 What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone ?

So spake our father penitent : nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse. They forthwith to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
 Before him, reverent, and both confess'd 1100  
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow' unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

## BOOK XI.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents, now repenting, and intercedes for them : God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise ; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them ; but first to reveal to Adam future things : Michael's coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs ; he discourses Michael's approach ; goes out to meet him : the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits : The Angel leads him up to a high hill ; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

Thus they in lowliest plight, repentant, stood  
 Praying ; for from the mercy-seat above  
 Preventing grace descending, had removed  
 The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
 Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breathed 5  
 Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer  
 Inspired, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight  
 Than loudest oratory : yet their port  
 Not of mean suitors, nor important less  
 Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair 10  
 In fables old, less ancient yet than these,

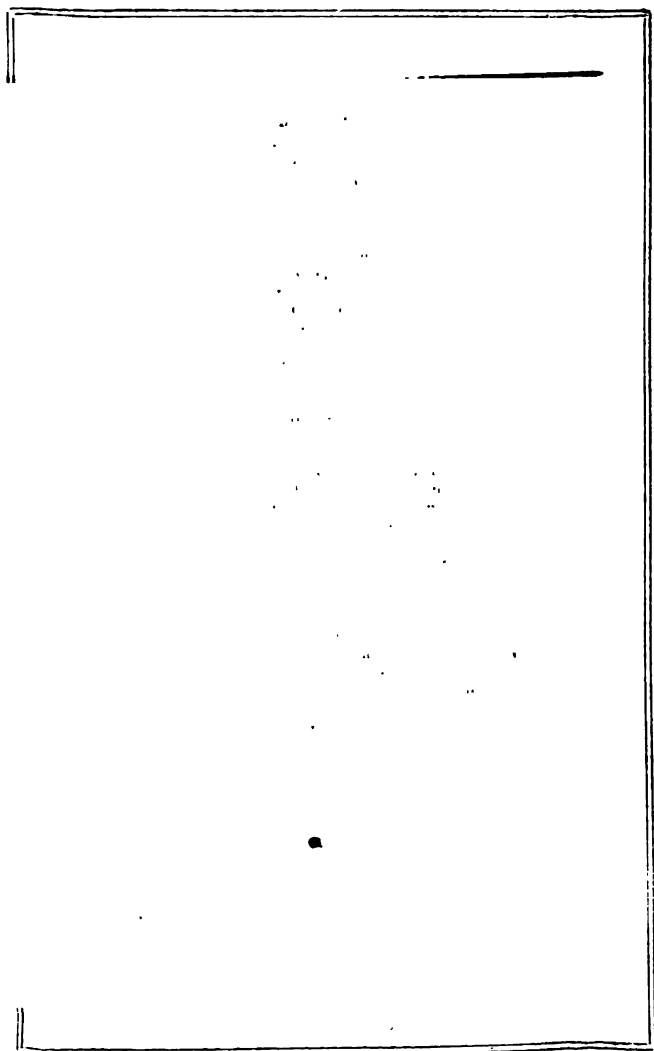
1092. *Humiliation*, the act of humbling, not humility.

4. A verbal critic might I think find fault with this and the following line, in which there are three words used to express one idea, *new, regenerate, and instead*.





Der Arch zum Himmels-Paradiese





Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
 The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine  
 Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n their pray'rs  
 Flew up; nor miss'd the way, by envious winds 15  
 Blown vagabond or frustrate. In they pass'd  
 Dimensionless, through heav'nly doors; then clad  
 With incense, where the golden altar fumed,  
 By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
 Before the Father's throne: then the glad Son 20  
 Presenting, thus to intercede began:

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung  
 From thy implanted grace in Man! these sighs  
 And pray'rs, which in this golden censer, mix'd  
 With incense, I thy priest before thee bring: 25  
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed  
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
 Which his own hand manuring, all the trees  
 Of Paradise could have produced, ere fallen  
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear 30  
 To supplication; hear his sighs though mute.  
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
 Interpret for him, me his Advocate  
 And propitiation. All his works on me,  
 Good or not good, ingraft; my merit these 35  
 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.  
 Accept me, and in me from these receive  
 The smell of peace tow'rd mankind. Let him live  
 Before thee reconciled, at least his days  
 Number'd, tho' sad, till death, his doom (which I 40  
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)  
 To better life shall yield him; where with me  
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss;  
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene: 45  
 All thy request for Man, accepted Son,  
 Obtain: all thy request was my decree.  
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,

12. *Deucalion* and his wife, it is said by the poets, were the only remains of the human race left after the flood, which happened in their time. This fable had evidently its origin in a traditional account of the great deluge.—*Themis* was the goddess of justice. See Ovid, Met. l. 318.

16. *Vagabond*, from the Latin *vago*, to wander.

20. 1 John ii. 1, 2.

25. Levit. iii. 2.

26. John xvii. 21, 22.

The law I gave to nature him forbids :  
 Those pure immortal elements that know 50  
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,  
 Eject him, tainted now, and purge him off  
 As a distemper, gross to air as gross ;  
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first 55  
 Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt  
 Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts  
 Created him endow'd ; with happiness  
 And immortality : that fondly lost,  
 This other served but to sternize woe ; 60  
 Till I provided death ; so death becomes  
 His final remedy, and after life,  
 Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined  
 By faith and faithful works to second life,  
 Waked in the renovation of the just 65  
 Resigns him up with Heav'n and Earth renew'd.  
 But let us call to synod all the Blest  
 Through Heav'n's wide bounds ; from them I will  
 not hide  
 My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,  
 As how with peccant Angels late they saw, 70  
 And in their state, tho' arm, stood more confirm'd.  
 He ended ; and the Son gave signal high  
 To the bright minister that watch'd. He blew  
 His trumpet (heard in Oreb since, perhaps,  
 When God descended, and perhaps once more 75  
 To sound at general doom) : th' angelic blast  
 Fill'd all the regions. From their blissful bow'rs  
 Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,  
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat  
 In fellowships of joy, the sons of light 80  
 Hasted, resorting to the summons high,  
 And took their seats ; till from his throne supreme  
 Th' Almighty thus pronounced his Sov'reign will :  
 O Sons ! like one of us Man is become,  
 To know both good and evil, since his taste 85  
 Of that defended fruit ! but let him boast  
 His knowledge of good lost, and evil got :

74. Exod. xx. 18. 1 Thess. iv. 16.

82. Rev. iv. 4. xl. 16. Matt. xix. 28. 84. Gen. vi. 22—24.

86. *Defended*, like the French *defendre*, so *forbid*.



Happier, had it sufficed him to have known  
 Good by itself, and evil not all.  
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite, 90  
 My motions in him. Longer than they move,  
 His heart I know, how variable and vain  
 Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand  
 Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,  
 And live for ever (dream at least to live 95  
 For ever) to remove him I decree,  
 And send him from the garden forth to till  
 The ground whence he was taken: fitter soil.  
 Michael, this my behest have thou in charge:  
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim 100  
 Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,  
 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade  
 Vacant possession, some new trouble raise.  
 Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God,  
 Without remorse, drive out the sinful pair 105  
 (From hallow'd ground th' unholy), and denounce  
 To them and to their progeny, from thence  
 Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint  
 At the sad sentence rigorously urged,  
 For I behold them soften'd, and with tears 110  
 Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.  
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
 Dismiss them not disconsolate. Reveal  
 To Adam what shall come in future days,  
 As I shall thee enlighten. Intermix 115  
 My cov'nant in the Woman's seed renew'd;  
 So send them forth, tho' sorrowing, yet in peace:  
 And on the east side of the garden place,  
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,  
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame 120  
 Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,  
 And guard all passage to the tree of life,  
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove  
 To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey, 124  
 With whose stol'n fruit Man once more to delude.  
 He ceased; and th' Archangelic Pow'r prepared  
 For swift descent, with him the cohort bright  
 Of watchful Cherubim. Four faces each  
 Had, like a double Janus: all their shape

Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those 121  
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,  
 Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed  
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Mean while  
 To re-salute the world with sacred light,  
 Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews imbalm'd 123  
 The Earth; when Adam and (first matron) Eve  
 Had ended now their orisons, and found  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd:  
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd: 140

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all  
 The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends;  
 But that from us aught should ascend to Heav'n  
 So prevalent as to concern the mind  
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will, 145  
 Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer,  
 Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne  
 Ev'n to the seat of God! For since I sought  
 By prayer th' offended Deity to' appease,  
 Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart, 150  
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,  
 Bending his ear! Persuasion in me grew  
 That I was heard with favour! Peace return'd  
 Home to my breast, and to my memory  
 His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe; 155  
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now  
 Assures me that the bitterness of death  
 Is past, and we shall live! Whence hail to thee,  
 Eve (rightly call'd) mother of all mankind,  
 Mother of all things living; since by thee 160  
 Man is to live, and all things live for Man!

To whom thus Eve, with sad demeanour meek:  
 Ill worthy I such title should belong  
 To me transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd  
 A help, became thy snare! To me reproach 165

121. *Argus*, it is said, was lulled to sleep, and then killed by Mercury.

123. *Leucothea*; the morning, so called from two Greek words signifying *light* and *goddess*. This is the last morning in the poem, and is supposed to be the commencement of the eleventh day in the action on earth.

157. 1 Sam. xv. 22.

160. Gen. iii. 20. *Eve* is from an Hebrew word signifying *life*, or *to live*.

Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise!  
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
 That I, who first brought death on all, am graced  
 The source of life; next favourable thou,  
 Who highly thus to' entitle me vouchsaf'st, 176  
 Far other name deserving. But the field  
 To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,  
 Though after sleepless night; for, see, the morn,  
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins  
 Her rosy progress smiling: let us forth, 178  
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
 Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd  
 Laborious, till day droop. While here we dwell,  
 What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?  
 Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content. 180  
 So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve, but Fate  
 Subscribed not. Nature first gave signs, impress'd  
 On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclipsed  
 After short blush of morn. Nigh in her sight  
 The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour, 185  
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove.  
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
 First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,  
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind:  
 Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight. 190  
 Adam observed, and with his eye the chase  
 Pursuing, not unmoved, to Eve thus spake:  
 O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,  
 Which Heav'n by these mute signs in nature shews,  
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn 195  
 U's haply, too secure of our discharge  
 From penalty, because from death released  
 Some days. How long, and what till then our life  
 Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,  
 And thither must return, and be no more? 200  
 Why else this double object in our sight  
 Of flight pursued in th' air, and o'er the ground  
 One way the self-same hour? Why in the east  
 Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning light  
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws 205  
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,

182. Subscribed not, consented not.

204. See Marino, Can. 2. st. 6.

And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught?

He err'd not; for by this the heav'nly bands  
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt, 219

A glorious apparition, had not doubt  
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.  
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met  
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw  
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright; 218  
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd  
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,  
Against the Syrian king, who, to surprise  
One man, assassin-like, had levied war,

War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch 220  
In their bright stand there left his Pow'rs to seize  
Possession of the garden: he alone,  
To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,  
Not unperceived of Adam, who to Eve,  
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake: 225

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
Of us will soon determine, or impose  
New laws to be observed; for I descry  
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,  
One of the heav'nly host, and by his gait 230  
None of the meanest, some great Potentate  
Or of the Thrones above, such majesty  
Invests his coming; yet not terrible,  
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
As Raphael, that I should much confide, 235  
But solemn and sublime; whom not to offend,  
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended: and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,  
Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
Clad to meet man. Over his lucid arms 240  
A military vest of purple flow'd,  
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain  
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof;  
His starry helm unbuckled, shew'd him prime 245

213. Gen. xxxii. 1, 2. 2 Kings vi. 12.

242. The famous scarlet dye celebrated among the ancients was made from a fish called *osstrum*, found near Melibœa, a city of Thræsy.—Sar was the name of the fish of which the Phœnicians made the famous Tyrian purple.

In manhood where youth ended. By his side,  
 As in a glist'ring zodiac, hung the sword,  
 Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.  
 Adam bow'd low: He, kingly, from his state  
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declared: 256

Adam, Heav'n's high behest no preface needs:  
 Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,  
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
 Defeated of his seizure, many days  
 Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent, 255  
 And one bad act, with many deeds well done.  
 May'st cover: well may then thy Lord, appeased,  
 Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;  
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
 Permits not. To remove thee I am come, 260  
 And send thee from the garden forth to till  
 The ground, whence thou wast taken; fitter soil.

He added not; for Adam at the news  
 Heart-struck, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
 That all his senses bound. Eve, who unseen 265  
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament,  
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!  
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise! thus leave  
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades, 270  
 Fit haunt of Gods! where I had hope to spend,  
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both! O flow'rs,  
 That never will in other climate grow,  
 My early visitation, and my last 275  
 At e'en, which I bred up with tender hand  
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,  
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
 Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?  
 Thee lastly, nuptial bower by me adorn'd 280  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down

261. The repetition of the message in the same words in which it was given is common in classical writers, and, it may be added, in those of Scripture also.

266. It has been excellently remarked by Addison, that there is great beauty in Eve's thus expressing her sorrow at leaving the garden of Paradise. Fitness and all the beauties of propriety are indeed to be found in every line of this part of the poem.

Into a lower world, to this obscure  
And wild ! How shall we breathe in other air,  
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits ! 290

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild :  
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
What justly thou hast lost ; nor set thy heart,  
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine ;  
Thy going is not lonely ; with thee goes 295  
Thy husband ; him to follow thou art bound.  
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp  
Recov'ring, and his scatt'rd spirits return'd,  
To Michael thus his humble words address'd : 295

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd  
Of them the high'st, for such of shape may seem  
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told  
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
And in performing end us. What besides 300  
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,  
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
Recess, and only consolation left

Familiar to our eyes, all places else 305  
Inhospitable appear and desolate ;  
Nor knowing us nor known : and if by prayer  
Incessant I could hope to change the will  
Of Him who all things can, I would not cease  
To weary him with my assiduous cries. 310

But prayer against his absolute decree  
No more avails than breath against the wind,  
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth :  
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.

This most afflicts me, that departing hence, 315  
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived  
His blessed count'nance. Here I could frequent  
With worship place by place where he vouchsafed  
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,  
On this mount he appear'd ; under this tree 320  
Stood visible ; among these pines his voice  
I heard ; here with him at this fountain talk'd,  
So many grateful altars I would rear  
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
Of lustre from the brook, in memory 325

Or monument to ages, and thereon  
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs.  
 In yonder nether world, where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or foot-step trace ?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd 330  
 To life prolong'd and promised race, I now  
 Gladly behold, though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

To whom thus Michael, with regard benign :  
 Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth,  
 Not this rock only'. His omnipresence fills 335  
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,  
 Fomented by his virtual pow'r and warm'd.  
 All th' earth he gave thee to possess and rule :  
 No despicable gift : surmise not then 340  
 His presence to these narrow bounds confined  
 Of Paradise or Eden. This had been  
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread  
 All generations, and had hither come  
 From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate 345  
 And rev'rence thee, their great progenitor.  
 But this pre-eminence thou 'st lost ; brought down  
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons.  
 Yet doubt not, but in valley and in plain  
 God is as here, and will be found alike 350  
 Present, and of his presence many a sign  
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
 With goodness and paternal love, his face  
 Express, and of his steps the track divine :  
 Which, that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd  
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent 355  
 To shew thee what shall come in future days  
 To thee and to thy offspring. Good with bad  
 Expect to hear, supernal grace contending  
 With sinfulness of men ; thereby to learn 360  
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
 And pious sorrow, equally inured  
 By moderation either state to bear,  
 Prosperous or adverse : so shalt thou lead  
 Safest thy life, and, best prepared, endure 365  
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
 This hill. Let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)

Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st;  
As once thou slepest, while she to life was form'd.

To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd: 276

Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path  
Thou lead'st me', and to the hand of Heav'n submit,  
However chast'ning, to the evil turn

My obvious breast, arming to overcome  
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won, 278

If so I may attain. So both ascend

In the visions of God. It was a hill

Of Paradise the highest, from whose top

The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken

Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay.

Not higher that hill nor wider, looking round, 281

Whereon for diff'rent cause the Tempter set

Our second Adam in the wilderness,

To shew him all earth's kingdoms and their glory.

His eye might there command wherever stood 283

City of old or modern fame, the seat

Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls

Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,

And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's throne,

To Paquin of Sinean kings, and thence 290

To Agra and Lahore of great Mogul,

Down to the golden Chersonese, or where

The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since

In Hispahan, or where the Russian Czar

In Moscow, or the Sultan in Bizance, 293

Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken

Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port

Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,

Mombaza, and Quilon, and Melind,

291. Matt. iv. 8.

297. There is here another instance of Milton's supposed affectation of learning. I do not conceive either this, or any of the other passages mentioned, to be so. To a mere cursory or idle reader it may seem a dry geographical catalogue, but it should be observed, that the countries mentioned recall by their names some of the most brilliant passages of history, and thus fill the page with the gorgeousness and magnificence of older tradition. An observation hence occurs, which must at once strike the reader, that fully to enjoy Milton in all his excellences, much various knowledge is necessary. The simplest account we could here give of the several countries mentioned in these lines would occupy too large a space for the sake of the work, and would certainly not aid the reader in understanding better than at first the various allusions the passage presents.



BOOK XI.

207

And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm  
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;  
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,  
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fex, and Sus,  
Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;  
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway  
The world. In spirit perhaps he also saw 406  
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,  
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd  
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons 410  
Call El Dorado: but to nobler sights  
Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,  
Which that false fruit, that promised clearer sight,  
Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and rue  
The visual nerve, for he had much to see; 415  
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.  
So deep the pow'r of these ingredients pierced,  
E'en to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,  
Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced;  
But him the gentle Angel by the hand 421  
Soon raised, and his attention thus recall'd:  
Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd 425  
Th' excepted tree, nor with the snake conspired,  
Nor sinn'd thy sin; yet from that sin derive  
Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds.  
His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,  
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves 430  
New reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds;  
I' th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood,  
Rustic, of grassy sord. Thither anon  
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought  
First fruits; the green ear and the yellow sheaf, 435  
Uncull'd, as came to hand. A shepherd next,  
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock

414. *Euphrasy*, the herb called in Engtish *eye-bright*.—*Rue* is still regarded as possessing some remarkable virtues.

430. Dan. x. & the idea in which seems to be copied here.

433. *Sord* or *sordid*. Milton agrees with the best commentators in the filling up of this passage, which is principally taken from Scripture.

Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid  
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,  
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd. 446  
 His off'ring soon propitious fire from Heav'n  
 Consumed; with nimble glance and grateful steam:  
 The other's not, for his was not sincere;  
 Whereat he only raged, and as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone 448  
 That beat our life. He fell, and, deadly pale,  
 Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effused.  
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
 Dismay'd; and thus in haste to th' Angel cry'd:  
 O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n 450  
 To that meek man, who well had sacrificed!  
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?

To whom Michael thus (he also moved) reply'd:  
 These two are brethren, Adam, and to come  
 Out of thy loins. Th' unjust the just hath slain, 452  
 For envy that his brother's off'ring found  
 From Heav'n acceptance: but the bloody fact  
 Will be avenged, and th' other's faith approve!  
 Lose no reward, though here thou see him die  
 Rolling in dust and gore. To which our sire: 454

Alas! both for the deed and for the cause!  
 But have I now seen Death? Is this the way  
 I must return to native dust? O sight  
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold!  
 Horrid to think! how horrible to feel! 456

To whom thus Michael: Death thou hast seen  
 In his first shape on Man: but many shapes  
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead  
 To his grim cave, all dismal: yet to sense  
 More terrible at th' entrance than within. 458  
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
 By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more  
 In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring  
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
 Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know  
 What misery th' inabstinence of Eve 459  
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place

458. Heb. xi. 4.

459. The invention of the poet is finely exercised in the circumstances of this vision.

Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,  
 A lazarus-house it seem'd, wherein were laid  
 Numbers of all diseased, all maladies 480  
 Of ghastly spasm or racking torture, qualms  
 Of heart-sick agony, all fev'rous kinds,  
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,  
 Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy, 485  
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,  
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
 Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.  
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair  
 Tended the sick, busiest, from couch to couch; 490  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked  
 With vows, as their chief good and final hope.  
 Sight so deform, what heart of rock could long  
 Dry-eyed behold! Adam could not, but wept, 495  
 Though not of woman born. Compassion quell'd  
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;  
 And, scarce recover'ing words, his plaint renew'd.  
 O miserable mankind! to what fall 500  
 Degraded! to what wretched state reserved!  
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given  
 To be thus wrested from us? Rather, why  
 Obtruded on us thus! who if we knew  
 What we receive, would either not accept 505  
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus  
 The image of God, in man created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
 To such unsightly suff'rings be debased 510  
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And for his Maker's image sake exempt?  
 Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then 515  
 Forsook them when themselves they vilify'd  
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took

517. There is a considerable error, I imagine, in the idea thus  
 put into the mouth of Michael. By supposing Eve swayed, as  
 here said, by a brutish vice, the consequences of the fall and the

His image whom they served (a brutish vice)  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.  
 Therefore, so abject is their punishment, 526  
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,  
 Or, if his likeness, by themselves defaced,  
 While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules  
 To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they  
 God's image did not reverence in themselves. 528  
 I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.  
 But is there yet no other way, besides  
 These painful passages, how we may come  
 To death, and mix with our connatural dust?  
 There is, said Michael, if thou well observe 530  
 The rule of not too much, by Temperance taught,  
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence  
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
 Till many years over thy head return:  
 So may'st thou live till, like ripe fruit, thou drop 535  
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.  
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change  
 To wither'd, weak, and grey. Thy senses then 540  
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,  
 To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,  
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign  
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry,  
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume 545  
 The balm of life. To whom our ancestor:  
 Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit,  
 Fairest and easiest, of this camb'rous charge, 550  
 Which I must keep till my appointed day  
 Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend  
 My dissolution. Michael replied:

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corruption which it produced are anticipated. There is not sufficient authority in Scripture for this strong introduction of low sensual feeling, as the whole passage in which the fall is related turns upon the strong desire felt by Eve to become as the gods, accomplished in the knowledge of good and evil. I am a little surprised Milton's commentators have not remarked this.—See Gen. iii. 5, 6.

552. In the first edition it was, *Of rendering up, Michael to him replied.*

Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st  
 Live well ; how long or short permit to Heav'n.  
 And now prepare thee for another sight. 585

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
 Were tents of various hue : by some were herds  
 Of cattle grazing ; others, whence the sound  
 Of instruments that made melodious chime  
 Was heard, of harp and organ, and who moved 590  
 Their steps and chords, was seen. His volant touch  
 Instinct, through all proportions low and high,  
 Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.  
 In other part stood one who, at the forge  
 Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass 595  
 Had melted (whether found where casual fire  
 Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,  
 Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot  
 To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream  
 From under ground) : the liquid ore he drain'd 600  
 Into fit moulds prepared ; from which he form'd  
 First his own tools ; then, what might else be wrought  
 Fusile, or grav'n in metal. After these,  
 But on the hither side, a different sort  
 From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their seat,  
 Down to the plain descended. By their guise, 605  
 Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent  
 To worship God aright, and know his works  
 Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve  
 Freedom and peace to men. They on the plain 610  
 Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold,  
 A bevy of fair women, richly gay  
 In gems and wanton dress. To th' harp they sung  
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.  
 The men, tho' grave, eyed them, and let their eyes 615  
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous net  
 Fast caught, they liked, and each his liking chose :

587. Gen. iv. 20-22.

573. *Fusile*, cast in moulds. The account of the descendants of Seth is partly derived from Scripture, and partly from other sources.

582. In allusion to the union mentioned in Scripture, which the sons of God, or the descendants of his true worshippers, formed with the daughters of Cain's posterity. See Gen. vi. 1, 2. That the sons of God meant celestial beings, an idea once supported by some divines, and that on which Mr. Moore has founded his poem of the *Love of the Angels*, has been long ago an exploded supposition.

And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning star,  
 Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat  
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke 600  
 Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked.  
 With feast and music all the tents resound.  
 Such happy interview and fair event  
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flow'rs,  
 And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart 605  
 Of Adam, soon inclined t' admit delight,  
 The bent of nature; which he thus express'd:

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,  
 Much better seems this vision, and more hope  
 Of peaceful days portends, than those two past: 610  
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse;  
 Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus Michael: Judge not what is best  
 By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,  
 Created, as thou art, to nobler end, 615  
 Holy and pure, conformity divine.

Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents  
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race  
 Who slew his brother. Studious they appear  
 Of arts that polish life, inventors rare, 620

Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit  
 Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledged none:  
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;

For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd  
 Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay, 625  
 Yet empty of all good, wherein consists

Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;  
 Bred only and completed to the taste  
 Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
 To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye. 630

To these that sober race of men, whose lives  
 Religious, titled them the sons of God,  
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,  
 Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles

Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy, 635  
 Ere long to swim at large; and laugh, for which  
 The world ere long a world of tears must weep.

To whom thus Adam (of short joy bereft):  
 O pity' and shame, that they who to live wall

Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread 630  
 Paths indirect, or in the mid-way faint!  
 But still I see the tenor of Man's woe  
 Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

From Man's effeminate slackness it begins,  
 Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place 635  
 By wisdom, and superior gifts received.  
 But now prepare thee for another scene.

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread  
 Before him; towns and rural works between,  
 Cities of men, with lofty gates and tow'rs, 640  
 Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,  
 Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise:  
 Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,  
 Single or in array of battle ranged  
 Both horse and foot; nor idly must'ring stood. 645

One way a band select, from forage drives  
 A herd of beaves, fair oxen and fair kine,  
 From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,  
 Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,  
 Their booty. Scarce with life the shepherds fly, 650  
 But call in aid; which makes a bloody fray.

With cruel tournament the squadrons join:  
 Where cattle pastured late, now scatter'd lies  
 With carcasses and arms th' insanguined field  
 Deserted. Others, to a city strong 655

Lay siege, encamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,  
 Assaulting: others, from the wall, defend  
 With dart and javelin, stones and sulph'rous fire:  
 On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.

In other part the scepter'd heralds call 660  
 To council in the city gates. Anon

Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,  
 Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon  
 In factious opposition, till at last  
 Of middle age one rising, eminent 665

645. *Nor idly must'ring stood*: there is supposed to be an allusion here, and in one or two other similar lines, to the situation of the English army at the time Milton was writing.

650. There are several instances of Homer in this description. *Iliad*, xviii.

651. The judges are described in Scripture as sitting in the gates of the cities. *Gen. xxiv. 20. Zech. viii. 16, &c.*

655. *Of middle age*, as the years of life were then numbered, Enoch was 365 years old when translated, *Gen. v. 22.*

In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,  
 Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,  
 And judgment from above. Him old and young  
 Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,  
 Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence, 670  
 Unseen amid the throng : so violence  
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law  
 Through all the plain ; and refuge home was found  
 Adam was all in tears, and to his Guide  
 Lamenting, turn'd full sad : O what are these ? 675  
 Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death  
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew  
 His brother ! for of whom such massacre  
 Make they but of their brethren, men of men ! 680  
 But who was that just man, whom had not Heav'n  
 Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost ?  
 To whom thus Michael : These are the product  
 Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st ; 685  
 Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves  
 Abhor to join, and by insprudence mix'd,  
 Produce prodigious births of body' or mind.  
 Such were these giants, men of high renown ;  
 For in those days might only shall be' admired,  
 And valour and heroic virtue call'd, 690  
 To overcome in battle and subdue  
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
 Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
 Of human glory, and for glory done  
 Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors, 695  
 Patrons of mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods :  
 Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.  
 Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth,  
 And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
 But he the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st  
 The only righteous in a world perverse, 700  
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
 With foes for daring single to be just,

682. Gen. vi. 4. It is supposed by some interpreters that the giants were so called from their tyranny and power rather than their extraordinary bulk. The common idea, however, seems the more correct, as it is supported by an immense mass of traditionary evidence.

700. Jude 14.



And utter edious truth, that God would come  
 To judge them with his saints; him the Most High  
 Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds, 708  
 Did, as thou saw'st, receive to walk with God,  
 High in salvation and the climes of bliss,  
 Exempt from death; to shew thee what reward  
 A waits the good, the rest what punishment: 710  
 Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold.

He look'd and saw the face of things quite changed.  
 The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar:  
 All now was turn'd to jollity and game,  
 To luxury and riot, feast and dance, 715  
 Marrying or prostituting, as befel,  
 Rape or adultery, where passing fair  
 Allured them: thence from cups to civil broils.  
 At length a rev'rend sire among them came,  
 And of their doings great dislike declared, 720  
 And testified against their ways. He oft  
 Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,  
 Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd  
 Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
 In prison under judgments imminent: 725  
 But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceased  
 Contending, and removed his tents far off.  
 Then from the mountain, hewing timber tall,  
 Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,  
 Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth,  
 Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door 731  
 Contrived; and of provisions laid in large  
 For man and beast; when lo, a wonder strange!  
 Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,  
 Came sevens and pairs, and enter'd in as taught 735  
 Their order. Last, the sire and his three sons  
 With their four wives; and God made fast the door.  
 Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black  
 wings

723. 2 Pet. ii. 5. Josephus is Milton's authority for what is said respecting Noah's conduct when he found his preaching vain; or it might be taken, possibly, from our Saviour's directions to the disciples to flee from the cities which refused to hear them.

735. Gen. vii. 2, &c.

736. Ovid, Met. i. The comparison which has been instituted between the descriptions which the two poets have given of the deluge is highly interesting, and the classical reader will find a sufficient pleasure in making it for himself to reward the little labour it requires.

Wide hov'ring, all the clouds together drove  
 From under Heaven; the hills to their supply 740  
 Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,  
 Sent up amain. And now the thicken'd sky  
 Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain  
 Impetuous, and continued till the earth  
 No more was seen. The floating vessel swam 745  
 Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow,  
 Rode tilting o'er the waves: all dwellings else  
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp  
 Deep under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea,  
 Sea without shore: and in their palaces, 750  
 Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd  
 And stabled. Of mankind, so numerous late,  
 All left, in one small bottom swam embark'd.  
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad, 755  
 Depopulation! These another flood,  
 Of tears and sorrow' a flood, thee also drown'd,  
 And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd  
 By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,  
 Though comfortless, as when a father mourns 760  
 His children, all in view destroy'd at once:  
 And scarce to th' Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint:  
 O visions ill foreseen! Better had I  
 Lived ignorant of future, so had borne  
 My part of evil only, each day's lot 765  
 Enough to bear! those now, that were dispens'd  
 The burden of many ages, on me light  
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
 Abortive, to torment me ere their being,  
 With thought that they must be! Let no man seek  
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall 771  
 Him or his children: evil he may be sure,  
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,  
 And he the future evil shall no less  
 In apprehension than in substance feel 775  
 Grievous to bear. But that care now is past,  
 Man is not whom to warn: those few escap'd,  
 Famine and anguish will at last consume,  
 Wand'ring that watery desert. I had hope  
 When violence was ceased, and war on earth, 780  
 All would have then gone well: peace would have  
 crown'd

With length of happy days the race of man ;  
 But I was far deceived : for now I see  
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.  
 How comes it thus ? Unfold, celestial guide ;      785  
 And whether here the race of man will end ?  
 T' whom thus Michael : Those whom last thou  
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they (saw'st  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void ;      790  
 Who, having spilt much blood, and done much waste,  
 Subduing nations, and achieved thereby  
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,  
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,  
 Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride      795  
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.  
 The conquer'd also, and enslaved by war,  
 Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose  
 And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd  
 In sharp contest of battle, found no aid      800  
 Against invaders ; therefore cool'd in zeal,  
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,  
 Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords  
 Shall leave them to enjoy : for th' earth shall bear  
 More than enough, that temperance may be try'd :  
 So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved,      805  
 Justice and temperance, truth and faith forgot ;  
 One man except, the only son of light  
 In a dark age, against example good,  
 Against allurement, custom, and a world      810  
 Offended ; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways  
 Shall them admonish, and before them set  
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,  
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come      815  
 On their impenitence ; and shall return  
 Of them derided, but of God observed  
 The one just man alive. By his command  
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st  
 To save himself and household from amidst      820  
 A world devote to universal wrack.  
 No sooner he with them of man and beast  
 Select for life shall in the ark be lodged,

And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts  
 Of Heav'n, set open on the earth, shall pour 825  
 Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep  
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean, to usurp  
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
 Above the highest hills: then shall this mount  
 Of Paradise, by might of waves, be moved 830  
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,  
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift.  
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,  
 And there take root an island salt and bare,  
 The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews clang,  
 To teach thee that God attributes to place 835  
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood, 840  
 Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,  
 Driven by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry,  
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;  
 And the clear sun on his wide watery glass  
 Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew, 845  
 As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink  
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole  
 With soft foot towards the Deep, who now had stopt  
 His sluices, as the Heav'n his windows shut. 850  
 The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,  
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.  
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear:  
 With clamour thence the rapid currents drive  
 Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.  
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies, 855  
 And after him, the surer messenger,  
 A dove, sent forth once and again to spy  
 Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light.  
 The second time returning, in his bill

824. Gen. vii. 11.

825. Paradise, it is supposed, was destroyed by the deluge.

831. *Horned*, that is, curved as rivers sometimes are when opposed in their current.—Euphrates, which flowed through Eden, is called in Scripture the great river; it emptied itself into the Persian Gulf. 835. *Orcs*, a kind of sea monster.

839. *Hull*, floating like a bulk, without sails or rudder.

842. *North-wind*, the Scripture does not mention any particular wind. 844. Gen. viii. 2, &c.

BOOK XI

279

An olive leaf he brings ; pacific sign. 280  
 Anon dry ground appears , and from his ark  
 The ancient sire descends with all his train :  
 Then, with uplifted hands and eyes devout,  
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds  
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow 285  
 Conspicuous, with three listed colours gay,  
 Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.  
 Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,  
 Greatly rejoiced, and thus his joy broke forth :  
 O thou, who future things can'st represent 279  
 As present, heav'nly Instructor, I revive  
 At this last sight ; assured that man shall live  
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.  
 Far less I now lament for one whole world  
 Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice 275  
 For one man found so perfect and so just,  
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world  
 From him, and all his anger to forget.  
 But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in Heav'n  
 Distended as the brow of God appeased, 280  
 Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind  
 The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,  
 Lest it again dissolve and shower the earth ?  
 To whom th' Arch-Angel : Dext'rously thou aim'st ;  
 So willingly doth God remit his ire, 285  
 Though late repenting him of man depraved,  
 Grieved at his heart, when looking down he saw  
 The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
 Corrupting each their way ; yet those removed,  
 Such grace shall one just man find in his sight, 290  
 That he relents, not to blot out mankind,  
 And makes a covenant never to destroy  
 The earth again by flood, nor let the sea  
 Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world  
 With man therein or beast ; but when he brings 295  
 Over the earth a cloud, will therein set

280. It may be observed that the olive is made frequent mention of in Scripture, and appears to have had a sort of sacred character among most of the ancient nations. Might it not acquire this by its having been thus appointed by God as a sign of peace between him and his creatures ?

285. *Three listed colours*, the three principal ones are here alluded to.

His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,  
 And call to mind his covenant. Day and night,  
 Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,  
 Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new  
 Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell

## BOOK XII.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues, from the flood, to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomfited by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael: wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,  
 Though bent on speed, so here th' Arch-Angel paused  
 Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored,  
 If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;  
 Then with transition sweet new speech resumes. 5  
 Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;  
 And man, as from a second stock, proceed.  
 Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive  
 Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine  
 Must needs impair and weary human sense: 10  
 Henceforth what is to come I will relate,  
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
 This second source of men, while yet but few,  
 And while the dread of judgment past remains  
 Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity, 15

1. This book was united to the former in the first edition, and on its being separated the first five lines were added to form its commencement.

11. Addison regrets that the poet did not continue the vision instead of reverting to the narrative form—Milton, however, appears to me to have been right in the plan he has pursued. It would, in the first place, have been unnatural to keep Adam longer in a state of ecstasy or trance; and next and principally, the action of the poem would have been entirely stopped too long, and the vision continued. By bringing the angel forward as speaking and conversing with Adam, the plot, though not really forwarded, has the appearance of going on.

With some regard to what is just and right  
 Shall lead their lives, and multiply space,  
 Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
 Corn, wine, and oil: and from the herd or flock,  
 Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20  
 With large wine-off'rings pour'd, and sacred feast,  
 Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell  
 Long time in peace, by families and tribes,  
 Under paternal rule, till one shall rise,  
 Of proud ambitious heart; who not content 25  
 With fair equality, fraternal state,  
 Will arrogate dominion undeserved  
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
 Concord and law of nature from the earth,  
 Hunting (and men not beasts shall be his game) 30  
 With war and hostile snare such as refuse  
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous:  
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled  
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,  
 Or from Heav'n claiming second sovereignty; 35  
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
 Though of rebellion others he accuse.  
 He with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
 With him or under him to tyrannize,  
 Marching from Eden tow'rs the west, shall find 40  
 The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
 Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell:  
 Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build  
 A city and tow'r, whose top may reach to Heav'n;  
 And get themselves a name, lest far dispersed 45  
 In foreign lands, there memory be lost,  
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
 But God, who oft descends to visit men  
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks  
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50  
 Comes down to see their city, ere the tow'r  
 Obstruct Heav'n-tow'rs, and in derision sets  
 Upon their tongues a various spirit to rase

22. The silver age is here meant, as the time of man's innocence was the golden.—The iron age is next mentioned.

34. Nimrod is said to have been the first man who assumed the power and character of a monarch. Gen. x. 9.

35. The name of Nimrod is usually derived from a Hebrew word that signifies *to rebel*. 40. Gen. xi. 2, &c.

Quite out their native language, and instead  
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown. 55  
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
 Among the builders; each to other calls,  
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
 As mock'd they storm. Great laughter was in Heav'n;  
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange. 60  
 And hear the din; thus was the building left  
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named.

Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeased:  
 O execrable son, so to aspire  
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming 65  
 Authority usurp'd; from God not given.  
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
 By his donation: but man over men  
 He made not lord: such title to himself 70  
 Reserving, human left from human free.  
 But this usurper, his encroachment proud  
 Stays not on man; to God his tow'r intends  
 Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food  
 Will he convey up thither to sustain 75  
 Himself and his rash army, where thin air  
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread?

To whom thus Michael: Justly thou abhorrest  
 That son, who on the quiet state of men 80  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational liberty; yet know withal,  
 Since thy original lapse, true liberty  
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells  
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being 85  
 Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd,  
 Immediately inordinate desires  
 And upstart passions catch the government  
 From reason, and to servitude reduce  
 Man till then free. Therefore, since he permits 90  
 Within himself unworthy powers to reign  
 Over free reason, God in judgment just

55. Dr. Bentley reads *is* in this and in line 51. But the angel might regard the event as past, as in his relation he looked from a station which could command the whole extended course of time.

61. *Babel* signifies confusion in Hebrew. Gen. xi. 9.



BOOK XII.

253

Subjects him from without to violent lords;  
 Who oft as undeservedly intrall  
 His outward freedom. Tyranny must be,  
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse. 25  
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low  
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
 But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,  
 Deprives them of their outward liberty, 100  
 Their inward lost. Witness th' irrev'rent son  
 Of him who built the ark, who for the shame  
 Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,  
 'Servant of servants,' on his vicious race.  
 Thus will this latter, as the former world, 105  
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,  
 Weary'd with their iniquities, withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert  
 His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to their own polluted ways; 110  
 And one peculiar nation to select  
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoked.  
 A nation from one faithful man to spring:  
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
 Bred up in idol-worship. O that men 115  
 (Canst thou believe!) should be so stupid grown,  
 While yet the patriarch lived, who scaped the flood,  
 As to forsake the living God, and fall  
 To worship their own work in wood and stone  
 For Gods! yet him God the Most High vouchsafes  
 To call by vision from his father's house, 121  
 His kindred, and false Gods, into a land  
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise  
 A mighty nation, and upon him shower  
 His benediction so, that in his seed 125  
 All nations shall be blest. He straight obeys,  
 Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.  
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith

101. *Cham*; the father of Canaan is here meant. Gen. ix. 22. 23.  
 110. The narrative is, from this point, confined to the history of  
 the chosen race, the seed of Abraham. 113. Josh. xxiv. 2.  
 117. Terah, Abraham's father, was born 222 years after the flood,  
 and Noah was living till the 300th year after it, so that idolatry  
 had gained ground some years before his death.

120. Gen. xii. 1-4.

122. Heb. xi. 8.

123. This is not, it should be observed, a reverting to the former  
 vision, as some commentators seem to suppose, but a mode of

He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native soil,  
 Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford 122  
 To Haran : after him a cumb'rous train  
 Of herds, and flocks, and numerous servitude ;  
 Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
 Canaan he now attains : I see his tents 123  
 Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain  
 Of Moreh : there, by promise, he receives  
 Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
 From Hamath northward to the Desert south  
 (Things by their names I call, tho' yet unnamed), 140  
 From Hermon east to the great western sea ;  
 Mount Hermon, yonder sea ; each place behold  
 In prospect, as I point them : on the shore  
 Mount Carmel : here the double-founted stream  
 Jordan, true limit eastward ; but his sons 145  
 Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.  
 This ponder, that all nations of the earth  
 Shall in his seed be blessed. By that seed  
 Is meant thy great Deliv'rer, who shall bruise  
 The Serpent's head : whereof to thee anon 150  
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,  
 Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
 A son, and of his son a grandchild leaves,  
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.  
 The grandchild with twelve sons increased, departs  
 From Canaan to a land, hereafter call'd 156  
 Egypt, divided by the river Nile.  
 See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths  
 Into the sea. To sojourn in that land  
 He comes, invited by a younger son, 160  
 In time of dearth : a son whose worthy deeds  
 Raise him to be the second in that realm  
 Of Pharaoh. There he dies, and leaves his race  
 Growing into a nation, and now grown  
 Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks 165  
 To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests  
 Too num'rous ; whence of guests he makes them slaves

speaking natural to the angel, to whom all the future was revealed.  
 The reader will find the whole of the narrative here given in  
 different parts of the Pentateuch.

155. *WIA* twelve sons increased - a Latinism.

Inhospitably', and kills their infant males;  
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim 170  
 His people from inthralment, they return  
 With glory' and spoil back to their promised land.  
 But first the lawless tyrant, who denies  
 To know their God, or message to regard,  
 Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire. 175  
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;  
 Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill  
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;  
 His cattle must of rot and murrain die;  
 Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss, 180  
 And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,  
 Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th' Egyptian sky,  
 And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls;  
 What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down 185  
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:  
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;  
 Last, with one midnight stroke, all the first-born  
 Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 190  
 The river-dragon tamed, at length submits  
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice  
 More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage  
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea 195  
 Swallows him with his host; but them lets pass  
 As on dry land, between two crystal walls,  
 Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand  
 Divided, till his rescued gain'd their shore.  
 Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,  
 Though present in his Angel, who shall go 201  
 Before them in a cloud and pillar of fire  
 (By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire),  
 To guide them in their journey, and remove  
 Behind them, while th' obdurate king pursues. 205  
 All night he will pursue; but his approach  
 Darkness defends between till morning watch:

.96. The Vulgate translation of Exodus x. 21. has *tan densas ut  
 nespert quessent*. Our English has, *darkness that may be felt*.  
 207. *Defends, forbids*.

Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud  
 God, looking forth, will trouble all 'his host,  
 And crase their chariot-wheels: when by command  
 Moses once more his potent rod extends 211  
 Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;  
 On their embattled ranks the waves return,  
 And overwhelm their war. the race elect  
 Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance 215  
 Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,  
 Lest, ent'ring on the Canaanite, alarm'd,  
 War terrify them inexpert, and fear  
 Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life 220  
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.  
 This also shall they gain by their delay  
 In the wide wilderness; there they shall found  
 Their government, and their great senate choose 225  
 Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.  
 God from the mount of Sinai, whose grey top  
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
 In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets sound,  
 Ordain them laws; part such as appertain 230  
 To civil justice, part religious rites  
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
 And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise  
 The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve  
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God 235  
 To mortal ear is dreadful! They beseech  
 That Moses might report to them his will,  
 And terror cease. He grants what they besought,  
 Instructed that to God is no access  
 Without Mediator, whose high office now 240  
 Moses in figure bears, to introduce  
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretell;

216. Crase, bruise or shatter, from the French *crasser*. In Exodus xiv. 25. our translation has *taken off*, but Milton is nearer the original.

220. Milton has not made any particular mention of the moral law in this passage. The reason I imagine is, that the sole object he had in view was to shew the progress of events towards the appearance of Christ and the establishment of his kingdom. He had, therefore, only so far to introduce the Jewish dispensation as it typified the Messiah's kingdom or illustrated his character and actions. The moral law was unchanged and unchangeable, and belonged to no one time or system. The objections, therefore, of Warburton and others are without foundation.

BOOK XII.

267

And all the prophets in their age the times  
Of great Messiah shall sing. The laws and rites  
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men 268  
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes  
Among them to set up his tabernacle,  
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.  
By his prescript a sanctuary is framed  
Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein 269  
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,  
The records of his covenant; over these  
A mercy-seat of gold between the wings  
Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn  
Seven lamps, as in a zodiac, representing 270  
The heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud  
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,  
Save when they journey; and at length they come,  
Conducted by his Angel, to the land  
Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest 271  
Were long to tell, how many battles fought,  
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won,  
Or how the sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still  
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,  
Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand, 272  
And thou moon in the vale of Aijalon,  
Till Israel overcome; so call the third  
From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him  
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.  
Here Adam interposed: O sent from Heav'n, 273  
Enlight'ner of my darkness, gracious things  
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern  
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find  
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eased,  
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become  
Of me and all mankind; but now I see 274  
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest,  
Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.  
This yet I apprehend not, why to those 275  
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth.  
So many and so various laws are given?  
So many laws argue so many sins

268. *The seven lamps*, the seven lamps, signifying the seven planets. 277. John viii. 56.  
272. Gal. iii. 19. Rom. vii. 5, & iii. 20. Heb. ix. 12. x. 4, & 10.

Among them. How can God with such reside?  
 To whom thus Michael: Doubt not but that sin  
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot; 284  
 And therefore was law given them to evince  
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up  
 Sin against law to fight: that when they see  
 Law can discover sin, but not remove, 286  
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,  
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude  
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man,  
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness  
 To them by faith imputed, they may find 288  
 Justification towards God, and peace  
 Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies  
 Cannot appease, nor man the moral part  
 Perform, and, not performing, cannot live.  
 So law appears imperfect, and but given 290  
 With purpose to resign them in full time  
 Up to a better covenant, disciplined  
 From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,  
 From imposition of strict laws to free  
 Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear 292  
 To filial, works of law to works of faith.  
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
 Highly beloved, being but the minister  
 Of law, his people into Canaan lead;  
 But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call, 294  
 His name and office bearing, who shall quell  
 The adversary Serpent, and bring back,  
 Thro' the world's wilderness long wander'd, man  
 Safe, to eternal Paradise of rest. 296  
 Mean while they in their earthly Canaan placed,  
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when aims  
 National interrupt their public peace,  
 Provoking God to raise them enemies;  
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
 By judges first, then under kings; of whom 298  
 The second, both for piety renown'd  
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive

296. *Jesus* and *Joshua* are the same name, the former being the Greek and the latter the Hebrew form. *Jesus* is used for *Joshua*, Acts vii. 43. Heb. iv. 8. As the whole of this part of the poem is taken from Scripture, the reader will do well to consult the marginal references of his Bible, if he be curious to see how the author has converted his scriptural knowledge to his use in this narrative, mixing with great skill history and prophecy

BOOK XII.

239

Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
 For ever shall endure. The like shall sing  
 All prophecy, that of the royal stock 239  
 Of David (so I name this King) shall rise  
 A Son, the Woman's Seed to thee foretold,  
 Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust  
 All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings  
 The last; for of his reign shall be no end. 239  
 But first a long succession must ensue,  
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,  
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents  
 Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple' inshrine.  
 Such follow him as shall be register'd 238  
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,  
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults  
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense  
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,  
 Their city', his temple, and his holy ark, 240  
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st  
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd:  
 There in captivity he lets them dwell  
 The space of seventy years, then brings them back,  
 Rememb'ring mercy, and his covenant sworn 246  
 To David, stablish'd as the days of Heav'n.  
 Return'd from Babylon, by leave of kings  
 Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God  
 They first re-edify, and for a while 250  
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow.  
 But, first, among the priests dissension springs!  
 Men who attend the altar, and should most  
 Endeavour peace. Their strife pollution brings 256  
 Upon the temple' itself. At last they seize  
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons,  
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed King, Messiah, might be born  
 Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star, 260  
 Unseen before in Heav'n, proclaims him come,  
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire  
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold.  
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells

261. *Then and so*, a strong poetical expression, and not  
 to be taken literally.

To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night: 368  
 They gladly thither haste, and, by a choir  
 Of squadron'd Angels, hear his carol sung:  
 A virgin is his mother, but his Sire  
 The Pow'r of the Most High. He shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign 370  
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'n.  
 He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharged, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,  
 Without the vent of words, which these he breathed:  
 O prophet of glad tidings! finisher 375  
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain,  
 Why our great expectation should be call'd  
 The seed of Woman. Virgin Mother, hail!  
 High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my loins 380  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son  
 Of God Most High; so God with Man unites.  
 Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruises  
 Expect with mortal pain. Say where and when 385  
 Their fight; what stroke shall bruise the Victor's heel  
 To whom thus Michael: Dream not of their fight  
 As of a duel, or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son  
 Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemy; nor so is overcome 390  
 Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,  
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound:  
 Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
 In thee and in thy seed: nor can this be, 395  
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
 Obedience to the law of God imposed  
 On penalty of death, and suff'ring death,  
 The penalty to thy transgression due,  
 And due to theirs, which out of thine will grow:  
 So only can high justice rest appaid. 400  
 The law of God exact he shall fulfil,  
 Both by obedience and by love, though love  
 Alone fulfil the law. Thy punishment  
 He shall endure, by coming in the flesh 405  
 To a reproachful life and cursed death,  
 Proclaiming life to all who shall believe  
 In his redemption, and that his obedience



Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits  
 To save them, not their own, though legal works.  
 For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed, 411  
 Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemn'd,  
 A shameful and accursed, nail'd to the cross  
 By his own nation, slain for bringing life  
 But to the cross he nails thy enemies; 415  
 The law that is against thee, and the sins  
 Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,  
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
 In this his satisfaction. So he dies,  
 But soon revives; death over him no power . 420  
 Shall long usurp: ere the third dawning light  
 Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise  
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light.  
 Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,  
 His death for man, as many as offer'd life 425  
 Neglect not, and the benefit embrace  
 By faith not void of works. This Godlike act  
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,  
 In sin for ever lost from life. This act  
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,  
 Defeating sin and death, his two main arms, 431  
 And fix'd far deeper in his head their stings  
 Than temp'ral death shall bruise the Victor's heel,  
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death-like sleep,  
 A gentle wafting to immortal life. 435  
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
 Longer on earth than certain times t' appear  
 To his disciples, men who in his life  
 Still follow'd him: to them shall leave in charge  
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd 440  
 And his salvation; them who shall believe  
 Baptizing in the profuent stream, the sign  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
 Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,  
 For death, like that which the Redeemer died. 445  
 All nations they shall teach; for, from that day,  
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins  
 Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons  
 Of Abraham's faith, wherever through the world;  
 In his seed all nations shall be blest. 450

411. *Thy enemies, the law, &c.* as explained in the next  
 line.—Coloss. ii. 14.

Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend  
 With victory, triumphing through the air  
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise  
 The Serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains  
 Thro' all his realm, and there confounded leave;  
 Then enter into glory, and resume 455  
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
 Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,  
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,  
 With glory' and pow'r to judge both quick and dead;  
 To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward 461  
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,  
 Whether in Heav'n or Earth; for then the Earth  
 Shall all be Paradise: far happier place  
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days. 465

So spake th' Arch-Angel Michael, then paused,  
 As at the world's great period; and our sire,  
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus reply'd:  
 O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!

That all this good of evil shall produce, 470  
 And Evil turn to good! more wonderful  
 Than that which by creation first brought forth  
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,  
 Whether I should repent me now of sin,  
 By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice 475  
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,  
 To God more glory, more good-will to men  
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.  
 But say: if our Deliv'rer up to Heav'n  
 Must reascend, what will betide the few 480  
 His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,  
 The enemies of truth? Who then shall guide  
 His people? who defend? Will they not deal  
 Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said the Angel; but from Heav'n  
 He to his own a Comforter will send, 485  
 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
 His Spirit within them, and the law of faith,  
 Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,  
 To guide them in all truth, and also arm 490

455. It has been observed by Addison that Milton, by this prophetic declaration of Michael, has made his poem conformable to the opinion of the most celebrated writers, that an epic should end prosperously.

467. Luke xxiv. 49.

490. John xvi. 12. and Eph. vi. 11.

With spiritual armour, able to resist  
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts;  
 What man can do against them, not afraid,  
 Though to the death, against such crafties  
 With inward consolations recompensed, 405  
 And oft supported so as shall amaze  
 Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit  
 Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
 T' evangelize the nations, then on all  
 Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue 500  
 To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,  
 As did their Lord before them. Thus they win  
 Great numbers of each nation to receive  
 With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n. At length  
 Their ministry perform'd, and race well run, 505  
 Their doctrine and their story written left,  
 They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,  
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n  
 To their own vile advantages shall turn 510  
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
 With superstitions and traditions taint,  
 Left only in those written records pure,  
 Though not but by the Spirit understood  
 Then shall they seek to' avail themselves of names  
 Places and titles, and with these to join 515  
 Secular pow'r though feigning still to act  
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
 The Spirit of God, promised alike, and given,  
 To all believers; and from that pretence, 520  
 Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force  
 On ev'ry conscience; laws which none shall find  
 Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within  
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
 But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind 525  
 His consort Liberty? What but unbuild  
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
 Their own faith, not another's? for on earth  
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
 Infallible? Yet many will presume: 530  
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
 On all who in the worship persevere  
 Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,

Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
 Religion satisfy'd. Truth shall retire 536  
 Restuck with sland'rous darts, and works of faith  
 Rarely be found. So shall the world go on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benign,  
 Under her own weight, groaning till the day  
 Appear of respiration to the just 540  
 And vengeance to the wicked at return  
 Of him so lately promised to thy aid,  
 The Woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold;  
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord:  
 Last in the clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd 546  
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
 Satan with his perverted world, then raise  
 From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,  
 New Heav'ns, new Earth, ages of endless date  
 Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love, 550  
 To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last reply'd:  
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,  
 Measured this transient world, the race of time,  
 Till time stand fix'd! Beyond is all abyss, 556  
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.  
 Greatly instructed, I shall hence depart,  
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;  
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 560  
 Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,  
 And love with fear the only God, to walk  
 As in his presence, ever to observe  
 His providence, and on him sole depend,  
 Merciful over all his works, with good 566  
 Still overcoming evil, and by small  
 Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak  
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
 By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake  
 Is fortitude to highest victory, 570  
 And to the faithful, death the gate of life:  
 Taught this by his example, whom I now  
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th' Angel last reply'd:

540. *Of respiration; in Scripture, the times of refreshing.* Acts iii. 19.

546. 2 Pet. iii. 13. See former note on the same expression.

## BOOK XII.

295

his having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum 575  
 of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars  
 thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal pow'rs,  
 All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,  
 Or works of God in Heav'n, air, earth, or sea,  
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst, 580  
 And all the rule, one empire; only add  
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,  
 Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,  
 By name to come call'd Charity, the soul  
 Of all the rest, then wilt thou not be loath 585  
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
 A Paradise within thee, happier far.  
 Let us descend now therefore from this top  
 Of speculation; for the hour precise  
 Exacts our parting hence: and see the guards, 590  
 By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect  
 Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,  
 In signal to remove, waves fiercely round.  
 We may no longer stay. Go, waken Eve;  
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd, 595  
 Portending good, and all her spirits composed  
 To meek submission. Thou at season fit  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,  
 The great deliv'rance by her seed to come 600  
 (For by the Woman's seed) on all mankind:  
 That ye may live, which will be many days,  
 Both in one faith unanimous though sad  
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd  
 With meditation on the happy end. 605  
 He ended, and they both descend the hill;  
 Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve  
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her waked;  
 And thus with words not sad she him received:  
 Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know:  
 For God is also' in sleep, and dreams advise, 611  
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good

581. 2 Pet. i. 2.

580. *Top of speculation*; an eminence of contemplation, from which the eye of the mind saw the mysteries of Providence all cleared up.

600. An inconsistency is pointed out between this line and the argument to the book, in which it will be found that Adam is ~~said~~ to waken Eve, while he is here represented as finding her

Presaging, since with sorrow' and heart's distress  
 Weary'd I fell asleep: but now lead on;  
 In me is no delay. With thee to go, 618  
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me  
 Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,  
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.  
 This further consolation yet secure 620  
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
 (Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed)  
 By me the promised Seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard  
 Well pleased, but answer'd not; for now too nigh  
 Th' Arch-Angel stood, and from the other hill 628  
 To their fix'd station, all in bright array  
 The Cherubim descended; on the ground  
 Gliding metesorous, as evening mist  
 Risen from a river o'er the marish glides, 630  
 And gather'd ground fast at the labourer's heel  
 Homeward returning. High in front advanced,  
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd  
 Pierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,  
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust, 633  
 Began to parch that temp'rate clime: whereat  
 In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught  
 Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate  
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
 To the subjected plain; then disappear'd. 640  
 They looking back, all the eastern side beheld  
 Of Paradise (so late their happy seat)  
 Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate  
 With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:  
 Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon:  
 The world was all before them, where to choose 646  
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.  
 They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow  
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

630. *Marish*; 'from the French *Morais*, a marsh.

640. The conclusion of this wonderful poem is not inferior in beauty to its progress. Ceasing from the calm and unadorned narrative which occupies the former part of the last book, the author rises again into his accustomed sublimity, and then with the most admirable skill closes the poem with an appeal, deep and powerful, to all the feelings of awe and tenderness which its subject can awaken. Never, I think, has worse taste been shewn than by the critics who would have had the last two lines omitted.

END OF PARADISE LOST.

# PARADISE REGAINED.

## BOOK I.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation of the Holy Spirit. The poem opens with John baptizing at the river Jordan. Jesus coming there is baptized; and is attested by the descent of the Holy Ghost, and by a voice from heaven, to be the Son of God. Satan, who is present, upon this immediately flies up into the regions of the air: where, summoning his infernal council, he acquaints them with his apprehensions that Jesus is that seed of the woman destined to destroy all their power, and points out to them the immediate necessity of bringing the matter to proof, and of attempting, by snares and fraud, to counteract and defeat the person from whom they have so much to dread. This office he offers himself to undertake; and, his offer being accepted, sets out on his enterprise. In the mean time God, in the assembly of holy angels, declares that he has given up his Son to be tempted by Satan; but foretells that the tempter shall be completely defeated by him: upon which the angels sing a hymn of triumph. Jesus is led up by the Spirit into the wilderness, while he is meditating on the commencement of his great office of Saviour of mankind. Pursuing his meditations he narrates, in a soliloquy, what divine and philanthropic impulses he had felt from his early youth, and how his mother Mary, on perceiving these dispositions in him, had acquainted him with the circumstances of his birth, and informed him that he was no less a person than the Son of God; to which he adds what his own inquiries and reflections had supplied in confirmation of this great truth, and particularly dwells on the recent attestation of it at the river Jordan. Our Lord passes forty days, fasting, in the wilderness; where the wild beasts become mild and harmless in his presence. Satan now appears under the form of an old peasant; and enters into discourse with our Lord, wondering what could have brought him alone into so dangerous a place, and at the same time professing to recognise him for the person lately acknowledged by John, at the river Jordan, to be the Son of God. Jesus briefly replies. Satan rejoins with a description of the difficulty of supporting life in the wilderness; and entreats Jesus, if he be really the Son of God, to manifest his divine power, by changing some of the stones into bread. Jesus reproves him, and at the same time tells him that he knows who he is. Satan instantly avows himself, and offers an artful apology for himself and his conduct. Our blessed Lord severely reprimands him, and refutes every part of his justification. Satan, with much humility of humility, still endeavours

to justify himself; and professing his admiration of Jesus, and his regard for virtue, requests to be permitted at a future time to bear more of his conversation; but is answered, that this must be as he shall find permission from above. Satan then disappears, and the book closes with a short description of night coming on.

[ WHO ere while the happy Garden sung,

By one Man's disobedience lost, now sing  
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind.

By one Man's firm obedience fully tried  
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd 5  
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,  
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.

1. Milton's *Paradise Regained* has afforded a fruitful subject for critics. Dispute and consideration, but it is universally agreed that it by no means occupies the next degree in excellence to *Paradise Lost*. Imperfect in the design, and evincing few of those mighty efforts of invention which distinguish the former work of its great author, it has never possessed the popularity which any composition of Milton might seem to challenge. But it should be impressed upon the reader's mind, that if the poem be imperfect in its plan, considered as a regular epic, this is no objection to it when examined according to the plan which the author himself laid down. Milton, I think it is beyond doubt, never intended to imitate his *Paradise Lost* in this poem, nor to take any of the classical models to work by. His object appears to have been to shew the coming of the Messiah, or rather his awful and mysterious entry into the kingdom which was to supplant for ever that of Satan, and form, as it were, the vestibule of an eternal Paradise. Commentators have taken it for granted that he meant to give the whole history of man's restoration; he did not do this, but intended only to shew Christ come in the flesh, and by that the completion of those grand promises of the Father which predicted the restoration of mankind. Supposing this to have been his purpose, the temptation in the wilderness was the best point in the New Testament histories he could determine on. It represented the Messiah in the full development of all his human characteristics as born of the woman, and it represented him as warring visibly with Satan before the gate of Paradise. The promised Deliverer thus come in the flesh, thus sprung from the chosen race, contending with the prince of this world, and proving his divinity by his triumph—the poet might well consider the title of *Paradise Regained* was not too high a name for a work which shews Christ as truly man, and, by his conquest over Satan at the first onset, as truly the Son of God. This, I think, may be said in answer to many criticisms on this poem, but if it be less defective as a whole than is commonly believed, it is more imperfect in its general execution than many are disposed to consider it. There is little or no passion, no stirring description, and scarcely any dialogues, distinguished for more than ordinary power. The character of Christ is very weakly developed, its mysterious nature is reduced to a commonplace humanity, and the scenes in which he is attacked by Satan, present nothing but prettinesses of invention or paraphrase of Scripture.



Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious eremite  
 Into the desert, his victorious field,  
 Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence  
 By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire, 11  
 As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,  
 And bear thro' highth or depth of Nature's bounds,  
 With prosperous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds  
 Above heroic, though in secret done, 15  
 And unrecorded left through many an age,  
 Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice  
 More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried  
 Repentance, and Heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand 20  
 To all baptized : to his great baptism flock'd  
 With awe the regions round, and with them came  
 From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd  
 To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,  
 Unmark'd, unknown ; but him the Baptist soon 25  
 Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore  
 As to his worthier, and would have resign'd  
 To him this heav'nly office, nor was long  
 His witness unconfirm'd ; on him baptized  
 Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove 30  
 The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice  
 From Heav'n pronounced him his beloved Son.  
 That heard the Adversary, who roving still  
 About the world, at that assembly famed  
 Would not be last, and with the voice divine 35  
 Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted Man, to whom  
 Such high attest was given, awhile survey'd  
 With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage  
 Flies to his place, nor rests but in mid air ;  
 To council summons all his mighty peers, 40  
 Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involved  
 A gloomy consistory ; and them amidst  
 With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake :  
 O ancient Pow'rs of air, and this wide world  
 For much more willingly I mention air, 45  
 This our old conquest, than remember Hell,  
 Our hated habitation ; well ye know

11. *Distinctly* ; like the Latin *distinctus*, from heaven.  
 44. Eph. ii. 2. vi. 12.

How many ages, as the years of men,  
 This universe we have possess'd, and ruled,  
 In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth, 50  
 Since Adam and his facile consort Eve  
 Lost Paradise deceived by me, though since  
 With dread attending when that fatal wound  
 Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve  
 Upon my head : long the decrees of Heav'n 55  
 Delay, for longest time to him is short ;  
 And now too soon for us the circling hours  
 This dreaded time hath compass'd, wherein we  
 Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound,  
 At least if so we can, and by the head 60  
 Broken be not intended all our power  
 To be infringed, our freedom and our being,  
 In this fair empire won of Earth and Air ;  
 For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed  
 Destined to this, is late of woman born : 65  
 His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,  
 But his growth now to youth's full flow'r displaying  
 All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve  
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.  
 Before him a great prophet, to proclaim 70  
 His coming, is sent Harbinger, who all  
 Invites, and in the consecrated stream,  
 Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so  
 Purified to receive him pure, or rather 75  
 To do him honour as their king ; all come,  
 And he himself among them was baptized,  
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
 The testimony' of Heav'n, that who he is  
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt ; I saw 80  
 The prophet do him reverence, on him rising  
 Out of the water, Heav'n above the clouds  
 Unfold her crystal doors, thence on his head  
 A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant,  
 And out of Heav'n the Sovereign voice I heard,  
 This is my Son beloved, in him am pleased. 85  
 His mother then is mortal, but his Sire

74. 1 John III. 2.

83. Matt. III. 16. It is supposed by most of the best comment-  
 ators, that the Holy Spirit descended not in the shape but in the  
 manner of a dove upon our Saviour. Milton seems to have inter-  
 preted it in a contrary way.

He who obtains the monarchy of Heav'n,  
 And what will he not do to advance his Son?  
 His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,  
 When his first thunder drove us to the deep; 99  
 Who this is we must learn, for man he seems  
 In all his lineaments, though in his face  
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.  
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate, 95  
 But must with something sudden be opposed,  
 Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven snares,  
 Ere in the head of nations he appear  
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on Earth.  
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100  
 The dismal expedition to find out  
 And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd  
 Successfully; a calmer voyage now  
 Will waft me; and the way found prosperous once  
 Induces best to hope of like success. 105  
 He ended, and his words impression left  
 Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,  
 Distracted and surprised with deep dismay  
 At these sad tidings; but no time was then  
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief: 110  
 Unanimous they all commit the care  
 And management of this main enterprise  
 To him their great dictator, whose attempt  
 At first against mankind so well had thrived  
 In Adam's overthrow, and led their march 115  
 From Hell's deep vaulted den to dwell in light,  
 Regents and potentates, and kings, yea gods  
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.  
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs  
 His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles, 120  
 Where he might likeliest find this new declared,  
 This Man of Men, attested Son of God,  
 Temptation and all guile on him to try;  
 So to subvert whom he suspected raised  
 To end his reign on Earth so long enjoy'd: 125

91. There does not appear to be sufficient reason for this supposition, that Satan did not at first know Christ to be the Messiah.  
 123. *Man of Men*; this has been objected to, but without cause, as it well expresses the perfect humanity of Christ and the station in which he stood as the representative of our race.

But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd  
 The purposed counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd  
 Of the Most High, who in full frequency bright  
 Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake :

Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold, 130  
 Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth  
 With man or men's affairs, how I begin,  
 To verify that solemn message late,  
 On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure  
 In Galilee, that she should bear a son 135  
 Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God ;  
 Then told'st her doubting how these things could be  
 To her a virgin, that on her should come  
 The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest  
 O'ershadow her : this man born and now upgrown,  
 To shew him worthy of his birth divine 141  
 And high prediction, henceforth I expose  
 To Satan ; let him tempt and now assay  
 His utmost subtlety, because he boasts  
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng 145  
 Of his apostacy ; he might have learnt  
 Less overweening since he fail'd in Job,  
 Whose constant perseverance overcame  
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.  
 He now shall know I can produce a Man 150  
 Of female seed, far abler to resist  
 All his solicitations, and at length  
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell  
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost  
 By fallacy surprised. But first I mean 155  
 To exercise him in the wilderness,  
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth  
 To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,  
 By humiliation and long sufferance : 160  
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,  
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh ;  
 That all the Angels and ethereal Powers,  
 They now, and men hereafter, may discern,  
 From what consummate virtue I have chose 165

130. Gabriel is frequently mentioned in Scripture as employed in the gospel dispensation. He is called by rabbinical writers, the Minister of Mercy, as Michael is the Minister of Severity.

This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,  
To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' eternal Father, and all Heav'n  
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns  
Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved, 170  
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand  
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and triumph to the Son of God,  
Now ent'ring his great duel, not of arms,  
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles. 175  
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure  
Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,  
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,  
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.

Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell, 180  
And devilish machinations come to nought!

So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tuned:  
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days  
Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,  
Musing and much revolving in his breast, 185  
How best the mighty work he might begin  
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first  
Publish his God-like office now mature,  
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,  
And his deep thought the better to converse 190  
With Solitude, till far from track of men,  
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,  
He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,  
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,  
His holy meditations thus pursued: 195

O what a multitude of thoughts at once  
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider  
What from within I feel myself, and hear  
What from without comes often to my ears,  
Ill sorting with my present state compar'd! 200  
When I was yet a child, no childish play  
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set  
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do

183. John 1.

180. This is well imagined, but the same approbation cannot be given to the passage immediately following, in which our Lord is represented as a soliloquizing youth just starting on his new career of glory, rather than as the Messiah conscious not only of his office but of his Divinity.

What might be public good ; myself I thought  
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 200  
 All righteous things : therefore above my years,  
 The law of God I read, and found it sweet,  
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age  
 Had measured twice six years, at our great feast 210  
 I went into the temple, there to hear  
 The teachers of our law, and to propose  
 What might improve my knowledge or their own ;  
 And was admired by all ; yet this not all  
 To which my spirit aspired ; victorious deeds 215  
 Flamed in my heart, heroic acts, one while  
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,  
 Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth  
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic pow'r,  
 Till truth were freed, and equity restored : 220  
 Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first  
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
 And make persuasion do the work of fear ;  
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul  
 Not wilfully misdoing, but unware 225  
 Misled ; the stubborn only to subdue.  
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,  
 By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,  
 And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts,  
 O Son, but nourish them and let them soar 230  
 To what height sacred virtue and true worth  
 Can raise them, though above example high ;  
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.  
 For know, thou art no son of mortal man ;  
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage, 235  
 Thy Father is th' eternal King who rules  
 All Heav'n and Earth, angels and sons of men ;  
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth  
 Conceived in me a virgin, he foretold  
 Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's throne,  
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end. 241  
 At thy nativity a glorious quire  
 Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung  
 To shepherds, watching at their folds by night

## BOOK I.

305

And told them the Messiah now was born, 245  
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came,  
 Directed to the manger, where thou lay'st,  
 For in the inn was left no better room :  
 A star, not seen before, in Heav'n appearing,  
 Guided the wise men thither from the East, 250  
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold ;  
 By whose bright course led on, they found the place,  
 Affirming it thy star new grav'n in Heav'n,  
 By which they knew the King of Israel born.  
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd 255  
 By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake  
 Before the altar and the vested priest,  
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.  
 This having heard, strait I again revolved  
 The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ 300  
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake  
 I am ; this chiefly, that my way must lie  
 Through many a hard assay, even to the death,  
 Ere I the promised kingdom can attain, 305  
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins'  
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.  
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,  
 The time prefix'd I waited, when behold  
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 370  
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come  
 Before Messiah and his way prepare.  
 I as all others to his baptism came,  
 Which I believed was from above ; but he  
 Strait knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd  
 Me him (for it was shewn him so from Heav'n) 375  
 Me him whose harbinger he was, and first  
 Refused on me his baptism to confer,  
 As much his greater, and was hardly won ;  
 But as I rose out of the laving stream, 380  
 Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence  
 The Spirit descended on me like a dove ;  
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,

255. Luke ii. 35. 35.

371. Jesus and John were relations on the side of their mothers,  
 but having been brought up at a distance, it is concluded from  
 John i. 33. that they were personally unknown to each other.

Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounced me his,  
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone 283  
 He was well pleased; by which I knew the time  
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,  
 But openly begin, as best becomes  
 Th' authority which I derived from Heav'n.  
 And now by some strong motion I am led 289  
 Into this wilderness, to what intent  
 I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;  
 For what concerns my knowledge, God reveals.  
 So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,  
 And looking round on every side, beheld 295  
 A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;  
 The way he came not having mark'd, return  
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod;  
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
 Accompanied of things past and to come 300  
 Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend  
 Such solitude before choicest society.  
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill  
 Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night  
 Under the covert of some ancient oak, 305  
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,  
 Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;  
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,  
 Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last  
 Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild, 310  
 Nor sleeping him, nor waking harm'd, his walk  
 The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,  
 The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.  
 But now an aged man in rural weeds,  
 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe, 315  
 Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve  
 Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,  
 To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,

286. The fulness of time, Gal. iv. 4.

307. *Justin reads, some cave.*

312. It is well remarked, that the description here given, is founded on a slight expression in St. Mark's gospel, i. 13. in which alone it is found. The various particulars mentioned, are observed by Warburton to be beautifully introduced, as intimating the restoration of man's former state of secure innocence. *Worms* is a general term for reptile.

314. It is supposed, that Milton took the Mea of making Satan appear like an old man from a design by D. Vinckborn.



He saw approach, who first with curious eye  
Perused him, then with words thus utter'd spake: 328

Sir, what ill-chance hath brought thee to this place,  
So far from path, or road of men, who pass  
In troop, or caravan? for single none  
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here  
His carcase, pined with hunger and with drought. 325

I ask the rather, and the more admire,  
For that to me thou seem'st the Man whom late  
Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford  
Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son  
Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes 330

Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth  
To town or village nigh (highest is far)  
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,  
What happens new; fame also finds us out.

To whom the Son of God: Who brought me hither,  
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek. 335

By miracle he may, reply'd the swain,  
What other way I see not, for we here  
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured  
More than the camel, and to drink go far, 340  
Men to such misery and hardship born;  
But if thou be the Son of God, command  
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,  
So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve  
With food whereof we wretched seldom taste. 345

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd:  
Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written  
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)  
Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed 350  
Our fathers here with manna? in the mount  
Moses was forty days, nor ate nor drank;  
And forty days Elijah without food

Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:  
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust, 355  
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd th' Arch-Deerd, now undis-  
Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate, [guised:  
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt  
Kept not my happy station, but was driven 360  
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,

Yet to that hideous place not so confined  
 By rigour unconniving, but that oft  
 Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy  
 Large liberty to round this globe of earth, 365  
 Or range in th' air, nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns  
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
 I came among the sons of God, when he  
 Gave up into my hands Uxsean Job  
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 370  
 And when to all his angels he proposed  
 To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud  
 That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,  
 I undertook that office, and the tongues  
 Of all his flatt'ring prophets glibb'd with lies 375  
 To his destruction, as I had in charge,  
 For what he bids I do: though I have lost  
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
 To be beloved of God, I have not lost  
 To love, at least contemplate and admire, 380  
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
 Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.  
 What can be then less in me than desire  
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I know  
 Declared the Son of God, to hear attent 385  
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds?  
 Men generally think me such a foe  
 To all mankind: why should I? they to me  
 Never did wrong or violence; by them 390  
 I lost not what I lost, rather by them  
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell  
 Copartner in these regions of the world,  
 If not disposer, lend them oft my aid,  
 Oft my advice by presages and signs, 395  
 And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,  
 Whereby they may direct their future life.  
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain  
 Companions of my misery and woe.  
 At first it may be; but long since with woe 400  
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,  
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,

365. Job i. 6.  
 373. Friend; mischief, so used in Par. Lost, ix. 648.  
 See 1 Kings xxii. 19.

Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.  
 Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd :  
 This wounds me most (what can it less ?) that man,  
 Man fall'n, shall be restored, I never more. 403  
 To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd :  
 Deserv'dly thou griev'st, composed of lies  
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end ;  
 Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come  
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns : thou com'st indeed, 410  
 As a poor miserable captive thrall  
 Comes to the place where he before had sat  
 Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,  
 Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunn'd,  
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn 415  
 To all the host of Heav'n : the happy place  
 Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,  
 Rather inflames thy torment, representing  
 Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,  
 So never more in Hell than when in Heav'n. 420  
 But thou art serviceable to Heav'n's King.  
 Wilt thou impute t' obedience what thy fear  
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites ?  
 What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem  
 Of righteous Job, then cruelly to' afflict him 425  
 With all inflictions ? but his patience won.  
 The other service was thy chosen task,  
 To be a liar in four hundred mouths ;  
 For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.  
 Yet thou pretend'st to truth ; all oracles 430  
 By thee are given, and what confess'd more true  
 Among the nations ! that hath been thy craft,  
 By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.  
 But what have been thy answers, what but dark,  
 Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding, 435

403. The word *man* here, is not employed by Satan in connexion with his own person, but so as to make the passage bear the following meaning : I now know by experience, that men by suffering in multitudes have not the less sense of suffering, and therefore that if joined with me, they could not alleviate mine.

417. *Importis*, in several editions.

434. The ambiguity of the ancient oracles in the answers they gave is well known, and it is most probable that Satan worked the destruction of his votaries as often as their success. It is supposed by several writers on the subject that when true answers were returned, a good angel was sent by God to provide : see *line* 447.

Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,  
 And not well understood, as good not known !  
 Whoever by consulting at thy shrine  
 Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct  
 To fly or follow what concern'd him most, 440  
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare ?  
 For God hath justly given the nations up  
 To thy delusions ; justly since they fell  
 Idolatrous : but when his purpose is  
 Among them to declare his providence 445  
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,  
 But from him or his Angels president  
 In every province ; who themselves disdaining  
 To approach thy temples, give thee in command  
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450  
 To thy adorers : thou with trembling fear,  
 Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st ;  
 Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.  
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd ;  
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse 455  
 The Gentiles ; henceforth oracles are ceased,  
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
 Shalt be inquired at Delphos or elsewhere,  
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.  
 God hath now sent his Living Oracle 460  
 Into the world to teach his final will,  
 And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell  
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle  
 To all truth requisite for men to know.  
 So spake our Saviour, but the subtle Fiend, 465  
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain  
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd :  
 Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
 And urged me hard with doings, which not will  
 But misery hath wrested from me : where 470  
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
 And not enforced oft-times to part from truth ;  
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,  
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure !  
 But thou art placed above me, thou art Lord, 475  
 From thee I can, and must, submit endure

454. *Delphos* was the seat of the most celebrated oracle known in ancient times.

Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.  
 Hard are the ways of Truth, and rough to walk,  
 Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to th' ear,  
 And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song ; 490  
 What wonder then if I delight to hear  
 Her dictates from thy mouth ! most men admire  
 Virtus, who follow not her lore ; permit me  
 To hear thee when I come (since no man comes),  
 And talk at least, though I despair to' attain. 495  
 Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,  
 Suffers the hypocrite, or atheous priest,  
 To tread his sacred courts, and minister  
 About his altar, handling holy things,  
 Praying or vowing, and vouchsafed his voice 499  
 To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet  
 Inspired ; disdain not such access to me.  
 To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow :  
 Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,  
 I bid not or forbid ; do as thou find'st 495  
 Permission from above ; thou canst not more.  
 He added not ; and Satan bowing low  
 His grey dissimulation, disappear'd  
 Into thin air diffused : for now began  
 Night with her sullen wings to double shade 500  
 The desert ; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd ;  
 And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

## BOOK II.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The disciples of Jesus, uneasy at his long absence, reason amongst themselves concerning it. Mary also gives vent to her maternal anxiety; in the expression of which she recapitulates many circumstances respecting the birth and early life of her son. Satan again meets his infernal council, reports the bad success of his first temptation of our blessed Lord, and calls upon them for council and assistance. Belial proposes the tempting of Jesus with women. Satan rebukes Belial for his dissoluteness, charging on him all the profligacy of that kind ascribed by the poets to the heathen gods, and rejects his proposal as in no respect likely to succeed. Satan then suggests other modes of temptation, particularly proposing to avail himself of the circumstance of our Lord's hungering; and, taking a band of chosen spirits with him, returns to resume his enterprise. Jesus hungered in the desert. Night comes on; the manner in which our Saviour passes the night is described. Morning advances. Satan again appears to Jesus, and, after expressing wonder that he should be so entirely neglected in the wilderness, where others had been miraculously fed, tempts him with a sumptuous banquet of the most luxurious kind. This he rejects, and the banquet vanishes. Satan, finding our Lord not to be assailed on the ground of appetite, tempts him again by offering him riches, as the means of acquiring power. This Jesus also rejects, producing many instances of great actions performed by persons under virtuous poverty, and specifying the danger of riches, and the cares and pains inseparable from power and greatness.

MEAN while the new-baptized, who yet remain'd  
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen  
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd  
Jesus Messiah, Son of God declared,  
And on that high authority had believed, 5  
And with him talk'd, and with him lodged, I mean  
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,  
With others, though in Holy Writ not named,  
Now missing him their joy so lately found,  
So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10  
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
And as the days increased, increased their doubt:  
Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,

1. The almost only variety in the work is in the commencement of this book, but it is very slight, and can hardly save the poem from the charge of being too uniform in its narrative and in the unornamented style of its language.

4. Warburton has observed, that Milton is under error here, as the people could only have learnt from what John had said, that Jesus was a great prophet.

And for a time caught up to God, as once  
 Moses was in the mount, and missing long ; 15  
 And the great Thibbits, who on fiery wheels  
 Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.  
 Therefore, as those young prophets then with care  
 Sought lost Elijah, so in each\*place these  
 Nigh to Bethabara ; in Jericho 20  
 The city of Palms, *Ennom*, and Salem old,  
*Macharrus*, and each town or city wall'd  
 On this side the broad lake Genesaret,  
 Or in *Perca* ; but return'd in vain.  
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek, 25  
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,  
 Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,  
 Close in a cottage low together got,  
 Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreath'd.  
 Alas, from what high hope to what relapse 30  
 Unlook'd-for are we fallen ! our eyes beheld  
 Messiah certainly now come, so long  
 Expected of our fathers ; we have heard  
 His words, his wisdom, full of grace and truth ;  
 Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand, 35  
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restored ;  
 Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turn'd  
 Into perplexity and new amaze :  
 For whither is he gone, what accident  
 Hath wrapt him from us ? will he now retire 40  
 After appearance, and again prolong  
 Our expectation ? God of Israel,  
 Send thy Messiah forth the time is come ;  
 Behold the kings of th' earth how they oppress  
 Thy chosen, to what height their power unjust 45  
 They have exalted, and behind them cast  
 All fear of thee ; arise and vindicate  
 Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.  
 But let us wait ; thus far he hath perform'd,  
 Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him, 50  
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shewn

16. 1 Kings xvii. 1.

18. 3 Kings ii. 17.

22. *Macharrus*, a castle in the country beyond Jordan, named *Perca*.23. *Genesaret* ; the same as the sea of Tiberias, or the sea of Galilee.

24. John i. 14.

26. Acts i. 8.

In public, and with him we have conversed;  
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
 Lay on his Providence; he will not fail,  
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall, 36  
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence;  
 Soon shall we see our Mope, our Joy, return.

Thus they out of their complaints new hopes resume,  
 To find whom at the first they found unsought:  
 But to his mother Mary, when she saw 60  
 Others return'd from baptism, not her son,  
 Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none, [pure,  
 Within her breast though calm, her breast though  
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised  
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad:

O what avails me now that honour high 65  
 To have conceived of God, or that salute,  
 Hail, highly favour'd, among women blest!  
 While I to sorrows am no less advanced,  
 And fears as eminent, above the lot 70  
 Of other women, by the birth I bore,  
 In such a season born when scarce a shed  
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me  
 From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,  
 A manger his: yet soon enforced to fly 75  
 Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king  
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd  
 With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;  
 From Egypt home return'd in Nazareth  
 Hath been our dwelling many years, his life 80  
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,  
 Little suspicious to any king; but now  
 Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,  
 By John the Baptist, and in public shewn,  
 Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice; 85  
 I look'd for some great change; to honour? no  
 But trouble; as old Simeon plain foretold,  
 That to the fall and rising he should be  
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign 90  
 Spoken against, that through my very soul  
 A sword shall pierce: this is my favour'd lot,  
 My exaltation to afflictions high!

\*A. Nazareth was in Galilee, a despised part of the country;  
 hence John L. ed.



Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;  
 I will not argue that, nor will repine:  
 But where delays he now! some great intent 95  
 Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,  
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw  
 He could not lose himself; but went about  
 His father's business; what he meant I mused,  
 Since understand: much more his absence now 100  
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
 But I to wait with patience am inured;  
 My heart hath been a store-house long of things  
 And say'ings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind 105  
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd  
 Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts  
 Meekly composed, awaited the fulfilling;  
 The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,  
 Sole, but with holiest meditations fed, 110  
 Into himself descended, and at once  
 All his great work to come before him set;  
 How to begin, how to accomplish best  
 His end of being on earth, and mission high:  
 For Satan with sly preface to return 11  
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone  
 Up to the middle region of thick air,  
 Where all his potentates in council sat;  
 There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,  
 Solicitous and blank, he thus began: 120

Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, ethereal Thrones,  
 Demonian Spirits now, from th' element  
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd  
 Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,  
 So may we hold our place and these mild seats 125  
 Without new trouble; such an enemy  
 Is risen to invade us, who no less  
 Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell;

100. The character of Mary, though it can be hardly considered as described, is finely touched. The allusion here is to Luke ii. 28. 31.

122. It was the opinion of the ancients, that every element, as well as every corner of the earth had its peculiar demons. The same opinion appears to have been upheld during the middle ages, and Milton, it is supposed, borrowed many of his notions from the strange and mystical works which were formerly written on the subject.

I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
 Consenting in full frequency was impower'd, 128  
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find  
 Far other labour to be undergone  
 Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men,  
 Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,  
 However to this Man inferior far, 129  
 If he be man by mother's side at least,  
 With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,  
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,  
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds;  
 Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 130  
 Of my success with Eve in Paradise  
 Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure  
 Of like succeeding here; I summon all  
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand  
 Or council to assist: lest I, who erst 131  
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.  
 So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all  
 With clamour was assured their utmost aid  
 At his command; when from amidst them rose  
 Belial, the dissolute spirit that fell, 132  
 The sensualest, and, after Asmodai,  
 The fleshliest incubus, and thus advised:  
 Set women in his eye, and in his walk,  
 Among daughters of men, the fairest found;  
 Many are in each region passing fair 133  
 As the noon sky: more like to goddesses  
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,  
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues  
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild  
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to' approach, 134  
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw  
 Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.  
 Such object hath the power to soften and tame  
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,  
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, 135  
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
 At will the manliest, resolute breast,  
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws.  
 Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart

135. *Magnetic*; the adjective for the substantive, as in  
 instances pointed out in the 'Par. Lost.

Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, 170  
And made him bow, to the gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd :

Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st  
All others by thyself ; because of old  
Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring 175  
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,  
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.

Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,  
False titled Sons of God, roaming the earth  
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180  
And coupled with them, and begot a race.

Have we not seen, or by relation heard,  
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,  
In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,  
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay 185

Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,  
Or Amymons, Syrinx, many more  
Too long, then lay'st thy 'scapes on names adored,  
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190

Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan ? But these haunts  
Delight not all ; among the sons of men,  
How many have with a smile made small account  
Of Beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd  
All her assaults, on worthier things intent ? 195

Remember that Pellean conqueror,  
A youth, how all the beauties of the East  
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd ;  
How he surnamed of Africa dismiss'd  
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid. 200

For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full  
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond  
Higher design than to enjoy his state ;  
Thence to the bait of women lay exposed :  
But he whom we attempt is wiser far 205  
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,

178. Milton here appears to favour the common notion of the angels having united with the daughters of men, but he expresses a contrary opinion, *Par. Lost*, xl. 621.

196. Alexander the Great, born at Pella, in Macedonia ; his conduct towards the wife and daughters of Darius was distinguished for continency :—as was Scipio's, surnamed Africanus, on a similar occasion.

Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment  
 Of greatest things; what woman will you find,  
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,  
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 21.  
 Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,  
 As sitting queen adored on Beauty's throne,  
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
 To' enamour, as the zone of Venus once 213  
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;  
 How would one look from his majestic brow,  
 Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,  
 Discount'nance her despised, and put to rout  
 All her array; her female pride deject,  
 Or turn to reverent awe; for Beauty stands 220  
 In th' admiration only of weak minds  
 Led captive; cease to' admire, and all her plumes  
 Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,  
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd:  
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try 225  
 His constancy, with such as have more show  
 Of worth, of honour, glory', and popular praise;  
 Rocks whereon greatest men have oftst wreck'd;  
 Or that which only seems to satisfy  
 Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond; 230  
 And now I know he hungers where no food  
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness:  
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass  
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.  
 He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;  
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band 235  
 Of spirits likest to himself in guile  
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,  
 If cause were to unfold some active scene  
 Of various persons, each to know his part, 240  
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight;  
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God  
 After forty days' fasting had remain'd,  
 Now hung'ring first, and to himself thus said:  
 Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd  
 Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food 245  
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast

244. An inaccuracy has been pointed out in this line, as our Saviour did not now *first* hunger.

To virtue I impute not, or count part  
 Of what I suffer here ; if Nature need not,  
 Or God support Nature without repast 250  
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure ?  
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares  
 Nature hath need of what she asks ; yet God  
 Can satisfy that need some other way,  
 Though hunger still remain : so it remain 255  
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,  
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm,  
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed  
 Me hung'ring more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260  
 Communed in silent walk, then laid him down  
 Under the hospitable covert nigh  
 Of trees thick interwoven ; there he slept  
 And dream'd as appetite is wont to dream,  
 Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet ;  
 Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood, 265  
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks  
 Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,  
 Though ravenous, taught to' abstain from what they  
 He saw the prophet also how he fled [brought ;  
 Into the desert, and how there he slept 271  
 Under a juniper ; then how awaked  
 He found his supper on the coals prepared,  
 And by the angel was bid rise and eat,  
 And eat the second time after repose, 275  
 The strength whereof sufficed him forty days ;  
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,  
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

Thus wro't out night, and now the herald lark  
 Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry 280  
 The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song :  
 As lightly from his grassy couch uprose  
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,  
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked :  
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285  
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
 If cottage were in view, sheep-cote or herd ;

259. John iv. 34.  
 260. *Him thought, as we say, me thought.* 1 Kings xvii. 2, 3.  
 and xix. 4. Dan. i.

But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw  
 Only' in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,  
 With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud; 290  
 Thither he bent his way, determined there  
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade  
 High roof, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,  
 That open'd in the midst a woody scene;  
 Nature's own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art)  
 And to a superstitious eye the haunt 295  
 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs; he view'd it round,  
 When suddenly a man before him stood,  
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,  
 As one in city' or court, or palace bred, 300  
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd:

With granted leave officious I return.  
 But much more wonder that the Son of God  
 In this wild solitude so long should bide  
 Of all things destitute, and well I know 305  
 Not without hunger. Others of some note.  
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness;  
 The fugitive bond-woman with her son  
 Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief  
 By a providing angel; all the race 310  
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God  
 Rain'd from Heav'n manna; and that prophet bold  
 Native of Thebez, wand'ring here was fed  
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:  
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315  
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus: What conclud'st thou hence?  
 They all had need, I, as thou seest, have none.

How hast thou hunger then? Satan replied:  
 Tell me, if food were now before thee set, 320  
 Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like  
 The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that  
 Cause thy refusal? said the subtle fiend.  
 Hast thou not right to all created things?  
 Owe not all creatures by just right to thee 325

308. Gen. xvi. 6. *Nebaioth* was the eldest son of Ishmael, and it is supposed is here put by mistake for the latter.  
 312. *Thebez*, *Tubbe*, where *Elijah* was born, hence the allusion. The wilderness in which our Saviour was at this time, was not the same with those in which *Hagar*, &c. are represented as wandering.

Duty and service not to stay till bid,  
 But tender all their power! nor mention I  
 Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first  
 To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;  
 Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who 326  
 Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold,  
 Nature ashamed, or, better to express,  
 Troubled that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey'd  
 From all the elements her choicest store  
 To treat thee as becoms, and as her Lord, 326  
 With honour: only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,  
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld  
 In ample space under the broadest shade  
 A table richly spread, in regal mode, 340  
 With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort  
 And savour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,  
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,  
 Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,  
 Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin, 345  
 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd  
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.  
 Alas! how simple, to these cates compared,  
 Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!  
 And at a stately side-board, by the wine 350  
 That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood  
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue  
 Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more  
 Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,  
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades, 355  
 With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,  
 And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd  
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since  
 Of faery damsels met in forest wide  
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360  
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore:  
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
 Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds  
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd

344. *Gris-amber*, Ambergris was formerly used to great excess in the favouring of certain dishes.

347. The places here mentioned were famous in antiquity for their fish.

348. *Diverted*, in the Latin sense, turned aside.

From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells. 339  
Such was the splendour, and the Tempter now  
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat ?  
These are not fruits forbidden ; no interdict  
Defends the touching of these viands pure ; 370  
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,  
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,  
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.  
All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,  
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay 373  
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord :  
What doubt'st thou, Son of God ? sit down and eat.

To whom thus Jesus temperately reply'd :  
Said'st thou not that to all things I had right ?  
And who withholds my power that right to use ? 380  
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
When and where likes me best, I can command ?  
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,  
Command a table in this wilderness,  
And call swift flights of angels ministrant 383  
Array'd in glory on my cup to' attend :  
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,  
In vain, where no acceptance it can find ?  
And with my hunger what hast thou to do ?  
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, 386  
And count thy specious gifts no gifts but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent :  
That I have also power to give thou seest ;  
If of that power I bring thee voluntary  
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleased, 390  
And rather opportunely in this place  
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,  
Why shouldst thou not accept it ? but I see  
What I can do or offer is suspect ;  
Of these things others quickly will dispose, 393  
Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet spoil. With that  
Both table and provision vanish'd quite  
With sound of harpies' wings, and talons heard ;

373. *Defends* ; as in *Par. Lost*, like the French *defendre*, to forbid.

385. So in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

401. *Fet*, instead of *fetch'd*, for softness ; the word is used by Chaucer, Spenser, &c.



Only th' importune Tempter still remain'd,  
And with these words his temptation pursued : 405

By hunger, that each other creature tames,  
Thou art not to be harm'd ; therefore not moved ;  
Thy temperance invincible besides,  
For no allurement yields to appetite,  
And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410  
High actions ; but wherewith to be achieved ?  
Great acts require great means of enterprise ;  
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,  
A carpenter thy father known, thyself  
Bred up in poverty and straits at home, 415  
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit :

Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire  
To greatness ? whence authority derivest ?  
What followers, what retinue, canst thou gain,  
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420  
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost ?  
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms :  
What raised Antipater the Edomite,  
And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne  
(Thy throne), but gold that got him puissant friends ?  
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive, 425  
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,  
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me ;  
Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand ;  
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, 430  
While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom, sit in want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd :  
Yet wealth without these three is impotent  
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.  
Witness those ancient empires of the earth, 435  
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved :  
But men endued with these have oft attain'd  
In lowest poverty to highest deeds ;  
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,

420. This verse is elliptical, and requires the verb *gain* to be understood.

423. *Antipater* was the father of Herod, whom it is supposed he got raised to the throne of Judea, through the influence of his wealth.

429. This temptation as well as that of the feast, the reader will recognise as the invention of the poet, and not forming a part of the Scripture narrative.

430. *The shepherd lad*, David.

Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat 440  
 So many ages, and shall yet regain  
 That seat, and reign in Israel without end.  
 Among the Heathen (for throughout the world  
 To me is not unknown what hath been done  
 Worthy of memorial), canst thou not remember 445  
 Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?  
 For I esteem those names of men so poor  
 Who could do mighty things, and could contemn  
 Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings.  
 And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450  
 May also in this poverty as soon  
 Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?  
 Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,  
 The wise man's cumbrance if not snare, more apt  
 To slacken virtue, and abate her edge, 455  
 Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.  
 What if with like aversion I reject  
 Riches and realms? yet not for that a crown,  
 Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,  
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,  
 To him who wears the regal diadem, 461  
 When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;  
 For therein stands the office of a king,  
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
 That for the public all this weight he bears. 465  
 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
 Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;  
 Which every wise and virtuous man attains:  
 And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
 Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes, 470  
 Subject himself to anarchy within,  
 Or lawless passions in him which he serves.  
 But to guide nations in the way of truth  
 By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
 To know, and knowing worship God aright, 475  
 Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,

446. *Quintius*; Cincinnatus, who was ploughing when called to be the Dictator of Rome.—*Fabricius*, another Roman, who, though offered abundant wealth by king Pyrrhus, returned to his home, and lived and died in poverty.—*Curius Dentatus*, and *Regulus*, Romans also. The former rejected the riches offered both by his countrymen and foreigners, the latter braved the most frightful torments from the Carthaginians, rather than persuade his country to make peace with them.

Governs the inner man, the nobler part;  
 That other o'er the body only reigns,  
 And oft by force, which to a generous mind  
 So reigning can be no sincere delight. 480  
 Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
 Far more magnanimous than to assume.  
 Riches are needless then, both for themselves,  
 And for thy reason why they should be sought, 485  
 To gain a sceptre, ofttest better miss'd.

481. The great examples which monarchs have given of abdicating their thrones were after the time of our Saviour, but it is most probable Milton had Diocletian and Charles V. in his mind. There is a great deal of noble sentiment in the above reply of our Lord; but the noblest morality of philosophy falls of inspiring those particular feelings of awe and trembling expectation with which the scene of Christ's mysterious contest fills the mind. Milton's imagination was, if I may use the expression, the imagination of sense, of vision, and material forms; his conception of purely spiritual things was imperfect, and hence his frequent recourse to the set phrases and moral aphorisms of the classic philosophers, when it is the exposition of the spirit itself, not of particular sentiment, which the mind requires. Throughout the poem the defect of his genius in this respect is constantly evident; our Saviour speaks through Milton's memory; no thought occurs which shews the God-man, as the one sole being who through eternity has united divinity and humanity, and the answers he makes might be put into the mouth of any virtuous and gifted mortal. The design of *Paradise Regained*, notwithstanding all commentators may say, was sufficiently large and perfect for a most noble poem, but the author wanted, to make such a plan successful, a mind more fond of searching into the great springs of thought and power.

## BOOK III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, in a speech of much flattering commendation, endeavours to awaken in Jesus a passion for glory, by particularizing various instances of conquests achieved, and great actions performed, by persons at an early period of life. Our Lord replies, by shewing the vanity of worldly fame, and the improper means by which it is generally attained; and contrasts with it the true glory of religious patience and virtuous wisdom, as exemplified in the character of Job. Satan justifies the love of glory from the example of God himself, who requires it from all his creatures. Jesus detects the fallacy of this argument, by shewing that, as goodness is the true ground on which glory is due to the great Creator of all things, sinful man can have no right whatever to it. Satan then urges our Lord respecting his claim to the throne of David; he tells him that the kingdom of Judea, being at that time a province of Rome, cannot be got possession of without much personal exertion on his part, and presses him to lose no time in beginning to reign. Jesus refers him to the time allotted for this, as for all other things; and, after intimating somewhat respecting his own previous sufferings, asks Satan why he should be solicitous for the exaltation of one, whose rising was destined to be his fall. Satan replies, that his own desperate state, by excluding all hope, leaves little room for fear; and that, as his own punishment was equally doomed, he is not interested in preventing the reign of one, for whose apparent benevolence he might rather hope for some interference in his favour. Satan still pursues his former incitements; and, supposing that the seeming reluctance of Jesus to be thus advanced might arise from his being unacquainted with the world and its glories, conveys him to the summit of a high mountain, and from thence shews him most of the kingdom of Asia, particularly pointing out to his notice some extraordinary military preparations of the Parthians to resist the incursions of the Scythians. He then informs our Lord, that he shewed him this purposely that he might see how necessary military exertions are to retain the possession of kingdoms, as well as to subdue them at first, and advises him to consider how impossible it was to maintain Judea against two such powerful neighbours as the Romans and Parthians, and how necessary it would be to form an alliance with one or other of them. At the same time he recommends, and engages to secure to him, that of the Parthians; and tells him, that by this means his power will be defended from any thing that Rome or Caesar might attempt against it, and that he will be able to extend his glory wide, and especially to accomplish what was particularly necessary to make the throne of Judea really the throne of David, the deliverance and restoration of the ten tribes, still in a state of captivity. Jesus, having briefly noticed the vanity of military efforts, and the weakness of the arm of flesh, says, that when the time comes for his ascending his allotted throne, he shall not be slack: he remarks on Satan's extraordinary zeal for the deliverance of the Israelites, to whom he had always shewn himself an enemy, and declares their servitude to be the consequence of their idolatry; but adds, that at a future time it may perhaps please God to recall them, and restore them to their liberty and native land.

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood  
A while as mute confounded what to say,

What to reply, confuted and convinced  
 Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;  
 At length collecting all his serpent wiles,      5  
 With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts:  
   I see thou know'st what is of use to know,  
 What best to say can say, to do canst do;  
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words  
 To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart      10  
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.  
 Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult.  
 Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
 Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems  
 On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old      15  
 Infallible; or wert thou sought to deeds  
 That might require th' array of war, thy skill  
 Of conduct would be such, that all the world  
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
 In battle, though against thy few in arms.      20  
 These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide,  
 Affecting private life or more obscure  
 In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive  
 All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself  
 The fame and glory, glory the reward      25  
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame  
 Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure  
 Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,  
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
 And dignities and powers all but the highest?      30  
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son  
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these  
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
 At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down  
 The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd      35  
 The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.  
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,  
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.  
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,

11. *Shape*, idea, in its most perfect sense.

12. What the *Urim* and *Thummim* were is not known. It is supposed, as the words signify light and perfection, that the prophetic virtue inherent in the sacred breast-plate, or in the gems which composed it, is to be understood by them.

21. See Luke iii. 23.

26. *The Pontic king*, Mithridates, against whom Pompey was sent, but he was then it is believed turned of forty.

The more he grew in years, the more inflamed 42  
With glory, wept that he had lived so long  
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd:  
Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth  
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect 43  
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.  
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?  
And what the people but a herd confused,  
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol 39  
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the  
praise?

They praise and they admire they know not what,  
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;  
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,  
To live upon their tongues and be their talk, 35  
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise?  
His lot who dares be singularly good.  
Th' intelligent among them and the wise  
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.  
This is true glory and renown, when God 69  
Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks  
The just man, and divulges him through Heav'n  
To all his angels, who with true applause  
Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,  
When to extend his fame through Heav'n and Earth,  
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember, 65  
He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job?  
Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth less known;  
Where glory is false glory attributed  
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame. 70  
They err who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to over-run  
Large countries, and in fields great battles win,  
Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,  
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave 75  
Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,  
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind

42. Julius Cæsar, it is said, wept on reading the life of Alexander, that he had done so little at his age.—Alexander died when he was about 34 years old. 67. Job l. 2.

Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy; 80  
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,  
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,  
 Worshipp'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice!  
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other:  
 Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men, 85  
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,  
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.  
 But if there be in glory aught of good,  
 It may by means far different be attain'd  
 Without ambition, war, or violence; 90  
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
 By patience, temperance: I mention still  
 Him, whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne  
 Made famous in a land and times obscure;  
 Who names not now with honour patient Job? 95  
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable!)  
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,  
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.  
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done, 100  
 Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame  
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage,  
 The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,  
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.  
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek, 105  
 Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His  
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.  
 To whom the Tempter murmuring thus reply'd:  
 Think not so slight of glory; therein least  
 Resembling thy great Father; he seeks glory, 110  
 And for his glory all things made, all things  
 Orders and governs; nor content in Heav'n  
 By all his angels glorify'd, requires  
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,  
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption; 115  
 Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,  
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives  
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew or Greek,

101. Young African, Scipio Africanus, who freed Rome from the threatened invasion of the Carthaginians.

105. John viii. 48, 50.

Or barbarous, nor exemption hath declared :  
From us his foes pronounced glory he exacts. 120

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd :  
And reason ; since his word all things produced,  
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart  
His good communicable to every soul 125  
Freely ; of whom what could he less expect  
Than glory and benediction, that is thanks,  
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense  
From them who could return him nothing else,  
And not returning that would likeliest render 130  
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy !  
Hard recompense, unsuitable return  
For so much good, so much beneficence.

But why should man seek glory, who of his own  
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs 135  
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame ?  
Who for so many benefits received  
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate, and false,  
And so of all true good himself despoil'd ;  
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140  
That which to God alone of right belongs ;  
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,  
That who advance his glory, not their own,  
Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God ; and here again 145  
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
With guilt of his own sin, for he himself  
Insatiable of glory had lost all ;  
Yet of another plea bethought him soon :

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem, 150  
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass :  
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd  
To sit upon thy father David's throne ;  
By mother's side thy father ; though thy right  
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part 155  
Easily from possession won with arms :  
Judaea now and all the Promised Land,  
Reduced a province under Roman yoke,

155. Judaea was reduced from being an independent kingdom to a Roman province in the reign of Augustus, and when our Saviour was about twelve years old.



Obeys Tiberius; nor is always ruled  
 With temperate sway; oft have they violated 160  
 The temple, oft the law, with foul affronts,  
 Abominations rather, as did once  
 Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain  
 Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?  
 So did not Maccabeus: he indeed 165  
 Retired unto the desert, but with arms;  
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,  
 That by strong hand his family obtain'd,  
 Tho' priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd  
 With Modin and her suburbs once content. 170  
 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal  
 And duty; zeal and duty are not slow;  
 But on occasion's forelock watchful wait;  
 They themselves rather are occasion best,  
 Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free 175  
 Thy country from her Heathen servitude;  
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify  
 The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;  
 The happier reign the sooner it begins;  
 Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?  
 To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd: 181  
 All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,  
 And time there is for all things, truth hath said:  
 If of my reign prophetic writ hath told  
 That it shall never end, so when begin 185  
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed,  
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.  
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first  
 Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,  
 By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190  
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,  
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,  
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know  
 What I can suffer, how obey? who best  
 Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first 195  
 Well hath obey'd; just trial, ere I merit  
 My exaltation without change or end.  
 But what concerns it thee when I begin  
 My everlasting kingdom, why art thou  
 Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition? 200

160. Pompey profaned the Holy of Holies; for Antiochus,  
 see 2 Maccab. v. 183. Eccles. iii.

Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
 And my promotion will be thy destruction ?  
 To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd :  
 Let that come when it comes ; all hope is lost  
 Of my reception into grace ; what worse ? 285  
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear :  
 If there be worse, the expectation more  
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can.  
 I would be at the worst ; worst is my port,  
 My harbour, and my ultimate repose, 290  
 The end I would attain, my final good.  
 My error was my error, and my crime  
 My crime ; whatever for itself condemn'd  
 And will alike be punish'd, whether thou  
 Reign or reign not ; though to that gentle brow 295  
 Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,  
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,  
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,  
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire  
 (Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell) 300  
 A shelter, and a kind of shading cool  
 Interposition, as a summer's cloud.  
 If I then to the worst that can be haste,  
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,  
 Happiest both to thyself and all the world, 305  
 That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king ?  
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd  
 Of th' enterprise so hazardous and high !  
 No wonder, for though in thee be united  
 What of perfection can in man be found, 310  
 Or human nature can receive, consider  
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,  
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days' 315  
 Shortsojourn ; and what thence couldst thou observe ?  
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,  
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight  
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
 The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever 320  
 Timorous and loath, with novice modesty  
 (As he who seeking asses found a kingdom)  
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous :

But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit  
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes 245  
 The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and state;  
 Sufficient introduction to inform  
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,  
 And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know  
 How best their opposition to withstand. 250

With that (such power was given him then) he took  
 The Son of God up to a mountain high.

It was a mountain at whose verdant feet  
 A spacious plain, out-stretch'd in circuit wide,  
 Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd, 255  
 Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between  
 Fair champaign with less rivers intervein'd,  
 Then meeting, join'd their tribute to the sea:  
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine; 260  
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;  
 Huge cities and high-tower'd, that well might seem  
 The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large  
 The prospect was, that here and there was room  
 For barren desert, fountainless and dry.

To this high mountain top the Tempter brought 265  
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began:

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,  
 Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,  
 Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st  
 Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds, 270

Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on  
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
 And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,  
 And inaccessible th' Arabian drought:

Here Nineveh, of length within her wall 275  
 Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,

Of that first golden monarchy the seat,  
 And seat of Salmanassar, whose success  
 Israel in long captivity still mourns;  
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues, 280  
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice  
 Judah and all thy father David's house

275. *Nineveh* was built by Ninus, and was situated on the river Tigris. It is said to have been 15 miles long, 9 broad, and 48 in circumference. The walls round it were 100 feet high, and broad enough for three chariots to drive abreast on them.

280. *Babylon* was situated on the Euphrates. See Dan. iv. 28 & Kings xxiv. and xxv.

Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,  
 Till Cyrus set them free ; Persepolis  
 His city there thou seest, and Bactra there ; 293  
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shews  
 And Hecatompylos her hundred gates ;  
 There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,  
 The drink of none but kings ; of later fame  
 Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands, 294  
 The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there  
 Artaxata, Terebon, Ctesiphon,  
 Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.  
 All these the Parthian, now some ages past,  
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first 295  
 That empire, under his dominion holds,  
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.  
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
 Of this great power ; for now the Parthian king  
 In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host 296  
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild  
 Have wasted Sogdiana ; to her aid  
 He marches now in haste ; see, though from far,  
 His thousands, in what martial equipage  
 They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,  
 Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit ; 297  
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel ;  
 See how in warlike muster they appear,  
 In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.  
 He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless 298  
 The city gates out-pour'd, light armed troops  
 In coats of mail and military pride ;  
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
 Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
 Of many provinces from bound to bound ; 299  
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,  
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs  
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,  
 From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains  
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south 300  
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.

294. *Persepolis* and *Bactra*, cities of Persia—*Ecbatana*, the capital of Media.—*Hecatompylos*, of Parthia.

296. *Ctesiphon*, was the winter residence of the Parthian kings.  
 —*Sogdiana* was the province most exposed to the Scythians, and nearest their country.

315. *Arachosia*, &c. &c. provinces of Parthia.

BOOK III.

325

He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,  
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot  
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight; 325

The field all iron cast a gleaming brown :  
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn  
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
Chariots or elephants indorsed with towers  
Of archers, nor of labouring pioneers 330

A multitude, with spades and axes arm'd  
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay  
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;  
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries, 335

And waggons fraught with utensils of war.  
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
When Agrican with all his northern powers  
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,  
The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win 340

The fairest of her sex, Angelica  
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,  
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.  
Such and so numerous was their chivalry;  
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presumed, 345  
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd :

That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
Thy virtue, and not every way secure  
On no slight grounds thy safety ; hear and mark  
To what end I have brought thee hither, and shewn  
All this fair sight : thy kingdom, though foretold 351

By prophet or by angel, unless thou  
Endeavour, as thy father David did,  
Thou never shalt obtain, prediction still  
In all things, and all men, supposes means ; 355  
Without means used, what it predicts revokes.

But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne  
By free consent of all, none opposite,  
Samaritan or Jew ; how could'st thou hope  
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360  
Between two such inclosing enemies,

323. The known custom of the Parthians in their warfare.

327. *Clouds of foot* ; an Homeric expression.

329. *Indorsed* ; from the Latin *in*, upon, and *dorsum*, the back.

338. An allusion to Bolardo's Orlando Innamorato, B. I. Can. 16.

Roman and Parthian† therefore one of these  
 Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first  
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late  
 Found able by invasion to annoy 264  
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings  
 Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,  
 Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task  
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose:  
 Choose which thou wilt by conquest or by league. 276  
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,  
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee  
 In David's royal seat, his true successor,  
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those Ten Tribes  
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve, 278  
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed;  
 Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost  
 Thus long from Israel, serving as of old  
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,  
 This offer sets before thee to deliver. 280  
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,  
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,  
 From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond,  
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar need not fear. 285  
 To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmoved:  
 Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,  
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war,  
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,  
 Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear 290  
 Vented much policy, and projects deep  
 Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,  
 Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.  
 Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else  
 Will unpredict and fail me of the throne: 294  
 My time I told thee (and that time for thee  
 Were better farthest off) is not yet come:  
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack  
 On my part aught endeavouring, or to need  
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 300  
 Luggage of war there shewn me, argument  
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.

264. Hyrcanus was taken captive and carried to Seleucia.

but Antigonus was made king of the Jews.

276. 2 Kings xviii. 11.

294. John B. 4.

My brethren, as thou call'st them, those Ten Tribes  
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
 David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway 406  
 To just extent over all Israel's sons.  
 But whence to thee this seal, where was it then  
 For Israel, or for David, or his throne,  
 When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride  
 Of numbering Isra'el, which cost the lives 410  
 Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites  
 By three days' pestilence ! such was thy seal  
 To Israel then, the same that now to me !  
 As for those captive tribes, themselves were they  
 Who wrought their own captivity, fell off 415  
 From God to worship calves, the deities  
 Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,  
 And all th' idolatries of Heathens round,  
 Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes ;  
 Nor in the land of their captivity 420  
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
 The God of their forefathers ; but so died  
 Impenitent, and left a race behind  
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain, 425  
 And God with idols in their worship join'd.  
 Should I of these the liberty regard,  
 Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,  
 Unhumb'd, unrep'ntant, unreform'd,  
 Headlong would follow ; and to their gods perhaps  
 Of Bethel and of Dan ? no, let them serve 431  
 Their enemies, who serve idols with God.  
 Yet he at length, time to himself best known,  
 Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call  
 May bring them back repentant and sincere, 436  
 And as their passing cleave th' Assyrian flood,  
 While to their native land with joy they haste ;  
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
 When to the Promised Land their fathers pass'd ;  
 To his due time and providence I leave them. 440  
 So spake Israel's true King, and to the Fiend  
 Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.  
 So fares it when with Truth Falsehood contends.

406. 1 Chron. xxi. 1.

414. See the history of the tribes in the book of Kings.

434. See Rev. xvi. 12.

## BOOK IV.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, persisting in the temptation of our Lord, shows him imperial Rome in its greatest pomp and splendour, as a power which he probably would prefer before that of the Parthians; and tells him that he might with the greatest ease expel Tiberius, restore the Romans to their liberty, and make himself master not only of the Roman empire, but, by so doing, of the whole world, and inclusively of the throne of David. Our Lord, in reply, expresses his contempt of grandeur and worldly power, notices the luxury, vanity, and profligacy, of the Romans, declaring how little they merited to be restored to that liberty which they had lost by their misconduct, and briefly refers to the greatness of his own future kingdom. Satan, now desperate, to enhance the value of his proffered gifts, professes that the only terms on which he will bestow them, are our Saviour's falling down and worshipping him. Our Lord expresses a firm but temperate indignation at such a proposition, and rebukes the tempter by the title of 'Satan for ever damn'd.' Satan, abashed, attempts to justify himself: he then assumes a new ground of temptation, and proposing to Jesus the intellectual gratifications of wisdom and knowledge, points out to him the celebrated seat of ancient learning, Athens, its schools, and other various resorts of learned teachers and their disciples; accompanying the view with a highly-finished panegyric on the Grecian musicians, poets, orators, and philosophers of the different sects. Jesus replies, by shewing the vanity and insufficiency of the boasted heathen philosophy: and prefers to the music, poetry, eloquence, and didactic policy, of the Greeks, those of the inspired Hebrew writers. Satan, irritated at the failure of all his attempts, upbraids the indiscretion of our Saviour in rejecting his offers: and having, in ridicule of his expected kingdom, foretold the sufferings that our Lord was to undergo, carries him back into the wilderness, and leaves him there. Night comes on: Satan raises a tremendous storm, and attempts farther to alarm Jesus with frightful dreams, and terrific threatening spectres; which however have no effect upon him. A calm, bright, beautiful morning succeeds to the horrors of the night. Satan again presents himself to our blessed Lord, and, from noticing the storm of the preceding night as pointed chidney at him, takes occasion once more to insult him with an account of the sufferings which he was certainly to undergo. This only draws from our Lord a brief rebuke. Satan, now at the height of his desperation, confesses that he had frequently watched Jesus from his birth, purposely to discover if he was the Messiah; and, collecting from what passed at the river Jordan that he most probably was so, he had from that time more assiduously followed him, in hopes of gaining some advantage over him, which would most effectually prove that he was not really that Divine Person destined to be his 'fatal enemy.' In this he acknowledges that he has hitherto completely failed: but still determines to make one more trial of him. Accordingly he conveys him to the temple at Jerusalem, and, placing him on a pointed eminence, requires him to prove his divinity either by standing there, or casting himself down with safety. Our Lord reproves the Tempter, and at the same time manifests his own divinity by standing on this dangerous point. Satan, amazed and terrified, instantly fails; and repairs to his infernal companions to relate the bad success of his enterprise.



Angels in the mean time convey our blessed Lord to a beautiful valley, and, while they minister to him a repast of celestial food, celebrate his victory in a triumphant hymn.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success  
 The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
 Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope  
 So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
 That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve, 5  
 So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,  
 This far his over-match, who, self-deceived  
 And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd  
 The strength he was to cope with, or his own:  
 But as a man who had been matchless held 10  
 In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,  
 To save his credit, and for every spite,  
 Still will be tempting him who foils him still,  
 And never cease, though to his shame the more;  
 Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time, 15  
 About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,  
 Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;  
 Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
 Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,  
 Vain battery, and in froth or bubbles end; 20  
 So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
 Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
 Yet gives not o'er though desp'rate of success,  
 And his vain importunity pursues.  
 He brought our Saviour to the western side 25  
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
 Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,  
 Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north  
 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,  
 That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of man  
 From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst 31  
 Divided by a river, of whose banks  
 On each side an imperial city stood,  
 With towers and temples proudly elevate  
 On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd 35  
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
 Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,

18. Homer's Il. xvi. 641.

19. *Another plain*; Italy, which is bounded by the Mediterranean on the south, the Alps on the north, and intersected by the Tiber.

Above the highth of mountains interposed :  
 By what strange parallax or optic skill 60  
 Of vision multiply'd through air, or glass  
 Of telescope, were curious to inquire :  
 And now the Tempter thus his silence broke :  
 The city which thou seest no other deem  
 Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth  
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd 65  
 Of nations ; there the capitol thou seest  
 Above the rest lifting his stately head  
 On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel  
 Impregnable ; and there Mount Palatine, 70  
 Th' imperial palace, compass huge and high  
 The structure, skill of noblest architects,  
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,  
 Turrets and terraces, and glitt'ring spires. 75  
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
 Houses of Gods, so well I have disposed  
 My aery microscope, thou may'st behold  
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,  
 Carved work, the hand of famed artificers  
 In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. 80  
 Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
 What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,  
 Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces  
 Hasting, or on return, in robes of state ;  
 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power, 85  
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings ;  
 Or embassies from regions far remote  
 In various habits on the Appian road,  
 Or on th' Emilian, some from farthest south, 70  
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
 Meroe, Nilotic isle, and, more to west,  
 The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea ;  
 From th' Asian kings, and Parthian among these,  
 From India and the golden Chersonese,  
 And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane, 75  
 Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd ;  
 From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,

60. *Turms*, from the Latin *turma*, a troop.

65. *The Appian road* led towards the north ; *the Emilian* towards the south.

66. *Farthest south Syene* ; that is, on the extreme southern limit of the Roman Empire.

Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north  
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.  
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay, 88  
 To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide domain  
 In ample territory, wealth and power,  
 Civility of manners, arts, and arms,  
 And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer  
 Before the Parthian; these two thrones except, 85  
 The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,  
 Shared among petty kings too far removed;  
 These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all  
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.  
 This emperor hath no son, and now is old, 90  
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired  
 To Capree, an island small but strong  
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there  
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,  
 Committing to a wicked favourite 95  
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious  
 Hated of all, and hating; with what ease,  
 Indued with regal virtues as thou art,  
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,  
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne,  
 Now made a stye, and in his place ascending 101  
 A victor people free from servile yoke?  
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the power  
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee.  
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world, 105  
 Aim at the highest, without the highest attain'd  
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,  
 On David's throne, be prophesy'd what will.  
 To whom the Son of God unmoved reply'd:  
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show 110  
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,  
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,  
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell  
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts,  
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone, 115

90. Such is the account which history has left of the Emperor Tiberius. On his retirement to the island Capree, he committed the government to Sejanus, his infamous favourite.

115. Citron wood was very much admired by the Romans, and tables made of it were a great article of luxury among them, as were also cups made of crystal and myrrhine.

(For I have also heard, perhaps have read)  
 Their wines of Setia, Calce, and Falerne,  
 Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,  
 Crystal and myrrhine cups imboss'd with gems  
 And studs of pearl; to me should'st tell who thirst !  
 And hunger still: then embassies thou shew'st  
 From nations far and nigh; what honour that,  
 But tedious waste of time to sit and hear  
 So many hollow compliments and lies,  
 Outlandish flatteries ! then proceed'st to talk 122  
 Of th' emperor, how easily subdued,  
 How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel  
 A brutish monster: what if I withal  
 Expel a devil who first made him such !  
 Let his tormentor, Conscience, find him out; 123  
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free  
 That people, victor once, now vile and base,  
 Deservedly made vassal, who once just,  
 Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,  
 But govern ill the nations under yoke, 125  
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all  
 By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown  
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;  
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured  
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed, 126  
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,  
 And from the daily scene effeminate.  
 What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
 These thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,  
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free ? 128  
 Know therefore when my season comes to sit  
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,  
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash  
 All monarchies besides throughout the world, 129  
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end:  
 Means there shall be to this, but what the means  
 Is not for thee to know nor me to tell.  
 To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd:  
 I see all offers made by me how slight 130  
 Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st:

122. Tacitus, Ann. vi. 6.

126. Matt. xiii. 32. and Dan. iv. 11. Luke i. 32.

## BOOK IV.

343

Nothing will please thee, difficult and nice,  
 Or nothing more than still to contradict:  
 On th' other side know also thou, that I  
 On what I offer set as high esteem, 160  
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;  
 All these which in a moment thou behold'st,  
 The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give;  
 For, given to me, I give to whom I please;  
 No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else, 165  
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,  
 And worship me as thy superior lord,  
 Easily done, and hold them all of me;  
 For what can less so great a gift deserve?  
 Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain:  
 I never liked thy talk, thy offers less, 171  
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter  
 Th' abominable terms, impious condition;  
 But I endure the time, till which expired,  
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written 175  
 The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship  
 The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;  
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound  
 To worship thee accursed, now more accursed  
 For this attempt bolder than that on Eve, 180  
 And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.  
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were given,  
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd;  
 Other donation none thou canst produce:  
 If given, by whom but by the King of kings, 185  
 God over all supreme? If given to thee,  
 By thee how fairly is the giver now  
 Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost  
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,  
 As offer them to me the Son of God, 190  
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?  
 Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st  
 That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.  
 To whom the Fiend with fear abash'd reply'd: 195  
 Be not so sore offended, Son of God,  
 Though sons of God both angels are and men,

191. *Pact*, a word used to signify the agreement made by sorcerers with the devil.

If I, to try whether in higher sort  
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have proposed  
 What both from men and angels I receive, 200  
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth  
 Nations beside from all the quarter'd winds,  
 God of this world invoked and world beneath;  
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold  
 To me so fatal, me it most concerns. 205  
 The trial hath indamaged thee no way,  
 Rather more honour left and more esteem;  
 Me nought advantaged, missing what I aim'd.  
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,  
 The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more 210  
 Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.  
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined  
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more  
 To contemplation and profound disputes;  
 As by that early action may be judged, 215  
 When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st  
 Alone into the temple; there wast found  
 Among the gravest Rabbies disputant  
 On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,  
 Teaching, not taught; the childhood shews the  
 man,  
 As morning shews the day. Be famous then 221  
 By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,  
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world  
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:  
 All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law, 225  
 The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;  
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach  
 To admiration, led by Nature's light;  
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
 Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st; 230  
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,  
 Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?  
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute  
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?  
 Error by his own arms is best evinced. 235  
 Look once more ere we leave this specular mount  
 Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold

BOOK IV.

345

Where on the *Ægean* shore a city stands  
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,  
 Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts 346  
 And eloquence, native to famous wits  
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades;  
 See there the olive grove of *Academe*,  
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird 348  
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;  
 There flow'ry hill *Hymettus*, with the sound  
 Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites  
 To studious musing; there *Ilius* rolls  
 His whispering stream: within the walls then view  
 The schools of ancient sages; his who bred 351  
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
 Lyceum there, and painted *Stoa* next:  
 There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power  
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit 355  
 By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,  
*Æolian* charms and *Dorian* lyric odes,  
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
 Blind *Melesigenes* thence *Homer* call'd,  
 Whose poem *Phœbus* challenged for his own. 360  
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
 In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best  
 Of moral prudence, with delight received  
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
 Of Fate, and Chance, and change in human life; 365  
 High actions and high passions best describing:  
 Thence to the famous orators repair,  
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
 Shook th' arsenal and fulminated over Greece, 370  
 To Macedon and *Artaxerxes*' throne:  
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,  
 From Heav'n descended to the low roof'd house  
 Of *Socrates*; see there his tenement,  
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced 373

336. The following passage has been justly pointed out as one of the most beautiful in the poem. It is pure, clear, and distinct; like a prospect seen through a Grecian atmosphere.

353. The *Lyceum* was the school of Aristotle, as the *Academy* was that of Plato; and the *Stoa*, which was adorned with many paintings, was the school of Zeno.

Wiseest of men ; from whose mouth issued forth  
 Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools  
 Of Academics old and new, with those  
 Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect  
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe ; 284

These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,  
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight ;  
 These rules will render thee a king complete  
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.

To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd : 285

Think not but that I know these things, or think  
 I know them not ; not therefore am I short  
 Of knowing what Iought : he who receives  
 Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,  
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true ; 290  
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.

The first and wisest of them all profess'd  
 To know this only, that he nothing knew ;  
 The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits ; 295  
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense ;

Others in virtue placed felicity,  
 But virtue join'd with riches and long life ;  
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease ;  
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride, 300

By him call'd Virtue ; and his virtuous man,  
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,  
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
 As fearing God nor man, condemning all 304

Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,  
 Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can ;  
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.

Alas, what can they teach, and not mislead.  
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310

And how the world began, and how man fell  
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending !  
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,  
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves

283. *The first* ; Socrates, who declared he could know nothing but himself.—*The next* ; Plato, whose mysticism and allegories are here alluded to.—*The third* ; the scholars of Pyrrho, whose philosophy was altogether sceptical. The others who are mentioned are the Academics and the Epicureans.



BOOK IV.

347

All glory arrogant, to God give none, 316  
 Rather accuse him under usual names,  
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite  
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these  
 True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion  
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, 320  
 An empty cloud. However, many books,  
 Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads  
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior  
 (And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?)  
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
 Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,  
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,  
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;  
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore. 330  
 Or if I would delight my private hours  
 With music or with poems, where so soon  
 As in our native language can I find  
 That solace? all our law and story strew'd  
 With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscribed,  
 Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon, 336  
 That pleased so well our victors' ear, declare  
 That rather Greece from us these arts derived;  
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing  
 The vices of their deities, and their own, 340  
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame:  
 Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid  
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,  
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight, 345  
 Will far be found unworthy to compare  
 With Sion's songs, to all true taste excelling,  
 Where God is praised aright, and godlike men,  
 The holiest of holies, and his saints;  
 Such are from God inspired, not such from thee, 350  
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd  
 By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.  
 Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those  
 The top of eloquence, statists indeed,  
 And lovers of their country, as may seem; 356  
 But herein to our Prophets far beneath

As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
 The solid rules of civil government  
 In their majestic unaffected style  
 Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome. 288  
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,  
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,  
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;  
 These only with our law best form a king.  
 So spake the Son of God; but Satan now 289  
 Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,  
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied:  
 Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,  
 Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught  
 By me proposed in life contemplative, 290  
 Or active, tended on by glory, or by fame,  
 What dost thou in this world? the wilderness  
 For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,  
 And thither will return thee; yet remember  
 What I foretell thee, soon thou shalt have cause 291  
 To wish thou never hadst rejected thus  
 Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,  
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease  
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 292  
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.  
 Now contrary, if I read aught in Heav'n,  
 Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the stars  
 Voluminous, or single characters,  
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell, 293  
 Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate  
 Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
 Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;  
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,  
 Real or allegoric I discern not; 294  
 Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,  
 Without beginning; for no date prefix'd  
 Directs me in the starry rubric set.  
 So saying he took (for still he knew his power  
 Not yet expired) and to the wilderness 295

288. The astrologer Cardan, with a mixture of madness and levity, pretended to cast the nativity of Christ, and to discover what must have been his lot from the situation of the planets at his birth.

Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,  
 Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,  
 As day-light sunk, and brought in louring Night,  
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,  
 Privation mere of light and absent day. 400  
 Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind  
 After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,  
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest.  
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades, [shield  
 Whose branching arms thick intertwined might  
 From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,  
 But shelter'd, slept in vain, for at his head  
 The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams  
 Disturb'd his sleep; and either tropic now  
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heaven, the clouds  
 From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd 411  
 Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire  
 In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds  
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad  
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell 415  
 On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks  
 Bow'd their stiff necks, loaded with stormy blasts;  
 Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,  
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st 420  
 Unshaken! Nor yet stay'd the terror there,  
 Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round [shriek'd,  
 Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some  
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
 Satst unappall'd in calm and sinless peace. 425  
 Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair  
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey,  
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar  
 Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,  
 And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised 430  
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
 And now the sun with more effectual beams  
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet  
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,  
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green, 435  
 After a night of storm so ruinous,

415. *Hinges*; a translation of the Latin *Cardo*, from which we  
 derive the word cardinal, and hence cardinal points.

Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray  
To gratulate the sweet return of morn;  
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn  
Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440  
The Prince of Darkness; glad would also seem  
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came.  
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,  
Rather by this his last affront resolved,  
Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage, 445  
And mad despite, to be so oft repell'd.  
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,  
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;  
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,  
And in a careless mood thus to him said: 450  
Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,  
After a dismal night; I heard the wrack  
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself  
Was distant; and these flaws, tho' mortals fear them  
As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heav'n. 455  
Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,  
Are to the main as inconsiderable  
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;  
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light 460  
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,  
Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men,  
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,  
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:  
This tempest at this desert most was bent; 465  
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.  
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
The perfect season offer'd with my aid  
To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong  
All to the push of Fate, pursue thy way 470  
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,  
For both the when and how is no where told?  
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;  
For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing  
The time and means: each act is rightliest done, 475  
Not when it must, but when it may be best.  
If thou observe not this, be sure to find  
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay  
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,

Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold ; 480  
 Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,  
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,  
 May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on  
 And stay'd not, but in brief him answer'd thus : 485

Me worse than wet thou find'st not ; other harm  
 Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none ;  
 I never fear'd they could, though noising loud  
 And threat'ning nigh ; what they can do as signs  
 Betokening or ill boding, I contemn 490  
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee ;  
 Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
 Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting  
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,  
 Ambitious Spirit, and wouldst be thought my God, 495  
 And storm'st refused, thinking to terrify  
 Me to thy will ; desist, thou art discern'd,  
 And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage replied :  
 Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born ; 500  
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt :  
 Of the Messiah, I had heard foretold  
 By all the prophets ; of thy birth at length  
 Announced by Gabriel with the first I knew,  
 And of th' angelic song in Bethlehem field 505  
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.  
 From that time seldom have I ceased to eye  
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred ;  
 Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all 510  
 Flock to the Baptist, I among the rest,  
 Though not to be baptized, by voice from Heav'n  
 Heard thee pronounced the Son of God beloved.  
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn 515  
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd  
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense :

501. I have before observed that there does not seem sufficient reason for supposing Christ's nature and character unknown to Satan. Milton, by laying so much stress as he has done on this idea, rendered it necessary for him to pursue an argument, which contributes nothing either to the interest or the splimlity of the subject.

The Son of God, I also am, or was,  
 And if I was, I am; relation stands;  
 All men are sons of God; yet thee I thought 528  
 In some respect far higher so declared.  
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,  
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;  
 Where by all best conjectures I collect  
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy. 529  
 Good reason then, if I before-hand seek  
 To understand my adversary, who  
 And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;  
 By parle or composition, truce or league,  
 To win him, or win from him what I can. 530  
 And opportunity I here have had  
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee  
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock  
 Of adamant, and, as a centre, firm;  
 To th' utmost of mere man both wise and good, 533  
 Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory  
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again:  
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,  
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,  
 Another method I must now begin. 540

So saying he caught him up, and without wing  
 Of hippogrif bore through the air sublime  
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;  
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,  
 The holy city, lifted high her towers, 545  
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd  
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount  
 Of alabaster, topp'd with golden spires:  
 There on the highest pinnacle he set  
 The Son of God, and added thus in scorn: 550

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright  
 Will ask thee skill. I to thy Father's house  
 Have brought thee, and highest placed, highest is best;  
 Now shew thy progeny; if not to stand,  
 Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God: 555  
 For it is written, He will give command  
 Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands  
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time  
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus: Also it is written, 560

Tempt not the Lord thy God. He said and stood;  
 But Satan smitten with amazement fell:  
 As when Earth's son Antæus (to compare  
 Small things with greatest) in Iraesa strove  
 With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose, 365  
 Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,  
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,  
 Throttled at length in th' air, expired and fell;  
 No after many a foil the Tempter proud,  
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 370  
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall  
 And as that Theban monster that proposed  
 Her riddle, and him who solved it not devour'd,  
 That once found out and solved, for grief and spite  
 Cast herself headlong from th' Iemenian steep; 785  
 So struck with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,  
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
 Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,  
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,  
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 500  
 So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe  
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
 Who on their plummy vans received him soft  
 From his uneasy station, and up bore  
 As on a floating couch through the blithe air; 505  
 Then in a flow'ry valley set him down  
 On a green bank, and set before him spread  
 A table of celestial food, divine,  
 Ambrosial fruits fetch'd from the tree of life,  
 And from the fount of life ambrosial drink, 510  
 That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd  
 What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,  
 Or thirst; and, as he fed, angelic quires  
 Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory  
 Over temptation, and the Tempter proud: 515  
 True image of the Father, whether throned  
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
 Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n inshrined

501. This is the grand catastrophe of the poem; the discovery of Christ's divinity and the discomfiture of Satan.

503. The giant Antæus dwelt in Iraesa, a place in Libya, and was killed by Hercules in wrestling.

578. The Sphinx who threw herself into the sea when Oedipus solved her enigma.

581. Matt. iv. 11.

In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,  
 Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place, 600  
 Habit, or state, or station still expressing  
 The Son of God, with God-like force endued  
 Against th' usurper of thy Father's throne,  
 And thou of Paradise: him long of old  
 Thou dost detect, and down from Heaven cast 605  
 With all his army, now thou hast avenged  
 Sins of Adam, and by vanquishing  
 Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,  
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:  
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610,  
 In Paradise to tempt: his snares are broke:  
 For though that seat of earthly bliss he fail'd,  
 A better Paradise is founded now  
 For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou 615  
 A Saviour art come down to re-install  
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,  
 Th' Tempter and temptation without fear.  
 But thou, malignant Serpent, shalt not long  
 Rule in the clouds, like an autumnal star  
 Or lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n, tread down  
 Under his feet, for proof, ere this thou feel'st 620  
 Th' wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,  
 Be thou reviv'd recovered, and held't in Hell  
 No trumpet in all her gates Abaddon runs  
 Th' last attempt: hereafter learn with awe 625  
 To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd  
 Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice  
 From th' demonic hold, possession foul,  
 Thine and thy legions: yelling they shall fly,  
 And beg to hide them in a herd of swine, 630  
 Lost be command them down into the Deep,  
 Down, and to torment sent before their time.  
 Head Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,  
 Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work  
 Now enter and begin to save mankind. 635  
 Then thou the Son of God our Saviour meek  
 Sung Victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd  
 Brought on his way with joy: he unobserved  
 Home to his mother's house private return'd.

600. *Adam*, from the Latin *delictum*, to overcome in battle.

605. Luke x. 18.

610. Rev. ix. 11.





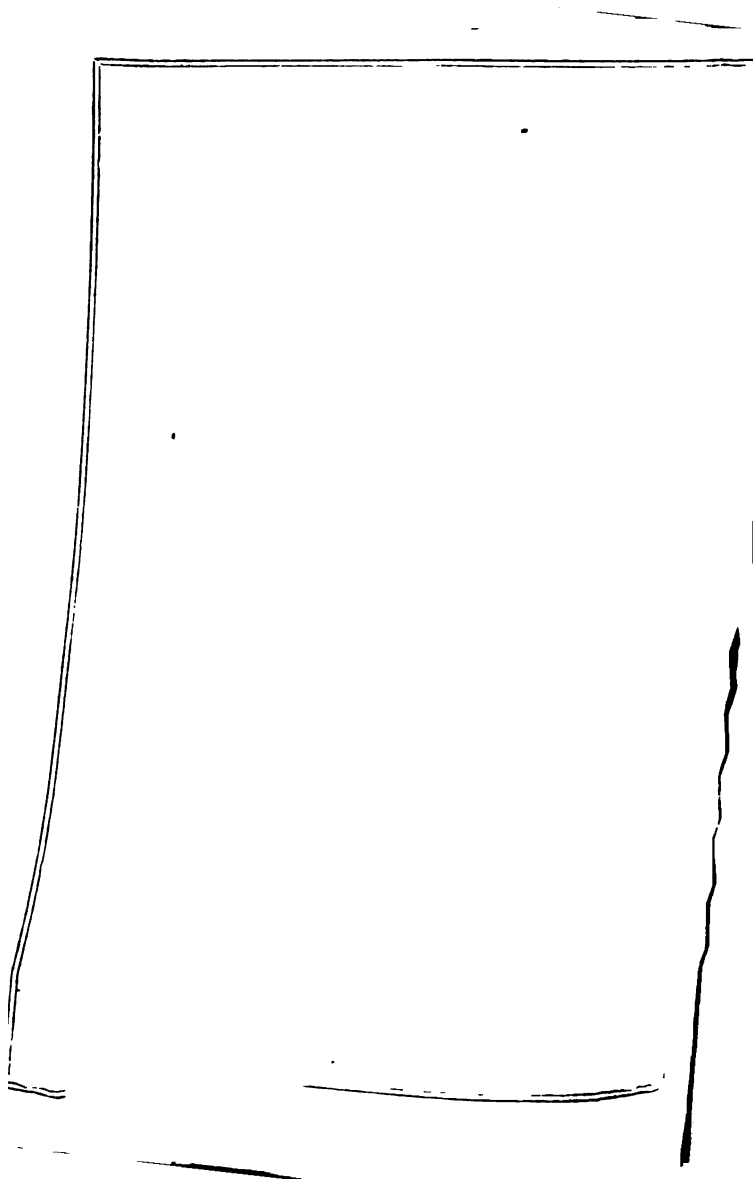
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,  
 Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place, 600  
 Habit, or state, or motion still expressing  
 The Son of God, with God-like force endued  
 Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,  
 And thief of Paradise; him long of old  
 Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast 605  
 With all his army, now thou hast avenged  
 Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing  
 Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,  
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:  
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610,  
 In Paradise to tempt! his snares are broke:  
 For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,  
 A fairer Paradise is founded now  
 For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou  
 A Saviour art come down to re-install 615  
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,  
 Of Tempter and temptation without fear.  
 But thou, infernal Serpent, shalt not long  
 Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star  
 Or lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n, trod down  
 Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st 621  
 Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,  
 By this repulse received, and hold'st in Hell  
 No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues  
 Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe 625  
 To dread the Son of God; he all unarm'd  
 Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice  
 From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,  
 Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,  
 And beg to hide them in a herd of swine, 630  
 Lest he command them down into the Deep,  
 Bound, and to torment sent before their time.  
 Hail Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,  
 Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work  
 Now enter, and begin to save mankind. 635  
 Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek  
 Sung Victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd  
 Brought on his way with joy; he unobserved  
 Home to his mother's house private return'd.

603. *Debel*; from the Latin *debellare*, to overcome in battle.

610. Luke x. 18.

634. Rev. ix. 11.







THE MAST OF THE "H.M.S. "PENELOPE" IN A STORM.



# SAMSON AGONISTES:

## A DRAMATIC POEM.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison of Gaza, is here to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father, Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the meanwhile is visited by other persons: and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or shew his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him: the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance, in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterwards more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

### THE PERSONS.

*Samson.*  
*Manoah*, the father of  
*Samson.*  
*Delila*, his wife.

*Harepha* of Gath.  
Public Officer.  
Messenger.  
Chorus of Danites.

The Scene, before the Prison in Gaza.

**SAMSON.** *Attendant leading him.*

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little further on;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:  
There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,

5

*Samson Agonistes*; *Agonistes* is a Greek word signifying Action. The Introduction is in imitation of the *Edipus Coloneus* of Sophocles. For the subject of the poem, and most of the scriptural allusions it contains, reference may be made in general to the Book of Judges.

Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,  
 Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
 The air imprison'd also, close and damp,  
 Unwholesome draught! but here I feel amends,  
 The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,  
 With day-spring born; here leave me to respire. 11  
 This day a solemn feast the people hold  
 To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid  
 Laborious works; unwillingly this rest  
 Their superstition yields me; hence with leave 15  
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
 From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm  
 Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone, 20  
 But rush upon me thronging, and present  
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
 O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold  
 Twice by an angel, who at last in sight  
 Of both my parents all in flames ascended 25  
 From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,  
 As in a fiery column charioting  
 His god-like presence, and from some great ast  
 Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?  
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed 30  
 As of a person separate to God,  
 Design'd for great exploits: if I must die  
 Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,  
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;  
 To grind in brazen fetters under task 35  
 With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength  
 Put to the labour of a beast, debased  
 Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I  
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;  
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him 40  
 Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,  
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke:  
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
 Divine prediction; what if all foretold  
 Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default, 45  
 Whom have I to complain of but myself?  
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
 In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,



SAMSON AGONISTES.

357

Under the seal of silence could not keep  
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it, 50  
 O'ercome with importunity and tears.  
 O impotence of mind, in body strong!  
 But what is strength without a double share  
 Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,  
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall 55  
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,  
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command?  
 God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal  
 How alight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will 60  
 Of highest dispensation, which herein  
 Haply had ends above my reach to know:  
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
 And proves the source of all my miseries;  
 So many, and so huge, that each apart 65  
 Would ask a life to wall, but chief of all,  
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!  
 Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct, 70  
 And all her various objects of delight  
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased  
 Inferior to the vilest now become  
 Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,  
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light exposed 75  
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong;  
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
 In power of others, never in my own;  
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80  
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
 Without all hope of day!  
 O first-created beam, and thou great Word,  
 Let there be light, and light was over all;  
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree? 85  
 The sun to me is dark  
 And silent as the moon,  
 When she deserts the night

87. Shakespeare, second part of Henry VI. Act 1. Sc. 2.—*The silent of the night*, which is a classical expression, means, according to Warburton, an *interinner night*.

Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
 Since light so necessary is to life, 80  
 And almost life itself, if it be true  
 That light is in the soul,  
 She all in every part; why was the sight  
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confined,  
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd? 85  
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,  
 That she might look at will through every pore?  
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light,  
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,  
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100  
 And bury'd: but O yet more miserable!  
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,  
 Bury'd, yet not exempt  
 By privilege of death and burial  
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs, 105  
 But made hereby obnoxious more  
 To all the miseries of life,  
 Life in captivity  
 Among inhuman foes.  
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear 110  
 The tread of many feet steering this way;  
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare  
 At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult,  
 Their daily practice, to afflict me more.  
*Chor.* This, this is he; softly a while, 115  
 Let us not break in upon him;  
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief!  
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,  
 With languish'd head unpropt,  
 As one past hope abandon'd, 120  
 And by himself given over;  
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
 O'er-worn and soil'd;  
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,  
 That heroic, that renown'd, 125  
 Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd {stand;  
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast, could with-  
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,  
 Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,

118. *Diffused*, a classical expression very frequently used to describe the languid posture of a weary person.

# SAMSON AGONISTES.

359

And, weaponless himself, 130  
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,  
 Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail  
 Adamantean proof;  
 But safest he who stood aloof, 135  
 When insupportably his foot advanced,  
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
 Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite,  
 Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd  
 Their plated backs under his heel; 140  
 Or groveling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.  
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,  
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone.  
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine,  
 In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day. 145  
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders  
 The gates of Azza, post, and masey bar, [bore  
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,  
 No journey of a sabbath-day; and loaded so,  
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.  
 Which shall I first bewail, 151  
 Thy bondage or lost sight,  
 Prison within prison  
 Inseparably dark ?  
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!) 155  
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul [plain)  
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause com-  
 Imprison'd now indeed,  
 In real darkness of the body dwells,  
 Shut up from outward light 160  
 To incorporate with gloomy night;  
 For inward light, alas !  
 Puts forth no visual beam.  
 O mirror of our sickle state,  
 Since man on earth unparallel'd ! 165  
 The rarer thy example stands,  
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,

133. The Chalybes were celebrated for their skill in tempering steel.

136. *Spenser's Faery Queene*, B. 1. Can. 7. St. 11.

138. 1 Sam. vi. 17.

147. *Azza* for *Gaza*, to avoid the alteration of *gates* and *Gaza*.

148. *Josh. xv. 13, 14. Num. xiii. 23.*

Strongest of mortal men,  
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.  
 For him I reckon not in high estate 170  
 Whom long descent of birth  
 Or the sphere of fortune raises ;  
 But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,  
 Might have subdued the earth  
 Universally crown'd with highest praises. 175

*Sam.* I hear the sounds of words ; their sense the  
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear. [air

*Chor.* He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in  
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief ; [might.  
 We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown  
 From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale, 181  
 To visit or bewail thee ; or, if better,  
 Counsel or consolation we may bring,  
 Salve to thy sores ; apt words have power to swa:e  
 The tumours of a troubled mind, 185  
 And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

*Sam.* Your coming, friends, revives me, for I learn  
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,  
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
 Bear in their superscription (of the most 190  
 I would be understood), in prosperous days  
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,  
 Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,  
 How many evils have inclosed me round ;  
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
 Blindness, for had I sight, confused with shame, 195  
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
 Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck'd  
 My vessel trusted to me from above,  
 Gloriously rigg'd ; and for a word, a tear, 200  
 Fool ! have divulged the secret gift of God  
 To a deceitful woman ? Tell me, friends,  
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool  
 In every street ? do they not say, How well  
 Are come upon him his deserts ! yet why ? 205  
 Immeasurable strength they might behold  
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean ;  
 This with the other should at least have pair'd.

181. *Eshtaol* and *Zora*, two towns belonging to the tribe of *Juda*.  
*Josh.* xiv. 41. *Judg.* xiii. 2. 23. *Josh.* xv. 23.

**SAMSON AGONISTES.**

**261**

These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

*Chor.* Tax not divine disposal ; wisest men **210**

Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived ;

And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.

Deject not then so overmuch thyself,

Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides ;

Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder **215**

Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather

Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,

At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

*Sam.* The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased

Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed **220**

The daughter of an infidel : they knew not

That what I motion'd was of God ; I knew

From intimate impulse, and therefore urged

The marriage on ; that by occasion hence

I might begin Israel's deliverance, **225**

The work to which I was divinely call'd.

She proving false, the next I took to wife

(O that I never had ! fond wish too late)

Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,

That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare. **230**

I thought it lawful from my former act,

And the same end ; still watching to oppress

Israel's oppressors ; of what now I suffer

She was not the prime cause, but I myself,

Who vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness !)

Gave up my fort of silence to a woman. **235**

*Chor.* In seeking just occasion to provoke

The Philistine, thy country's enemy,

Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness :

Yet Israel still serves with all his sons. **240**

*Sam.* That fault I take not on me, but transfer

On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,

Who seeing those great acts, which God had done

Singly by me against their conquerors,

Acknowledged not, or not at all consider'd **245**

Deliverance offer'd : I on the other side

Used no ambition to commend my deeds, [doer ;

The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the

But they persisted deaf, and would not seem

To count them things worth notice, till at length **250**

Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers

Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then  
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retired,  
 Not flying, but forecasting in what place  
 To set upon them, what advantaged best: 255  
 Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent  
 The harass of their land, beset me round ;  
 I willingly on some conditions came  
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me  
 To the uncircumcised a welcome prey, 260  
 Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads  
 Touch'd with the flame: on their whole host I flew  
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd  
 Their choicest youth; they only lived who fled.  
 Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe, 265  
 They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,  
 And lorded over them whom they now serve :  
 But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,  
 And by their vices brought to servitude,  
 Than to love bondage more than liberty; 270  
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty :  
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect  
 Whom God hath of his special favour raised  
 As their deliverer; if he aught begin,  
 How frequent to desert him, and at last 275  
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds !

*Chor.* Thy words to my remembrance bring  
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel  
 Their great deliverer contemn'd,  
 The matchless Gideon in pursuit 280  
 Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings :  
 And how ingrateful Ephraim  
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,  
 Not worse than by his shield and spear,  
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite, 285  
 Had not his prowess quell'd their pride  
 In that sore battle, when so many died  
 Without reprieve adjudged to death,  
 For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

*Sam.* Of such examples add me to the roll, 290  
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
 But God's proposed deliverance not so.

*Chor.* Just are the ways of God,  
 And justifiable to men ;

# **SAMSON AGONISTES.**

**263**

Unless there be who think not God at all; **295**

If any be, they walk obscure;

For of such doctrine never was there school,

But the heart of the fool,

And no man therein doctor but himself. **299**

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,

As to his own edicts found contradicting,

Then give the reins to wandering thought,

Regardless of his glory's diminution;

Till by their own perplexities involved

They ravel more, still less resolved, **303**

But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' Interminable,

And tie him to his own prescript,

Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,

And hath full right to exempt **310**

Whom so it pleases him by choice

From national obstruction, without taint

Of sin, or legal debt;

For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means, **315**

Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause

To set his people free,

Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,

Against his vow of strictest purity,

To seek in marriage that fallacious bride, **320**

Unclean, unchaste.

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,

Though reason here aver

That moral verdict quits her of unclean:

Unchaste was subsequent; her stain, not his. **325**

But see, here comes thy reverend sire

With careful step, locks white as down,

Old Manoah: advise

Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

*Sam.* Ay me, another inward grief awaked **330**

With mention of that name renews th' assault.

*Mos.* Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,

Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,

**329.** Ps. xiv. 1.

**319.** Samson's vow as a Nazarite, obliged him to the most perfect observance of the whole Mosaic law, which he broke by his marriage with a Gentile woman.

As I suppose, towards your once glory'd friend,  
 My son now captive, hither hath inform'd 333  
 Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age  
 Came lagging after; say if he be here!

*Chor.* As signal now in low dejected state,  
 As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

*Man.* O miserable change! is this the man, 340  
 That invincible Samson, far renown'd,  
 The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
 Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,  
 None offering fight: who single combatant  
 Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array, 345  
 Himself an army, now unequal match

To save himself against a coward arm'd  
 At one spear's length! O ever-failing trust,  
 Immortal strength! and oh what not in man  
 Deceivable and vain! Nay, what thing good 350  
 Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane!

I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness  
 In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,  
 And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;  
 Who would be now a father in my stead? 355  
 O wherefore did God grant me my request,  
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?  
 Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
 Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand  
 As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind? 360

For this did th' angel twice descend! for this  
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy as of a plant  
 Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,  
 The miracle of men; then in an hour  
 Insar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound, 365  
 Thy foes' derision, captive, poor and blind,  
 Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves!  
 Alas, methinks whom God hath chosen once  
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,  
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall 370  
 Subject him to so foul indignities  
 Be! it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

*Sam.* Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father;  
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me

360. Luke xi. 12.

370. Appoint, arraign or summon to answer.



SAMSON AGONISTES.

365

But justly; I myself have brought them on, 375  
 Sole author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,  
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profaned  
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge  
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,  
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy. 380  
 This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,  
 But warn'd by oft experience: did not she  
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
 The secret wrested from me in her highth  
 Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight 385  
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies,  
 And rivals? In this other was there found  
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,  
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceived 390  
 Her spurious first-born, treason against me!  
 Thrice she assay'd with flattering pray'rs and sighs,  
 And amorous reproaches, to win from me  
 My capital secret, in what part my strength [know;  
 Lay stored, in what part summ'd, that she might  
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport 395  
 Her importunity, each time perceiving  
 How openly, and with what impudence  
 She purposed to betray me, and (which was worse  
 Than undissembled hate) with what contempt 400  
 She sought to make me traitor to myself;  
 Yet the fourth time, when must'ring all her wiles,  
 With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults,  
 Tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor night  
 To storm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out, 405  
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,  
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolved  
 Might easily have shook off all her snares;  
 But foul effeminacy held me yoked 410  
 Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot  
 To honour and religion! servile mind  
 Rewarded well with servile punishment!  
 The base degree to which I now am fallen,  
 These rage, this grinding is not yet so base 415  
 As was my former servitude ignoble,  
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,

True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,  
That saw not how degenerately I served. 419

*Man.* I cannot praise thy marriage choices, Son,  
Rather approved them not; but thou didst plead  
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st  
Find some occasion to infest our foes.

I state not that; this I am sure, our foes  
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee 420  
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner  
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms  
To violate the sacred trust of silence  
Deposited within thee; which to have kept  
Tacit was in thy power: true; and thou bear'st 421  
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;  
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying  
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains:  
This day the Philistines a popular feast  
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim 422  
Great pomp and sacrifice, and praises loud  
To Dagon, as their god who hath deliver'd  
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,  
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.  
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God, 423  
Besides whom is no god, compared with idols  
Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn  
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;  
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest, 424  
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
Could have befallen thee and thy father's house.

*Sam.* Father, I do acknowledge and confess  
That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought  
To Dagon, and advanced his praises high 425  
Among the Heathen 'round; to God have brought  
Dishonour, obloquy, and oped the mouths  
Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal  
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt  
In feeble hearts, propense enough before 426  
To waver, or fall off and join with idols;  
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,  
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
This only hope relieves me, that the strife 427

SAMSON AGONISTES.

367

With me hath end ; all the contest is now  
Twixt God and Dagon ; Dagon hath presumed,  
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
His deity comparing and preferring  
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure, 465  
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,  
But will arise and his great name assert :  
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him  
Of all these boasted trophies won on me, 470  
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

*Man.* With cause this hope relieves thee, and these  
I as a prophecy receive ; for God, [words,  
Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
To vindicate the glory of his name 475  
Against all competition, nor will long  
Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,  
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done ?  
Thou must not in the meanwhile here forgot  
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight 480  
Neglected. I already have made way  
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat  
About thy ransom : well they may by this  
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge  
By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflicted  
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm. 486

*Sam.* Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble  
Of that solicitation ; let me here,  
As I deserve, pay on my punishment ;  
And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490  
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd  
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,  
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving  
Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded  
All friendship, and avoided as a blab, 495  
The mark of fool set on his front ?  
But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
Presumptuously have publish'd impiously,  
Weakly at least, and shamefully : a sin  
That Gentiles in their parables condemn 500

500. The allusion is to the story of Tantalus, who it is said revealed the secrets of the gods, and was for that condemned to punishment in the infernal regions.

To their abyss and horrid pains confined.

*Mew.* Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,

But act not in thy own affliction, Son :

Repent the sin, but if the punishment

Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids ; 300

Or th' execution leave to high disposal,

And let another hand, not thine, exact

Thy penal forfeit from thyself ; perhaps

God will relent, and quit thee all his debt ;

Who ever more approves, and more accepts 310

(Best pleased with humble and filial submission)

Him who imploring mercy sees for life,

Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due :

Which argues over-just, and self-displeased

For self-offence, more than for God offended. 315

Reject not then what offer'd means ; who knows

But God hath sent before us, to return thee

Home to thy country and his sacred house,

Where thou mayst bring thy offerings, to avert

His further ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd ! 320

*Saw.* His pardon I implore ; but as for life,

To what end should I seek it ! when in strength

All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes

With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts

Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits, 325

Full of divine instinct, after some proof

Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond

The sons of Anak, famous now and blamed,

Fearless of danger, like a petty god,

I walk'd about admired of all, and dreaded 330

On hostile ground, none daring my affront.

Then swollen with pride into the snare I fell

Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,

Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life ;

At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge 335

Of all my strength in the lascivious lap

Of a deceitful concubine, who shorn me

Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,

Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,

Shaven and disarm'd among mine enemies. 340

*Chor.* Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,

338. *Of* is to be understood before all, &c.

341. Allusion is here made to the strictness of living imposed

Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing ruby  
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,  
Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men, 348  
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

*Sam.* Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure  
With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,  
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying 550  
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape  
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

*Chor.* O madness, to think use of strongest wines  
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear  
His mighty champion, strong above compare, 556  
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

*Sam.* But what avail'd this temp'rance, not com-  
Against another object more enticing? [plete  
What boots it at one gate to make defence, 560  
And at another to let in the foe,  
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,  
Now blind, dishearten'd, shamed, dishonour'd, quell'd,  
To what can I be useful, wherein serve  
My nation, and the work from Heav'n imposed, 565  
But to sit idle on the household hearth,  
A burdensome drone; to visitants a gaze,  
Or pitted object, these redundant locks  
Robustious to no purpose clust'ring down,  
Vain monument of strength; till length of years 570  
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs  
To a contemptible old age obscure?  
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,  
Till vermin, or the draft of servile food,  
Consume me, and oft-invoked death 575  
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

*Man.* Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with  
that gift

Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?

by the Nazirite's vow, which Samson kept in all respects, but in his marriage with a strange woman.

548. Judges ix. 13. *Gods* here means the false gods of the heathen cities, or the conquerors and great men, so called in honour of their famous deeds.

571. *Craze*, so used *Par. Lost*, vii. 210.

Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,  
 Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn. 585  
 But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer  
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay  
 After the brunt of battle, can as easy  
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast ; 586  
 And I persuade me so ; why else this strength  
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks ?  
 His might continues in thee not for naught,  
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus. 589

*Sam.* All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,  
 Nor th' other light of life continue long,  
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand :  
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
 My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems 595  
 In all her functions weary of herself,  
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

*Man.* Believe not these suggestions which proceed  
 From anguish of the mind and humours black, 600  
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however  
 Must not omit a father's timely care  
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
 By ransom, or how else : meanwhile be calm,  
 And healing words from these thy friends admit. 606

*Sam.* O that torment should not be confined  
 To the body's wounds and sores,  
 With maladies innumerable  
 In heart, head, breast and reins ;  
 But must secret passage find 610  
 To th' inmost mind,  
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
 And on her purest spirits prey,  
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
 With answerable pains, but more intense, 615

581. There is a difference between this account of the fountain which rose in answer to Samson's prayer, and that which is given in our translation of the Scripture. In the latter it is said the water sprang from the cleft jaw, but by most of the commentators it is said, that as the word translated *jaw* is the proper name of a spot of ground, it should not in this place be translated in the sense given in our version.

# SAMSON AGONISTES.

371

Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me

As a lingering disease,

But, finding no redress, ferment and rage;

Nor less than wounds immedicable

620

Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,

To black mortification.

Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings

Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,

Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise

625

Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb

Or medicinal liquor can assuage,

Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.

Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er

To death's benumbing opium as my only cure :

630

Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,

And sense of Heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursing once and choice delight,

His destined from the womb,

Promised by heav'nly message twice descending.

635

Under his special eye

Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain ;

He led me on to mightiest deeds

Above the nerve of mortal arm

Against th' uncircumcised, our enemies :

640

But now hath cast me off as never known,

And to those cruel enemies,

Whom I by his appointment had provoked,

Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss

645

Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated

The subject of their cruelty or scorn.

Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;

Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless ;

This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,

No long petition, speedy death,

650

The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

*Chor.* Many are the sayings of the wise

In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,

Extolling patience as the truest fortitude :

And to the bearing well of all calamities,

655

All chances incident to man's frail life,

620. Alp, here used as a general name for mountains :  
see also Par. Lost, II. 623.

Consolatories writ

With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,

Lenient of grief and anxious thought:

But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound 680

Little prevails, or rather seems a tune

Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;

Unless he feel within

Some source of consolation from above,

Secret refreshings, that repair his strength, 685

And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our Fathers! what is man,

That thou towards him with hand so various,

Or might I say contrarious,

Temper'st thy providence through his short course,

Not evenly, as thou rul'st 671

Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,

Irrational and brute?

Nor do I name of men the common rout,

That, wand'ring loose about, 675

Grow up and perish as the summer fly,

Heads without name no more remember'd;

But such as thou hast solemnly elected,

With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd

To some great work, thy glory, 680

And people's safety, which in part they effect:

Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft

Amidst their highth of noon

Changest thy count'nance, and thy hand with me

Of highest favours past [regard

From thee on them, or them to thee of service. 685

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit

To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,

But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them

Unseemly falls in human eye, [high, 691

Too grievous for the trespass or omission;

Oft leavest them to the hostile sword

Of Heathen and profane, their carcasses

To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived;

Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,

And condemnation of th' ungrateful multitude. 695

If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty

688. *Freight* is proposed by Warburton, instead of *sought*.

691. Eccles. xxii. 3.



With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,  
 Painful diseases and deform'd,  
 In crude old age : 700  
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering  
 The punishment of dissolute days ; in fine,  
 Just or unjust alike seem miserable,  
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion  
 The image of thy strength, and mighty minister. 706  
 What do I beg ? how hast thou dealt already ?  
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn  
 His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land ? 710  
 Female of sex it seems,  
 That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,  
 Comes this way sailing  
 Like a stately ship  
 Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles 716  
 Of Javan or Gadire

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,  
 An amber scent of odorous perfume 720  
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind ?  
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,  
 And now at nearer view, no other certain  
 Than Dalila thy wife.

*Sam.* My wife, my traitress, let her not come near  
 me. 725

*Chor.* Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee  
 fix'd,

About to have spoke, but now, with head declined  
 Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,  
 And words address'd seem into tears dissolved,  
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil : 730  
 But now again she makes address to speak.

*Dal.* With doubtful feet and wavering resolution  
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,  
 Which to have merited, without excuse,  
 I cannot but acknowledge ; yet if tears 735

700. *Crude*, premature.

714. This comparison is to be found in several of the older poets, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c.

May expiate (though the fact more evil drew  
 In the perverse event than I foresaw)  
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon  
 No way assured. But conjugal affection  
 Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt, 740  
 Hath led me on desirous to behold  
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,  
 If aught in my ability may serve  
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease  
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power, 745  
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
 My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

*Sam.* Out, out, hyena; these are thy wonted arts,  
 And arts of every woman false like thee,  
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, 750  
 Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,  
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,  
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,  
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
 Her husband, how far urged his patience bears, 755  
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:  
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
 Again transgresses, and again submits;  
 That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,  
 With goodness principled not to reject 760  
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
 Entangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,  
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off  
 As I by thee, to ages an example. 765

*Del.* Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour  
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
 But that on the other side if it be weigh'd  
 By' itself, with aggravations not surcharged,  
 Or else with just allowance counterpoised, 770  
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.  
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
 In me, but incident to all our sex,  
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune 775  
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity

740. *Hyena*; this animal is known to imitate the human voice  
 so well, as to have deceived travellers with its complaints.

To publish them, both common female faults :  
 Was it not weakness also to make known  
 For importunity, that is for nought,  
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety ? 789  
 To what I did, thou shew'dst me first the way.  
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not : [frailty :  
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's  
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.  
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parle 793  
 So near related, or the same of kind,  
 Thine forgive mine : that men may censure thine  
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
 More strength from me than in thyself was found.  
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate, 795  
 The jealousy of love, powerful of away  
 In human hearts, nor less in mind tow'rds thee,  
 Caused what I did ? I saw thee mutable  
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me  
 As her at Timna, sought by all means : therefore 798  
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest :  
 No better way I saw than by importuning  
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
 Thy key of strength and safety : thou wilt say,  
 Why then reveal'd ? I was assured by those 800  
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd  
 Against thee but safe custody and hold :  
 That made for me ; I knew that liberty  
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears, 805  
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed ;  
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night  
 Mine and Love's prisoner, not the Philistines',  
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,  
 Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810  
 These reasons in love's law have past for good,  
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps :  
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,  
 Yet always pity' or pardon hath obtain'd.  
 Be not unlike all others, not austere 815  
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.  
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,  
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

*Sam.* How cunningly the sorceress displays

Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine ! 820  
 That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,  
 By this appears : I gave, thou say'st, th' example,  
 I led the way : bitter reproach, but true :  
 I to myself was false ere thou to me :

Such pardon therefore as I give my folly, 825  
 Take to thy wicked deed ; which when thou seest  
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,  
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather  
 Confess it feign'd : weakness is thy excuse  
 And I believe it, weakness to resist 830

Philistian gold : if weakness may excuse,  
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,  
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it ?  
 All wickedness is weakness : that plea therefore  
 With God or man will gain thee no remission. 835  
 But love constrain'd thee ; call it furious rage  
 To satisfy thy lust ; love seeks to have love ;  
 My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way  
 To raise in me inexorable hate,  
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd ? 840  
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

*Del.* Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea  
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning.  
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides, 845  
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented ;  
 Which might have awed the best resolved of men,  
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.  
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
 That wrought with me : thou know'st the magistrates  
 And princes of my country came in person, 851  
 Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urged,  
 Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty  
 And of religion, press'd how just it was,  
 How honourable, how glorious, to entrap 855  
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd  
 Such numbers of our nation ; and the priest  
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,  
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods  
 It would be to insnare an irreligious 860  
 Dishonourer of Dagon : what had I  
 To oppose against such powerful arguments ?

Only my love of thee held long debate,  
 And combated in silence all these reasons  
 With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim,  
 So ripe and celebrated in the mouths 806

Of wisest men, that to the public good  
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority  
 Took full possession of me and prevail'd:

Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining. [end;

*Sam.* I thought where all thy circling wiles would  
 In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.

But had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee  
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds. 875

I before all the daughters of my tribe  
 And of my nation chose thee from among  
 My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st,  
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
 Not out of levity, but overpower'd 880

By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;  
 Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then  
 Did'st thou at first receive me for thy husband,  
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?

Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave 885  
 Parents and country: nor was I their subject,  
 Nor under their protection, but my own,

Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life  
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly  
 Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890

No more thy country, but an implous crew  
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state

By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
 For which our country is a name so dear;

Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal moved thee;  
 To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable 895

To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes  
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction

Of their own deity, gods cannot be;  
 Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd, or fear'd. 900

These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,  
 Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

*Del.* In argument with men a woman ever  
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause. 904

*Sam.* For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath;

Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

*Del.* I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken

In what I thought would have succeeded best.

Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,

Afford me place to shew what recompense 911

Tow'rd's thee I intend for what I have misdone,

Misguided; only what remains past cure

Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist

To' afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,

Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd 913

Where other senses want not their delights

At home in leisure and domestic ease,

Exempt from many a care and chance to which

Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.

I to the lords will intercede, not doubting 915

Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee

From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide

With me, where my redoubled love and care

With nursing diligence, to me glad office,

May ever tend about thee to old age 917

With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,

That what by me thou' hast lost thou least shalt miss.

*Sam.* No, no, of my condition take no care;

It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:

Nor think me so unwary or accused, 919

To bring my feet again into the snare

Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains

Though dearly to my cost, thy gins and toils;

Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms

No more on me have power, their force is nail'd,

So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd 921

To fence my ear against thy sorceries.

If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men

Loved, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate

me

Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me; 923

How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby

Deceivable, in most things as a child

Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,

And last neglected! How would'st thou insult,

924. There is no particular allusion here, as has been supposed, to the fable of Circe and her enchanted cup; it is but the common figurative language of poetry, and involves no impropriety or anachronism.

925. Psal. lviil. 4. 5.

**SAMSON AGONISTES.**

**279**

When I must live uxorious to thy will **245**  
 In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,  
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords  
 To gloze upon, and, censuring, frown or smile?  
 This jail I count the house of liberty  
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter. **250**

*Del.* Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

*Sam.* Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance  
 wake

My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.  
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that,  
 Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works **255**  
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives:  
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold  
 Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

*Del.* I see thou art implacable, more deaf **260**  
 To prayers than winds and seas, yet winds to seas  
 Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:

Thy anger unappeasable, still rages,  
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.  
 Why do I humble thus myself, and suing **265**  
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?  
 Bid go with evil omen and the brand  
 Of infamy upon my name denounced?

To mix with thy concernsments I desist  
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own. **270**  
 Fame if not double-faced is double-mouth'd,  
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;  
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.

My name perhaps among the circumcised **275**  
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,  
 To all posterity may stand defamed,  
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot  
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.  
 But in my country, where I most desire, **280**  
 In Ecron, Gaza, Ashdod, and in Gath,  
 I shall be named among the famousest  
 Of women, sung at solem festivals,  
 Living and dead recorded who, to save

**273.** Milton is here contrary to his predecessors, they making  
 Sam a godless, he a god.

Her country from a fierce destroyer, chase 988  
 Above the faith of wedlock bands, my tomb  
 With odours visited and annual flowers;  
 Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim  
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile  
 Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nail'd.  
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy 991  
 The public marks of honour and reward  
 Conferr'd upon me for the piety  
 Which to my country I was judged to have shewn.  
 At this whoever envies or repines, 995  
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

*Chor.* She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting  
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

*Sam.* So let her go, God sent her to debase me,  
 And aggravate my folly, who committed 1000  
 To such a viper his most sacred trust  
 Of secrecy, my safety, and my life. [power

*Chor.* Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange  
 After offence returning, to regain  
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily 1005  
 Repulsed, without much inward passion felt  
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

*Sam.* Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,  
 Not wedlock treachery endangering life.

*Chor.* It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit, 1010  
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit  
 That woman's love can win or long inherit;  
 But what it is, hard is to say,  
 Harder to hit

(Which way soever men refer it), 1015  
 Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day  
 Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these or all, the Timnian bride  
 Had not so soon preferr'd  
 Thy paranymp<sup>h</sup>, worthless to thee compared, 1020  
 Successor to thy bed,  
 Nor both so loosely disally'd  
 Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously  
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.

988. It is supposed that the annual visitation of tombs was an eastern custom.

995. Judges iv. v.

1000. Paranymp<sup>h</sup>; bride-man.



SAMSON AGONISTES.

961

Is it for that such outward ornament 1026

Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts

Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,

Capacity not raised to apprehend

Or value what is best

In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong ? 1030

Or was too much of self-love mix'd,

Of constancy no root infix'd,

That either they love nothing, or not long ?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best

Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil, 1035

Soft, modest, meek, demure,

Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn

Intestine, far within defensive arms

A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue

Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms 1040

Draws him awry insalv'd

With dotage, and his sense deprav'd

To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends

What pilot so expert but needs must wreck

Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm ? 1045

Favour'd of Heav'n who finds

One virtuous, rarely found,

That in domestic good combines :

Happy that house ! his way to peace is smooth :

But virtue which breaks through all opposition, 1050

And all temptation can remove,

Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law

Gave to the man despotic power 1055

Over his female in due awe,

Nor from that right to part an hour

Smile she or lour :

So shall he least confusion draw

On his own life, not sway'd

By female usurpation, or dismay'd. 1060

But had we best retire, I see a storm ?

*Sam.* Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

*Chor.* But this another kind of tempest brings.

*Sam.* Be less abtruse, my riddling days are past.

*Chor.* Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear

1034. There is a similar change of numbers to that in this passage of *men*, and the singular pronoun, in *Par. Lost*, ix. 1163.

The bait of honied words ; a rougher tongue 1060  
 Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,  
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look  
 Haughty as is his pile, high-built and proud.  
 Comes he in peace ? what wind hath blown him hither  
 I less conjecture than when first I saw 1071  
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way :  
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

*Sam.* Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

*Chor.* His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives. 1075

*Har.* I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance.  
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath,  
 Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd  
 As Og or Anak, and the Emims old 1080  
 That Kiriathaim held ; thou know'st me now  
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard  
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,  
 Incredible to me, in this displeased,  
 That I was never present on the place 1085  
 Of those encounters, where we might have tried  
 Each other's force in camp or listed field ;  
 And now am come to see of whom such noise  
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,  
 If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

*Sam.* The way to know were not to see but taste.

*Har.* Dost thou already single me ? I thought  
 Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O that Fortune  
 Had brought me to the field, where thou art famed  
 To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw ;  
 I should have forced thee soon with other arms, 1095  
 Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown :  
 So had the glory' of prowess been recover'd  
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine,  
 From the unforeseen'd race, of whom thou bear'st  
 The highest name for valiant acts ; that honour 1101  
 Certain to' have won by mortal duel from thee,

1075. *His fraught ; fright* is proposed as a better reading.

1079. *Harapha* is a fictitious character, but the name was suggested to Milton by *Arapha* or *Rapha* being mentioned in Scripture as the father of the giants of Rephaim.—See Deut. ii. 10, '11. iii. 11. Gen. xiv. 8.

1092. *Gyves*, fetters or chains.

I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out. [but do

*Sam.* Boast not of what thou would'st have done,  
What then thou would'st, thou seest it in thy hand.

*Har.* To combat with a blind man I disdain, 1106  
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

*Sam.* Such usage as your honourable lords  
Afford me', assassinated and betray'd,  
Who durst not with their whole united powers 1110  
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,  
Nor in the house with chamber ambushes  
Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping,

Till they had hired a woman with their gold  
Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me. 1115  
Therefore, without feign'd shifts let be assign'd  
Some narrow place inclosed, where sight may give  
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me; [thee,  
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon, 1120  
Vant-brass and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,  
A weaver's beam, and seven-times folded shield,  
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,  
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,  
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,  
That in a little time, while breath remains thee, 1126  
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast  
Again in safety what thou would'st have done  
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

*Har.* Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,  
Which greatest heroes have in battle worn, 1131  
Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
And black enchantments, some magician's art,  
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from  
Heav'n 1134

Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,  
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs  
Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back  
Of chafed wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

*Sam.* I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;  
My trust is in the living God, who gave me 1140

1120. Brigandine, a coat of mail.—Habergeon, a covering of mail for the head and shoulders.—Vant-brass or brace, covering for the arms; greves, for the legs; gauntlet, an iron glove.

1126. Shakespeare. Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.

At my nativity this strength, diffused  
 No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,  
 Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,  
 The pledge of my unviolated vow.  
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god, 1154  
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid  
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him  
 How highly it concerns his glory now  
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,  
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God 1159  
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
 Offering to combat thee his champion bold,  
 With th' utmost of his godhead seconded :  
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow 1164  
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

*Har.* Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be.  
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up  
 Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them 1169  
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee  
 Into the common prison, there to grind  
 Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,  
 As good for nothing else, no better service  
 With those thy boist'rous locks, no worthy match  
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword 1173  
 Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,  
 But by the barber's razor best subdued.

*Sam.* All these indignities, for such they are  
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,  
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me 1179  
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon  
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye  
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant :  
 In confidence whereof I once again  
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight, 1175  
 By combat to decide whose God is God,  
 Thine or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

*Har.* Fair honour that thou dost thy God, intrusting  
 He will accept thee to defend his cause, 1179  
 A murderer, a revolter, and a robber. [me these !

*Sam.* Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou prove

*Har.* Is not thy nation subject to our lords ?  
 Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee

As a league-breaker and deliver'd bound  
 Into our hands : for hadst thou not committed 1185  
 Notorious murder on those thirty men  
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,  
 Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes ?  
 The Phillistines, when thou hadst broke the league,  
 Went up with armed pow'rs thee only seeking, 1190  
 To others did no violence, nor spoil.

*Sam.* Among the daughters of the Phillistines  
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe ;  
 And in your city held my nuptial feast :  
 But your ill-meaning politician lords 1195  
 Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,  
 Appointed to await me thirty spies,  
 Who threat'ning cruel death constrain'd the bride  
 To wring from me and tell to them my secret,  
 That solved the riddle which I had proposed. 1200  
 When I perceived all set on enmity,  
 As on my enemies, wherever chanced,  
 I used hostility and took their spoil  
 To pay my underminers in their coin.  
 My nation was subjected to your lords, 1205  
 It was the force of conquest ; force with force  
 Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.  
 But I a private person, whom my country  
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed  
 Single repelion and did hostile acts. 1210  
 I was no private, but a person raised  
 With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n  
 To free my country ; if their servile minds  
 Me their deliverer sent would not receive,  
 But to their masters gave me up for nought, 1215  
 Th' unworthier they ; whence to this day they serve.  
 I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,  
 And had perform'd it, if my known offence  
 Had not disabled me, not all your force :  
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant, 1220  
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,  
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
 As a petty enterprize of small enforce.

*Her.* With thee a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd,  
 Due by the law to capital punishment ? 1225  
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

*Sam.* Camest thou for this, vain boaster, to survey  
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict f (me,  
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd ;  
But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230

*Har.* O Baal-zebub ! can my ears unused  
Hear these dishonours, and not render death ?

*Sam.* No man withholds thee, nothing from thy  
Fear I incurable ; bring up thy van, [hand  
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free. 1235

*Har.* This insolence other kind of answer fits.

*Sam.* Go baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,  
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down 1240  
To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

*Har.* By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament  
These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

*Chor.* His Giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,  
Stalking with less unconscionable strides, 1245  
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

*Sam.* I dread him not, nor all his giant brood,  
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,  
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

*Chor.* He will directly to the lords, I fear, 1250  
And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

*Sam.* He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight  
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise  
Whether he durst accept th' offer or not, 1255  
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.  
Much more affliction than already felt

They cannot well impose, nor I sustain ;  
If they intend advantage of my labours,  
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping  
With no small profit daily to my owners. 1261

But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,  
The worst that he can give, to me the best.  
Yet so it may fall out, because their end 1265  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

1231. *Baalzebub, Astaroth, deities of the Philistines.*  
1266. 1 Sam. xvii. \* Sam. xx. l. 15.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

287

*Chor.* Oh how comely it is, and how reviving  
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd,  
When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270  
Puts invincible might

To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,  
The brute and bolst'rous force of violent men  
Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue 1275  
The righteous and all such as honour truth ;  
He all their ammunition  
And feats of war defeats

With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
And celestial vigour arm'd ; 1280  
Their armories and magazines contemns,  
Renders them useless, while  
With winged expedition  
Swift as the lightning glance he executes  
His errand on the wicked, who surprised 1285  
Lose their defence distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise  
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
Making them each his own deliverer,  
And victor over all 1290  
That Tyranny or Fortune can inflict.  
Either of these is in thy lot,  
Samson, with might endued  
Above the sons of men ; but sight bereaved  
May chance to number thee with those 1295  
Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,  
Labouring thy mind  
More than the working day thy hands.  
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind, 1300  
For I descry this way  
Some other tending, in his hand  
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,  
Comes on amain, speed in his look.  
By his habit I discern him now 1305  
A public officer, and now at hand.

His message will be short and voluble.

*Of.* Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.

*Chor.* His manacles remark him, there he sits.

*Of.* Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say :

This-day to Dagon is a solemn feast, 1311  
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;  
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,  
 And now some public proof thereof require  
 To honour this great feast, and great assembly; 1313  
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along,  
 Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad  
 To' appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

*Sam.* Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore  
 tell them

Our law forbids at their religious rites 1320  
 My presence, for that cause I cannot come.

*Of.* This answer, be assured, will not content them.

*Sam.* Have they not sword-players, and every sort  
 Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,  
 Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics, 1325  
 But they must pick me out with shackles tied,  
 And over-labour'd at their public mill  
 To make them sport with blind activity?  
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels  
 On my refusal to distress me more, 1330  
 Or make a game of my calamities?

Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

*Of.* Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

*Sam.* Myself? my conscience and internal peace.

Can they think me so broken, so debased 1335  
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever  
 Will condescend to such absurd commands?  
 Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,  
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief  
 To shew them feats, and play before their god, 1340  
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
 Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

*Of.* My message was imposed on me with speed,  
 Brooks no delay; is this thy resolution? 1344

*Sam.* So take it with what speed thy message needs.

*Of.* I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

*Sam.* Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow  
 indeed.

*Chor.* Consider, Samson, matters now are strain'd  
 Up to the highth, whether to hold or break;  
 He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350  
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?



Expect another message more imperious,  
More lordly thund'ring than thou wilt bear.

*Sam.* Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
Of strength, again returning with my hair 1265  
After my great transgression, so requite  
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin  
By prostituting holy things to idols;  
A Nazarite in place abominable  
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon ? 1266  
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
What act more execrably unclean, profane ?

*Chor.* Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Phi-  
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean. [listines,

*Sam.* Not in their idol-worship, but by labour 1363  
Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
Of those who have me in their civil power. [not.

*Chor.* Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile

*Sam.* Where outward force constrains, the sentence  
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon, [holds ;  
Not dragging ? the Philistian lords command. 1371  
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease  
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,  
Set God behind : which in his jealousy 1375  
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.  
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee  
Present in temples at idolatrous rites  
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

*Chor.* How thou wilt here come off surmounts my

*Sam.* Be of good courage, I begin to feel [reach.  
Some rousing motions in me which dispose  
To something extraordinary my thoughts.

I with this messenger will go along,  
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour 1385  
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
If there be aught of presage in the mind,  
This day will be remarkable in my life  
By some great act, or of my days the last. 1389

*Chor.* In time thou hast resolved, the man returns.

1377. It is not here intended to be said that God suffers any of his creatures to share in the worship of idols, but that, for some important purpose, he may permit them to enter temples devoted to the false gods, whose blind votaries he intends to punish by their means.

*Of.* Samson, this second message from our lords  
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,  
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,  
And dar'st thou at our sending and command  
Dispute thy coming? come without delay; 1395  
Or we shall find such engines to assail  
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force.  
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

*Sam.* I could be well content to try their art  
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.  
Yet knowing their advantages too many, 1401  
Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.  
Masters' commands come with a power resistless  
To such as owe them absolute subjection : 1405  
And for a life who will not change his purpose  
(So mutable are all the ways of men)?  
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

*Of.* I praise thy resolution : doff these links : 1410  
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

*Sam.* Brethren, farewell ; your company along  
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
To see me girt with friends ; and how the night 1415  
Of me as of a common enemy,  
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,  
I know not : lords are lordliest in their wine ;  
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired  
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd ; 1420  
No less the people on their holy-days  
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable :  
Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself, 1425  
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

*Chor.* Go, and the Holy One  
Of Israel be thy guide  
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his  
Great among the Heathen round ; [same  
Send thee the angel of thy birth to stand 1431  
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's fold  
Rode up in flames after his message told

Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
Of fire ; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee 1438  
In the camp of Dan

Be efficacious in thee now at need.

For never was from Heav'n imparted

Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen. 1440

But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste

With youthful steps ! much livelier than erewhile

He seems : supposing here to find his son,

Or of him bringing to us some glad news ? 1444

*Man.* Peace with you, brethren ; my inducement

Was not at present here to find my son, [hither

By order of the lords new parted hence

To come and play before them at their feast.

I heard all as I came, the city rings,

And numbers thither flock, I had no will, 1450

Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.

But that which moved my coming now was chiefly

To give ye part with me what hope I have

With good success to work his liberty. 1454

*Chor.* That hope would much rejoice us to partake

With thee ; say, rev'rend Sire, we thirst to hear.

*Man.* I have attempted one by one the lords

Either at home, or through the high street passing,

With supplication prone and father's tears,

To' accept of ransom for my son their prisoner. 1460

Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,

Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite ;

That part most revered Dagon and his priests :

Others more moderate seeming, but their aim

Private reward, for which both God and state 1465

They easily would set to sale : a third

More generous far and civil, who confess'd

They had enough revenged, having reduced

Their foe to misery beneath their fears,

The rest was unanimity to remit, 1470

If some convenient ransom were proposed.—

What noise or shout was that ? it tore the sky.

*Chor.* Doubtless the people shouting to behold

Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,

Or at some proof of strength before them shewn. 1475

*Man.* His ransom, if my whole inheritance

May compass it, shall willingly be paid

And number'd down : much rather I shall choose  
 To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,  
 And he in that calamitous prison left. 1498  
 No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.  
 For his redemption all my patrimony,  
 If need be, I am ready to forego  
 And quit: not wanting him I shall want nothing.

*Chor.* Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,  
 Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all : 1499  
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,  
 Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,  
 Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

*Man.* It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, 1500  
 And view him sitting in the house, ennobled  
 With all those high exploits by him achieved,  
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks  
 That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd :  
 And I persuade me God had not permitted 1505  
 His strength again to grow up with his hair,  
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp  
 Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose  
 To use him further yet in some great service ;  
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1506  
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.  
 And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

*Chor.* Thy hopes are not ill-founded nor seem vain  
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon 1507  
 Conceived agreeable to a father's love,  
 In both which we, as next, participate. [noise!]

*Man.* I know your friendly minds and—O what  
 Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noise was that?  
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout. 1510

*Chor.* Noise call you it or universal groan,  
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!  
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that noise,  
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

*Man.* Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise :  
 Oh it continues, they have slain my son. 1516

*Chor.* Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry  
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

*Man.* Some dismal accident it needs must be :  
 What shall we do, stay here or run and see ? 1522

*Chor.* Best keep together here, lest running thither

We unawares run into Danger's mouth.  
 This evil on the Philistines is fallen ;  
 From whom could else a general cry be heard ?  
 The sufferers then will scarce molest us here, 1528  
 From other lands we need not much to fear.  
 What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,  
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
 And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way ? 1530

*Man.* That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

*Chor.* Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
 For his people of old : what hinders now ?

*Man.* He can I know, but doubt to think he will ;  
 Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief,  
 A little stay will bring some notice hither. 1536

*Chor.* Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner ;  
 For evil news rides post, while good news baits.  
 And to our wish I see one hither speeding,  
 An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe. 1540

*Mes.* O whither shall I run, or which way fly  
 The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
 Which erst my eyes beheld and yet behold ?  
 For dire imagination still pursues me.  
 But Providence or instinct of nature seems, 1545  
 Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,  
 To' have guided me aright, I know not how,  
 To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these  
 My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
 As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550  
 Though in the sad event too much concern'd.

*Man.* The accident was loud, and here before thee  
 With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not ;  
 No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

*Mes.* It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
 And sense distract, to know well what I utter. 1556

*Man.* Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

*Mes.* Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen,  
 All in a moment overwhelm'd and fallen.

*Man.* Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest  
 The desolation of a hostile city. 1561

*Mes.* Feed on that first, there may in grief be sur-

*Man.* Relate by whom. [feiz

*Mes.* By Samson.

1556. *Distract*, used also as an adjective by Shakspeare.

*Man.* That still lessens  
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

*Mes.* Ah, Manoah, I refrain too suddenly 1363  
To utter what will come at last too soon;  
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

*Man.* Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

*Mes.* Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

*Man.* The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated  
To free him hence! but Death who sets all free  
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.  
What windy joy this day had I conceived 1373  
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves

Abortive as the first-born bloom of Spring  
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!  
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first  
How died he; death to life is crown or shame.  
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he, 1380  
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

*Mes.* Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

*Man.* Wearied with slaughter then, or how? ex-

*Mes.* By his own hands. [plain.

*Man.* Self-violence? what cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself 1385  
Among his foes?

*Mes.* Inevitable cause  
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;  
The edifice, where all were met to see him,  
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

*Man.* O lastly over-strong against thyself! 1390  
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.  
More than enough we know; but while things yet  
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct. 1395

*Mes.* Occasions drew me early to this city,  
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,  
The morning trumpet's festival proclaim'd  
Through each high-street: little I had dispatch'd,  
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day 1400  
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;  
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre 1005  
 Half-round on two main pillars vaulted high,  
 With seats where all the lords, and each degree  
 Of sort, might sit in order to behold;  
 The other side was open, where the throng  
 On banks and scaffolds, under sky might stand; 1010  
 I among these aloof obscurely stood.  
 The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice [wine,  
 Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and  
 When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately  
 Was Samson as a public servant brought, 1015  
 In their state livery clad; before him pipes  
 And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
 Both horse and foot, before him and behind  
 Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.  
 At sight of him the people with a shout 1020  
 Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,  
 Who' had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
 He patient but undaunted where they led him,  
 Came to the place, and what was set before him,  
 Which without help of eye might be assay'd 1025  
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd  
 All with incredible, stupendous force,  
 None daring to appear antagonist.  
 At length for intermission sake they led him  
 Between the pillars; he his guide requested 1030  
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)  
 As over-tired to let him lean a while  
 With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
 That to the arched roof gave main support.  
 He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson 1035  
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,  
 And eyes fast fix'd, he stood, as one who pray'd,  
 Or some great matter in his mind revolved:  
 At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,  
 'Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed 1040  
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,  
 Not without wonder or delight beheld:

1005. Buildings are mentioned by Pliny the naturalist which were supported only by one pillar, and Dr. Shaw says in his Travels, that the eastern theatres are built in the form of an advanced cloister or penthouse, supported by one or two pillars in the front or centre. Supposing, therefore, that the house of Dagon was built, as is most probable, in this manner, the destruction which followed the exertion of Samson's strength was inevitable.

1019. Cataphracts, men or horses completely armed.

Now of my own accord such other trial  
 I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater;  
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.' 1645  
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,  
 As with the force of winds and waters pent  
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
 With horrible convulsion to and fro 1649  
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew  
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder  
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,  
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
 Of this, but each Philistian city round, 1655  
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
 Samson with these immix'd, inevitably  
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;  
 The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.  
*Chor.* O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious! 1659  
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
 The work for which thou wast foretold  
 To Israel, and now ly'et victorious  
 Among thy slain self-kill'd,  
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold 1665  
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd  
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more  
 Than all thy life hath slain before. [sublime,  
 1 *Semichor*. While their hearts were jocund and  
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine, 1670  
 And fat regorged of bulls and goats,  
 Chaunting their idol, and preferring  
 Before our living Dread who dwells  
 In Silo, his bright sanctuary;  
 Among them he a spirit of frenzy sent, 1675  
 Who hurt their minds,  
 And urged them on with mad desire  
 To call in haste for their destroyer;  
 They only set on sport and play  
 Unweetingly importuned 1680  
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
 So fond are mortal men  
 Fallen into wrath divine,  
 As their own ruin on themselves to' invite,

1657. *Judg.* xvi. 26.1671. *Silo*, the tabernacle and ark were there at this time



SAMSON AGONISTES.

397

Insensate left, or to sense reprobate, 1683  
And with blindness internal struck.

A *Semichor*. But he, though blind of sight,  
Despised and thought extinguish'd quite  
With inward eyes illuminated,

His fiery virtue roused 1699

From under ashes into sudden flame,  
And as an evening dragon came,  
Assailant on the perched roosts,  
And nests in order ranged  
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle 1695  
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.

So virtue given for lost,  
Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,  
Like that self-begotten bird  
In the Arabian woods imboist, 1700

That no second knows nor third,  
And lay ere while a holocaust,  
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,  
Revives, reffourishes, then vigorous most  
When most unactive deem'd, 1705

And though her body die, her fame survives  
A secular bird ages of lives.

*Man*. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,  
Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself  
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd 1710  
A life heroic, on his enemies

Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,  
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor  
Through all Philistian bounds, to Israel  
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them 1715

Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;  
To himself and father's house eternal fame,  
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this  
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,  
But favouring and assisting to the end. 1720

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair

1695. *Villatic*, domestic, from the Latin *Villa*.

1700. *Imboist*, embowered or concealed, from the Italian word *imboscure*, I conjecture.—Spenser uses it. *Fairy Queen*, B. 1. Can. 3. St. 24.

1713. *Sons of Caphtor*, Philistines from the island of Caphtor, who settled in Palestine.

And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
 Let us go find the body where it lies 1725  
 Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream  
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off  
 The clotted gore. I with what speed the while  
 (Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)  
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends, 1730  
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend  
 With silent obsequy and funeral train  
 Home to his father's house: there will I build him  
 A monument, and plant it round with shade  
 Of laurel ever green, and branching palm, 1735  
 With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd  
 In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.  
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
 And from his memory inflame their breasts  
 To matchless valour, and adventures high: 1740  
 The virgins also shall on feastful days  
 Visit his tomb with flow'rs, only bewailing  
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.  
*Chor.* All is best, though we oft doubt 1745  
 What th' unsearchable dispose  
 Of highest Wisdom brings about,  
 And ever best found in the close.  
 Oft he seems to hide his face,  
 But unexpectedly returns, 1750  
 And to his faithful champion hath in place  
 Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns  
 And all that band them to resist  
 His uncontrollable intent;  
 His servants he with new acquist 1755  
 Of true experience, from this great event,  
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss,  
 And calm of mind, all passions spent.

1730. This circumstance is founded on *Judg. xvi. 31.*

To the lovers of the classical drama, *Samson Agonistes* is full of beauty; its regularity, the clearness and solemnity of its diction, the pathos of Manoah's character, and the well-sustained severity of Samson's, are all calculated to secure their admiration. But it is not the generality of readers who can see beauty in propriety, or feel sympathy with a passion which is more strong than vehement; and to these this poem will always fail of interest.

**C O M U S,**

### A MASK:

*Presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales.*

## THE PERSONS.

**The attendant Spirit,  
afterwards in the habit  
of Thyrsia.  
Comes with his crew.**

**The Lady.  
First Brother.  
Second Brother.  
Sobrina, the Nymph.**

**The chief persons who presented were,**

**The Lord Brackley.**  
**Mr. Thomas Egerton, his brother.**  
**The Lady Alice Egerton**

**The first Scene discovers a wild wood.**

***The attendant Spirit descends or enters.***

Beyond the sarry threshold of Jove's court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright aerial Spirits live insphered  
In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, 5  
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care  
Confined, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives  
After this mortal change to her true servants 10  
Amongst the enthroned Gods on sainted seats.  
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire

1. This exquisite little drama is, next to *Paradise Lost*, the most splendid offspring of Milton's genius. Never were the happiest graces of natural description more felicitously employed, or the union of what is beautiful in the moral and imaginative of poetry more complete.

To lay their just hands on that golden key  
That opens the palace of Eternity :  
To such my errand is : and but for such, 18  
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway  
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,  
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove 20  
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
That like to rich and various gems inlay  
The unadorned bosom of the deep,  
Which he to grace his tributary gods  
By course commits to several government, 25  
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,  
And wield their little tridents : but this isle,  
The greatest and the best of all the main,  
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities ;  
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun 30  
A noble peer of mickle trust and power  
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
An old and haughty nation proud in arms :  
Where his fair offspring nursed in princely lore  
Are coming to attend their father's state, 35  
And new intrusted sceptre ; but their way  
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,  
The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger ;  
And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40  
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove  
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard ;  
And listen why, for I will tell you now  
What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower. 45

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape  
Crush'd the sweet poison of mis-used wine,  
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,  
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,  
On Circe's island fell : (who knows not Circe 50  
The daughter of the Sun ? whose charmed cup

48. *The Tuscan Mariners* : they were transformed by Bacchus, whom they had angered, into ships and dolphins.—See Ovid, Met. iii. 6. The story of Circe and her transformations is well known.—Homer, Odys. x.

Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine :)  
 This nymph, that gazed upon his clust'ring locks,  
 With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth, 55  
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
 Such like his father, but his mother more,  
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named ;  
 Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,  
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian field, 60  
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd  
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
 Offering to every weary traveller 64  
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass, [taste  
 To quench the drought of Phœbus, which as they  
 (For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)  
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,  
 Th' express resemblance of the gods, is changed  
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70  
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were ;  
 And they, so perfect is their misery,  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
 But boast themselves more comely than before, 75  
 And all their friends and native home forget,  
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.  
 Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove  
 Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,  
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80  
 I shoot from heav'n, to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do : but first I must put off  
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris woof,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,  
 That to the service of this house belongs, 85  
 Who, with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,  
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch,  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps. I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glittering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

Com. The star that bids the shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,  
 And the gilded car of Day, 95  
 His glowing axle doth alay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream,  
 And the slope Sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole,  
 Pacing toward the other goal 100  
 Of his chamber in the East.  
 Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast,  
 Midnight Shout and Revelry,  
 Tipsy Dance, and Jollity,  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine, 105  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
 Rigour now is gone to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,  
 Strict Age and sour Severity  
 With their grave saws in slumber lie. 110  
 We that are of purer fire  
 Imitate the starry quire,  
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres,  
 Lead in swift round the months and years.  
 The sounds and seas, with all their funny drove, 115  
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;  
 And on the tawny sands and shelves  
 Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.  
 By dimpled brook and fountain brim,  
 The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim, 120  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:

93. It would be impossible, perhaps, to find a more exquisite place of musical verification than the following. The beauty and variety of the imagery are equally unsurpassed.

104. It would be useless to point out the many trifling alterations which appear in the manuscript and first editions of this poem; a few, however, are worth observing, and among them, that of this line, which originally stood—

*And quick low with her scrupulous head.*

117. *Tawny*; originally, *yellow*.



402

COMUS.





Trip the pix-fairies and the hooper elves,  
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,  
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,  
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep.



# COMUS.

403

What hath night to do with sleep?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove,  
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
 Come let us our rites begin, 125  
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin,  
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.  
 Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,  
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame  
 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame, 130  
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb  
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air,  
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend 135  
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out  
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
 The nice Morn on the Indian steep  
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep, 140  
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry  
 Our conceal'd solemnity.  
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastic round.

## *The Measure.*

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace 145  
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.  
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;  
 Our number may affright: some virgin sure  
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms, 150  
 And to my wily trains; I shall ere long  
 Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed  
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion, 155  
 And give it false presentments. lest the place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,  
 Which must not be, for that 's against my course;  
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160

128. *Cotytto*; the goddess of licentious pleasures.  
 41. *Tell-tale*; discovering the secrets of the night.

And well-placed words of glozing courtacy  
 Baited with reasons not unpleasable,  
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust, 165  
 I shall appear some harmless villager  
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear  
 But here she comes, I fairly step aside,  
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

*The Lady enters.*

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170  
 My best guide now ; methought it was the sound  
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
 Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe  
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,  
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full, 175  
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
 And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loath  
 To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence  
 Of such late wassailers ; yet O where else 180  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?  
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,  
 Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side 185  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
 They left me then, when the grey-hooded Even  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phoebus' wain. 190  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labour of my thought ; 'tis likeliest  
 They had engaged their wand'ring steps too far,  
 And envious Darkness, ere they could return,  
 Had stole them from me : else, O thievish Night, 195  
 Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
 That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps  
 With everlasting oil, to give due light

181. Originally,

*In the blind alleys of this arched wood.*

# COMUS.

405

To the miled and lonely traveller?  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud Mirth  
 Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,  
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,  
 Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,  
 And aery tongues, that syllable men's names  
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.  
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—  
 O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,  
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity; 215  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glist'ring guardian if need were  
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd. 220  
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove. 225  
 I cannot hallow to my brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits  
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

## SONG.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen 230  
 Within thy aery shell,  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well; 235  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?

220. This beautiful expression was not at first written. The line was, *That sure night-wanderers.*

225. This is a very ingenious invention to introduce the beautiful song which follows.

O if thou have  
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,  
 Tell me but where, 260  
 Sweet queen of party, daughter of the sphere;  
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? 245  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal Air  
 To testify his hidden residence:  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted Night, 250  
 At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven down  
 Of Darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard  
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
 Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades  
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs, 255  
 Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:  
 Yet they in peaceful slumber lull'd the sense, 260  
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;  
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
 And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder, 265  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine  
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
 To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood. 270  
 La. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
 That is address'd to unattending ears;  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my sever'd company,  
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

264. This and the following verse were added by Milton to the original copy, and inserted in the margin.

*La.* Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

*Com.* Could that divide you from near-ushering

*La.* They left me weary on a grassy turf. [guides?] 281

*Com.* By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

*La.* To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

*Com.* And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

*La.* They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

*Com.* Perhaps forestalling Night prevented them.

*La.* How easy my misfortune is to hit! 286

*Com.* Imports their loss, beside the present need?

*La.* No less than if I should my brothers lose.

*Com.* Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

*La.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips. 290

*Com.* Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox  
In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
And the swink't hedger at his supper sat;  
I saw them under a green mandling vine  
That crawls along the side of yon small hill, 295  
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;  
Their port was more than human, as they stood:  
I took it for a faëry vision  
Of some gay creatures of the element,  
That in the colours of the rain-bow live, 300  
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,  
And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those you seek,  
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,  
To help you find them.

*La.* Gentle Villager,  
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

*Com.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point. 306

*La.* To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose  
In such a scant allowance of star-light,  
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,  
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet. 310

*Com.* I know each lane, and every alley green,  
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,  
And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;  
And if your stray-attendants be yet lodged, 315  
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark

321. *Plighted*, instead of *plighted*, to avoid its jarring with *play*.

From her thatch'd pallat rome ; if otherwise,  
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low  
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 379  
Till further quest.

*Ls.* Shepherd, I take thy word,  
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,  
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls,  
And courts of princes, where it first was named, 383  
And yet is most pretended : in a place  
Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.  
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial  
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on. 390

*The Two Brothers.*

*E. Bro.* Unmuffle, ye faint Stars, and thou fair  
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison, [Moon,  
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
In double night of darkness and of shades ; 395  
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up  
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole  
Of some clay habitation, visit us  
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light, 400  
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

*Y. Bro.* Or if our eyes  
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear  
The folded socks penn'd in their wattled cotes,  
Or sound of pastoral reeds with oaten stops, 405  
Or whistle from the lodge or village cock  
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,  
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering  
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister, 410  
Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles  
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears

*of Arcady &c the greater and lesser*



COMUS.

409

What if in wild amazement and affright ? 396  
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
Of savage hunger or of savage heat ?

E. Bro. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils : 399

For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?  
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,  
How bitter is such self-delusion ? 395

I do not think my Sister so to seek,  
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,  
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
As that the single want of light and noise  
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 376  
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
And put them into misbecoming plight.

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self 375  
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,

Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd. 390

He that has light within his own clear breast  
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day :  
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun :  
Himself is his own dungeon.

Y. Bro. 'Tis most true, 385  
That musing meditation most affects

The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
And sits as safe as in a senate house ;  
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 398  
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
Or do his grey hairs any violence ?

But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
Of dragon watch, with unenchanted eye, 398  
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit  
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.

You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps  
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope . 400  
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.  
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not ;  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both, 405  
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unowned Sister.

*E. Bro.* I do not, Brother,  
 Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state  
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy :  
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear 410  
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is  
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
 And gladly banish squint Suspicion.  
 My Sister is not so defenceless left  
 As you imagine ; she has hidden strength, 415  
 Which you remember not.

*Y. Bro.* What hidden strength,  
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that ?

*E. Bro.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,  
 Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :  
 'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity : 420  
 She that has that is clad in complete steel,  
 And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen  
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,  
 Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,  
 Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity, 425  
 No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,  
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity :  
 Yea there, where very Desolation dwells  
 By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,  
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty, 430  
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,  
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,  
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unalaid ghost,  
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew time, 435  
 No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,

423. This passage is in very close imitation of one in Fletcher's  
 'Faithful Shepherdess.'

COMUS.

411

Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.  
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
 To testify the arms of Chastity? 440  
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,  
 Wherewith she tamed the brindled lioness  
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought  
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid: Gods and men 445  
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th'  
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield [woods.  
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,  
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,  
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450  
 And noble grace that dash'd brute violence  
 With sudden adoration, and blank awe?  
 So dear to Heav'n is saintly Chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried Angels lacky her, 455  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, 460  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal: but when Lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin, 465  
 Lets in Defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470  
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,

462. The same strong appearance of complete materialism in sentiment, is discoverable in this passage as in several parts of *Paradise Lost*—It, however, admits of the same partial explanation, as it may be taken to refer solely to that perfect change which shall be produced in the body when it puts on immortality, and which I imagine will not be a mere renovation of youth or beauty, but a change in the corporeal essence, if I may so speak, of our earthly frames. For at present it is their nature to decay, hereafter it will be their nature to exist unchanged. It is nothing but their essence becoming different, can effect this.

Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,  
 As loath to leave the body that it loved,  
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state. 475

*Y. Bro.* How charming is divine philosophy !  
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

*E. Bro.* List, list, I hear 480  
 Some far off halloo break the silent air.

*Y. Bro.* Methought so too ; what should it be ?

*E. Bro.* For certain  
 Either some one like us night-founder'd here,  
 Or else some neighbour wood-man, or, at worst,  
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows. 485

*Y. Bro.* Heav'n keep my Sister. Again, again,  
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard. {and near ;

*E. Bro.* I'll halloo ;  
 If he be friendly, he comes well ; if not,  
 Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

*The attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.*

That halloo I should know, what are you ? speak ;  
 Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else. 491

*Spl.* What voice is that ? my young Lord ! speak  
 again.

*Y. Bro.* O Brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

*E. Bro.* Thyrsis ? whose artful strains have oft de-  
 The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, [lay'd  
 And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale. 495

How cam'st thou here, good Swain ? hath any ram  
 Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
 Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook ?  
 How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook ?

*Spl.* O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,  
 I came not here on such a trivial toy  
 As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
 Of pilfering wolf ; not all the fleecy wealth  
 That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought  
 To this my errand, and the care it brought. 500  
 But, O my virgin Lady, where is she ?  
 How chance she is not in your company ?

*E. Bro.* To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without  
blame,

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

*Spl.* Aye me unhappy! then my fears are true.

*E. Bro.* What fears, good Thyriss! Prithee briefly

*Spl.* I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous [shew.

(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)

What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,  
Story'd of old in high immortal verse, 515

Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,  
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;  
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520

Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,

Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,

Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,

And here to every thirsty wanderer

By sly enticement gives his baneful cup, 525

With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison

The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,

And the inglorious likeness of a beast

Fixes instead, unmoulding Reason's mintage

Character'd in the face; this have I learnt 530

Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,

That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl

Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey, .

Doing abhorred rites to Hecate 535

In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.

Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,

To' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense

Of them that pass unweeting by the way.

This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540

Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb

Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold

I sat me down to watch upon a bank

With ivy canopied, and interwove

With flaunting honeysuckle, and began, 545

Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,

To meditate my rural minstrelsy, -

Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close,

542. *Sadly*, not sorrowfully, but gravely, soberly.

551. *Crofts*, little pasture fields.

The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,  
 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance; 580  
 At which I ceased, and listen'd them a while,  
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
 Gave respite to the drowsy flighted steeds,  
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep;  
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound 585  
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,  
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
 Was took, ere she was ware, and wish'd she might  
 Deny her nature, and be never more  
 Still to be so displaced. I was all ear, 590  
 And took in strains that might create a soul  
 Under the ribs of Death: but O, ere long,  
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
 Of my most honoured Lady, your dear sister.  
 Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear, 595  
 And O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,  
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!  
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,  
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place, 599  
 Where that damn'd wizard hid in sly disguise  
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met  
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
 The sidless innocent Lady, his wish'd prey,  
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two, 595  
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd  
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprang  
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here;  
 But further know I not.

*Y. Bro.* O Night and shades, 599

How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,  
 Against the unarm'd weakness of one virgin,  
 Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence  
 You gave me, Brother!

*E. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still, 599  
 Lean on it safely; not a period  
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats

581. There is an old emblem representing a soul in the form of an infant under the ribs of a skeleton. It is to be found in *Curios.*

Of Malice or of Sorcery, or that power  
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,  
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,  
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd; 500  
Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm,  
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory :  
But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
And mix no more with goodness, when at last  
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself, 505  
It shall be in eternal restless change  
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,  
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.  
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heaven 509  
May never this just sword be lifted up;  
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt  
With all the grisly legions that troop  
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,  
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms 505  
Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,  
Add force him to restore his purchase back,  
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
Curs'd as his life.

*Spl.* Alas! good venturous Youth,  
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise: 610  
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;  
Far other arms and other weapons must  
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:  
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,  
And crumble all thy sinews. 615

*E. Bro.* Why, prithee, Shepherd,  
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,  
As to make this relation?

*Spl.* Care and utmost shifts  
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,  
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620  
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,  
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:  
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing,  
Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy, 625  
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
And shew me simples of a thousand names,

Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:  
 Among the rest a small unsightly root,  
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out ; 630  
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
 But in another country, as he said,  
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil :  
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain  
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon ; 635  
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly  
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave ;  
 He call'd it Harmony, and gave it me,  
 And bade me keep it as of sovereign use  
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,  
 Or ghastly furies' apparition. 641  
 I purs'd it up, but little reckoning made,  
 Till now that this extremity compell'd :  
 But now I find it true ; for by this means  
 I knew the foul enchanter though disguised, 645  
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
 And yet came off : if you have this about you  
 (As I will give you when we go), you may  
 Boldly assault the Necromancer's hall ;  
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood 650  
 And brandish'd blade, rush on him, break his glass,  
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,  
 But seize his wand : though he and his cursed crew  
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
 Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke, 655  
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.  
*E. Bro.* Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,  
 And some good angel bear a shield before us.

*The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness : soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

*Com.* Nay, Lady, sit ; if I but wave this wand,

635. The commentators are not at all determined what plants are here meant ; nor can I discover any information in these obscure inquiries which would serve to enlighten the reader on the subject. The herbs mentioned were probably known in Milton's time, for some supposed power which the superstitious attributed to them, and their names altered by him to suit his poetical phraseology.



Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster, 690  
And you a statue, or as Daphne was  
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

*La.* Fool, do not boast,  
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind  
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind  
Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good. 695

*Com.* Why are you vex'd, Lady? why do you frown?  
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates  
Sorrow flies far; see, here be all the pleasures  
That Fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670  
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.

And first behold this cordial julep here,  
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,  
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd:  
Not that *Nepenthes*, which the wife of *Thone* 675  
In Egypt gave to *Jove-born Helena*,  
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
And to those dainty limbs which nature lent 680  
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?

But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,  
With that which you received on other terms,  
Scorning the unexempt condition 685

By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
That have been tired all day without repast,  
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,  
This will restore all soon.

*La.* 'Twill not, false traitor, 690  
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty  
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.  
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,  
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,  
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me! 695  
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver:

692. This speech and the first line of the next, were added to the original draught of the poem.

675. A liquor, which it is said, in *Homer*, *Odys.* iv. 219, *Helena* had been taught to make by the wife of *Thone*, an Egyptian King. See also *Spenser*, *Fae. Qn.* B. 4. Can. 3. St. 43

Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence  
 With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?  
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here  
 With liquorish baits, fit to insnare a brute? 708  
 Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,  
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none  
 But such as are good men can give good things,  
 And that which is not good is not delicious  
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite. 709

*Com.* O foolishness of men! that lend their ears  
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,  
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,  
 Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.  
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth 710  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,  
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,  
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?  
 And set to work millions of spinning worms, 715  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk  
 To deck her sons; and that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
 She hutcht th' all-worshipp'd ore, and precious gems  
 To store her children with: if all the world, 720  
 Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on palsee,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
 Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unpraised,  
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised,  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master, 725  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,  
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
 Who would be quite sarcharged with her own weight,  
 And strangled with her waste fertility, 730  
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with  
 The herds would over-multitude their lords, [plumes,  
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought  
 diamonds

Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,  
 And so bestud with stars, that they below  
 Would grow inured to light, and come at last 735  
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.

707. *Budge, furred.*

710. *Hutcht, concealed, or kept as in a collar.*

List Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd  
 With that same vaunted name Virginity.  
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,  
 But must be current, and the good thereof 749  
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
 Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself;  
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.  
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shewn 745  
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,  
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;  
 It is for homely features to keep home,  
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions  
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750  
 The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.  
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts; 754  
 Think what, and be advised, you are but young yet.  
*La.* I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips  
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler  
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes  
 Obtruding false rules prank'd in Reason's garb.  
 I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments, 760  
 And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.  
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance; she, good cateness,  
 Means her provision only to the good, 765  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictate of spare temperance:  
 If every just man, that now pines with want,  
 Had but a moderate and beseeeming share  
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury 770  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store:  
 And then the Giver would be better thank'd, 775  
 His praise due paid; for swinish Gluttony

751. *To tease*; in its original sense, and like the Latin *carpere*, to comb or prepare for spinning.

760. *Can bolt*, dart or shoot forth.

Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude  
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?  
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780  
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
 Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,  
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?  
 Thou hast not ear, nor soul, to apprehend  
 The sublime notion and high mystery, 785  
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,  
 And thou art worthy, that thou should'st not know  
 More happiness than this thy present lot.  
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced;  
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits  
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence, 795  
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathise,  
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and  
 Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high, (shake,  
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.  
*Com.* She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800  
 Her words set off by some superior power;  
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew  
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus  
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble, 805  
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,  
 This is mere moral babble, and direct  
 Against the canon laws of our foundation;  
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees  
 And setlings of a melancholy blood: 810  
 But this will cure all straight, one sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

*The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his  
 glass out of his hand, and break it against the  
 ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are  
 all driven in; the attendant Spirit comes in.*

*Spi.* What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?

O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand  
 And bound him fast: without his rod reversed, 826  
 And backward mutters of disemvering power,  
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:  
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me, 830  
 Some other means I have which may be used,  
 Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,  
 The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence, 834  
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn  
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure; [stream,  
 Whilome she was the daughter of Loocrins,  
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute.  
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit  
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen, 838  
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.  
 The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,  
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,  
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall, 835  
 Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,  
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
 In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,  
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
 Dropt in ambrosial oils till she revived, 840  
 And underwent a quick immortal change,  
 Made Goddess of the river; still she retains  
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs 845  
 That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,  
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;  
 For which the shepherds, at their festivals,  
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils. 851  
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock  
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,

826. The story of Sabrina is related at full in the first book of Milton's History of England. See also Fac. Qu. B. 2. Can. 10. St. 17.

846. The meddling elfe is Robin Goodfellow, or Puck, the well-known frolicsome fairy.

If she be right invoked in warbled song,  
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift 822  
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
 In hard besetting need ; this will I try,  
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

## SONG.

SABRINA fair,  
 Listen where thou art sitting 826  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;  
 Listen, for dear Honour's sake,  
 Goddess of the Silver lake, 828  
 Listen and save.  
 Listen, and appear to us  
 In name of great Oceanus,  
 By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace, 830  
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook,  
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
 And old sooth-saying Glancus' spell,  
 By Leucothea's lovely hands, 832  
 And her son that rules the strands,  
 By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,  
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb, 834  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,  
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head 836  
 From thy coral-paven bed,  
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.  
 Listen and save.

822. *The Carpathian wizard* ; Proteus, who had a cave at Carpathus, an island in the Mediterranean.

826. *Parthenope* and *Ligea* were two sirens ; the former had, it is said, a tomb at Naples ; the latter is here introduced according to the usual representations of mermaids.

836. The almost unparalleled beauty of this and the following passage, the variety of epithets and images, the rapidity of the verse, sparkling and gleaming with the brightest sunshine of poetry, are a feast of roses to the imagination.

*Sabrina rises, attended by water nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank, 808  
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,  
My sliding chariot stays,  
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen  
Of turkoi blue, and emerald green,  
That in the channel strays; 805  
Whilst from off the waters fleet  
Thus I set my printless feet  
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
That bends not as I tread;  
Gentle Swain, at thy request 900  
I am here.

*Spl.* Goddess dear,  
We implore thy powerful hand  
To undo the charmed band  
Of true Virgin here distress'd, 905  
Through the force and through the wile  
O' unblest enchanter vile.

*Sab.* Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
To help ensnared chastity:  
Brightest Lady, look on me; 910  
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
Drops that from my fountain pure  
I have kept of precious cure,  
Thrice upon thy fingers' tip,  
Thrice upon thy rubied lip; 915  
Next this marble venom'd seat,  
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,  
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:  
Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
And I must haste ere morning hour 920  
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.*

*Spl.* Virgin, daughter of Loecrine,  
Sprung from old Anchises' line,  
May thy brimmed waves for this  
Their full tribute never miss 925  
From a thousand petty rills,  
That tumble down the snowy hills:

923. *Loecrine* was the son of *Brutus*, who was immediately descended from *Anchises*.

Summer drought, or singed air,  
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
 Nor wet October's torrent flood 900  
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud:  
 May thy billows roll ashore  
 The beryl, and the golden ore;  
 May thy lofty head be crown'd  
 With many a tower and terras round, 905  
 And here and there thy banks upon  
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.  
 Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,  
 Let us fly this cursed place,  
 Lest the Sorcerer us entice 910  
 With some other new device.  
 Not a waste or needless sound,  
 Till we come to holier ground;  
 I shall be your faithful guide  
 Through this gloomy covert wide, 915  
 And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your father's residence,  
 Where this night are met in state  
 Many a friend to gratulate  
 His wish'd presence, and beside 920  
 All the swains that near abide  
 With jigs and rural dance resort;  
 We shall catch them at their sport,  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and cheer; 925  
 Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,  
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the  
 President's castle; then come in country dancers,  
 after them the attendant Spirit, with the two  
 Brothers and the Lady.*

## SONG.

*Spl.* Back, Shepherds, back; enough your play  
 Till next sun-shine holiday,  
 Here be without duck or nod 930  
 Other trippings to be trod  
 Of lighter toes, and such court guises  
 As Mercury did first devise

931. *Upon, crown'd, understood from line 924.*



COMUS.

425

With the mincing Dryades

On the lawns, and on the leas.

965

*This second song presents them to their Father  
and Mother.*

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,

I have brought ye new delight,

Here behold so goodly grown

Three fair branches of your own ;

Heav'n hath timely tried their youth, 970

Their faith, their patience, and their truth,

And sent them here through hard assays

With a crown of deathless praise,

To triumph in victorious dance,

O'er sensual folly and intemperance. 975

*The dances ended, the Spirit epilogizes.*

*Spi.* To the ocean now I fly,

And those happy climes that lie

Where Day never shuts his eye,

Up in the broad fields of the sky ·

There I suck the liquid air, 980

All amidst the gardens fair

Of Hesperus, and his daughters three

That sing about the golden tree ;

Along the crisped shades and bowers

Revels the spruce and jocund Spring, 985

The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,

Thither all their bounties bring ;

There eternal Summer dwells,

And west-winds with musky wing

About the cedar'd alleys fling 990

Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.

Iris there with humid bow

Waters the odorous banks that blow

Flowers of more mingled hue

Than her purfled scarf can shew, 995

And drenches with Elysian dew

(List, mortals, if your ears be true)

Beds of hyacinth and roses,

Where young Adonis oft reposes,

996. This farewell of the spirit is in close imitation of Ariel's  
song in the *Tempest*, Act 3. Sc. 2.

996. *Purfled*, embroidered.

Waxing well of his deep wound 1000  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;  
 But far above in spangled sheen  
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,  
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced, 1005  
 After her wand'ring labours long,  
 Till free consent the Gods among  
 Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blissful twins are to be born, 1010  
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.  
 But now my task is smoothly done,  
 I can fly, or I can run  
 Quickly to the green earth's end,  
 Where the bow'd welkin low doth bend, 1015  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the moon.  
 Mortals that would follow me,  
 Love Virtue; she alone is free,  
 She can teach ye how to climb 1020  
 Higher than the sphery chime;  
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
 Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

1002. *Th' Assyrian queen*; Venus, so called because first worshipped by the Assyrians.

There is a moral in this poem as sweetly and purely delicate as the verse is exquisite for its lovely images and melody. It was performed as a drama at Ludlow Castle, in 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, President of Wales, and was printed in 1637.

## L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn, [unholy!  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights

This celebrated little descriptive poem and its companion, have preserved their distinct originality amid the crowd of similar compositions with which they are surrounded. They owe both their excellence and their popularity to the domestic character of their imagery, and to their direct appeal to the emotions which belong to the enjoyment of external nature. In other poems of the same kind, the sentiments introduced are frequently those of the writer only, and not those which meet, by the most general

## L'ALLEGRO.

427

Find out some uncouth cell, 5  
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous  
 And the night raven sings; [wings,  
 There under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10  
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
 In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,  
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
 With two sister Graces more 15  
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;  
 Or whether (as some sages sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a-Maying, 20  
 There on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.  
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee 25  
 Jest and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek; 30  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides,  
 Come, and trip it as you go  
 On the light fantastic toe,  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee 35  
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;  
 And, if I give thee honour due,

laws of human thought and feeling, belong to both the author and the reader. Sensations of gladness or melancholy may be infinitely varied, and in a poem of sentiment or character should bear the deep impress of personality; but when nature is described in her cheerful or sombre aspect, the connexion between the object and the emotion should be certain and instantaneous. If the reader compare these poems with other descriptive compositions, and the feelings with which he reads them, he will better perceive the peculiar excellence of the former.

*L'Allegro*, the cheerful man, and *Il Penseroso*, the melancholy man, both Italian terms, and well adapted to the author's purpose. For the mythology of the poems, Milton is his own authority.

Mirth, admit me of thy crew  
 To live with her, and live with thee  
 In unreprieved pleasures free ; 40  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull Night,  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled Dawn doth rise ;  
 Then to come in spite of Sorrow, 45  
 And at my window bid good-morrow,  
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine  
 Or the twisted eglantine ;  
 While the cock with lively din  
 Scatters the rear of Darkness thin, 50  
 And to the stack, or the barn door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before :  
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring Morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill, 55  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :  
 Some time walking not unseen  
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great sun begins his state, 60  
 Robed in flames, and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;  
 While the ploughman near at hand  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
 Whilst the landskip round it measures, 70  
 Russet lawns and fallows grey,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
 Mountains on whose barren breast  
 The labouring clouds do often rest,  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied, 75  
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide.  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes 80

# L'ALLEGRO.

429

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their savoury dinner set  
 Of herbs and other country messes, 88  
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;  
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
 Or if the earlier season lead  
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead. 90  
 Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound,  
 To many a youth and many a maid, 95  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holy-day,  
 Till the live-long day-light fail;  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How faery Mab the junkets eat;  
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,  
 And he by friar's lantern led;  
 Tells how the drudging goblin swet, 105  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn  
 That ten day-labourers could not end;  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend, 110  
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And crop-full out of door he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, 115  
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
 Tower'd cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
 In weeds of Peace, high triumphs hold, 120  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend

To win her grace whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear 135  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry,  
 With Mask and antique Pageantry;  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream,  
 On summer eves by haunted stream. 140  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
 And ever against eating cares, 145  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal Verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out, 150  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head 155  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regain'd Eurydice. 160  
 These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

## IL PENSEROSO.

HAVEN, vain deluding Joys,  
 The brood of Folly without father bred!  
 How little you bested,  
 Or all the fixed mind with all your toys!

1. The idea of this poem is said to have been taken from a song in a comedy by Fletcher, called 'The Nice Valour; or, Pamphileus Medician.' There is, indeed, a slight general resemblance in the two pieces; but, even supposing an imitation so far as it goes, it is not enough to affect the originality of *Il Penseroso*.



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## IL PENSEROSO.

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 How little you bested,  
 Or all the fixed mind with all your toys!

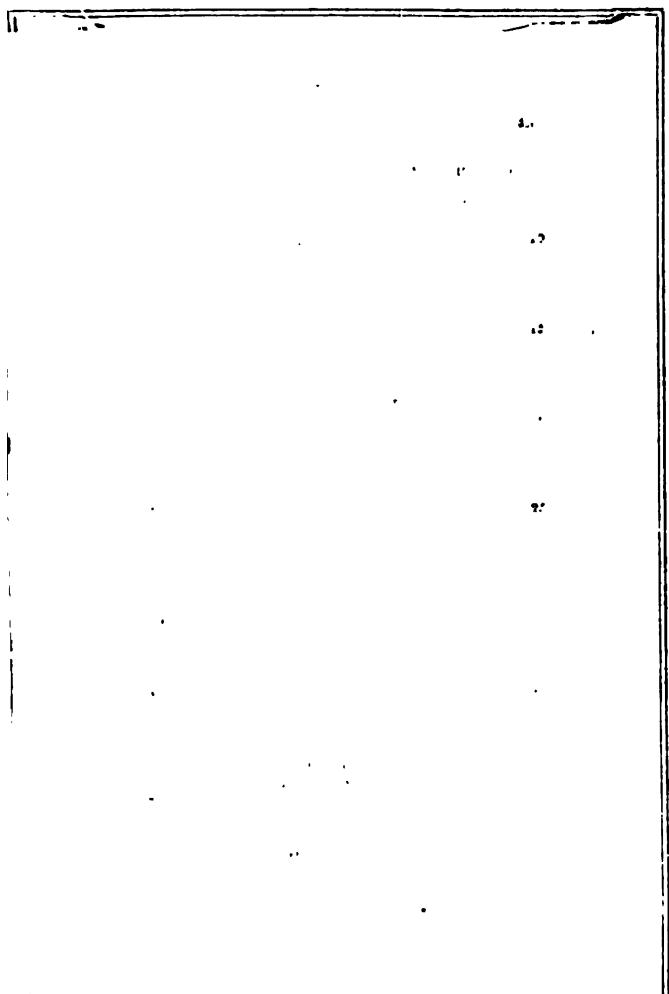
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Come, perceive. Run, devout and pure,  
Behold thyself and dance  
All in a robe of darkest green,  
Flowing with myrtle and grain.





ROWING WITH PROPER GRAM.

Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams;  
 Or likest hovering dreams  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. 10  
 But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,  
 Hail divinest Melancholy,  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view 15  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseeem,  
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
 To set her beauties' praise above 20  
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended;  
 Yet thou art higher far descended;  
 These bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore  
 To solitary Saturn bore;  
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign 25  
 Such mixture was not held a stain):  
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30  
 Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn, 35  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40  
 There, held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:

19. *Ethiop queen*, Caliope, who was so beautiful that the Nereids determined on her destruction. She was carried, it is said, to the skies, and made a star of: hence the epithet.

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet	46
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,	
And hears the Muses in a ring	
Ay round about Jove's altar sing :	
And add to these retired Leisure,	
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.	50
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,	
Him that yon soars on golden wing,	
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,	
The Cherub Contemplation ;	
And the mute Silence hist along,	55
'Less Philomel will deign a song,	
In her sweetest, saddest plight,	
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,	
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,	
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak :	60
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,	
Most musical, most melancholy !	
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among	
I woo to hear thy even-song ;	
And missing thee, I walk unseen	65
On the dry smooth-shaven green,	
To behold the wandering moon,	
Riding near her highest noon,	
Like one that had been led astray	
Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way ;	70
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,	
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.	
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,	
I hear the far-off curfew sound,	
Over some wide-water'd shore,	75
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;	
Or, if the air will not permit,	
Some still removed place will fit,	
Where glowing embers through the room	
Teach Light to counterfeit a gloom,	80
Far from all resort of mirth,	
Save the cricket on the hearth,	
Or the belman's drowsy charm,	
To bless the doors from nightly harm :	

86. The cheerful character of the former poem rendered it necessary to commence with a description of morning sights and pleasures ; in this the poet properly begins with evening.

# IL PENSEROSO.

Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,	438
Be seen in some high lonely tower,	85
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,	
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere	
The spirit of Plato to unfold	
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold	90
Th' immortal mind that hath forsook	
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :	
And of those Demons that are found	
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,	
Whose power hath a true consent	95
With planet, or with element.	
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy	
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,	
Presenting Thebes', or Pelop's line,	
Or the tale of Troy divine,	100
Or what (though rare) of later age	
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.	
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power	
Might raise Musæus from his bower ;	
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing	105
Such notes as, warbled to the string,	
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek	
And made Hell grant what Love did seek	
Or call up him that left half told,	
The story of Cambuscan bold,	110
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,	
And who had Canace to wife,	
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,	
And of the wondrous horse of brass,	
On which the Tartar king did ride ;	115
And if aught else great bards beside	
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,	
Of turneys and of trophies hung,	
Of forests and enchantments drear,	
Where more is meant than meets the ear.	120

88. *Hermes Trismegistus*. The great Egyptian philosopher who flourished, it is supposed, near the time of Moses.

89. The ancient tragedians drew the subjects of their principal dramas from the history of the kings of Thebes, &c.

104. *Musæus*, a celebrated ancient poet.

120. An allusion to a tale which Chaucer left unfinished. Spenser endeavoured to complete it. *Fæe. Gu. B. v. Can. 2. St. 22.*

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
 Not trick'd and frownc'd as she was wont  
 With the Attic boy to hunt,  
 But kerscheft in a comely cloud, 125  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or usher'd with a shower still,  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the eaves. 130  
 And when the Sun begins to fling  
 His flaming beams, me Goddess bring  
 To arched walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves  
 Of pine or monumental oak, 135  
 Where the rude axe with heaved stroke  
 Was never heard the Nymphs to damnt,  
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
 There in close covert by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140  
 Hide me from Day's garish eye,  
 While the bee with homied thigh,  
 That at her flowery work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring,  
 With such concert as they keep, 145  
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:  
 And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings in aery stream  
 Of lively portraiture display'd,  
 Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150  
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.  
 But let my due feet never fail 155  
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
 And love the high-embowed roof,  
 With antique pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight  
 Casting a dim religious light. 160  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full-voiced quire below



# ARCADES.

425

In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into extasies,  
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

165

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew ;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

170

These pleasures, Melancholy, give  
And I with thee will choose to live.

175

# ARCADES.

*Part of an Entertainment\* presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby, at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song.*

## I. SONG.

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,  
What sudden blaze of majesty  
Is that which we from hence descry,  
Too divine to be mistook !

8

This, this is she  
To whom our vows and wishes bend ;  
Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that, her high worth to raise,  
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,  
We may justly now accuse

10

Of detraction from her praise ;  
Less than half we find exprest,  
Envy bid conceal the rest.

\* This fragment is called a mask in Milton's manuscript, and it is supposed to have been completed by other hands. There was a connexion by marriage between the Countess of Derby and the Earl of Bridgewater, before whom Comus was performed. The Arcades in a chronological arrangement ought to precede the latter.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,  
 In circle round her shining throne,  
 Shooting her beams like silver threads; 18  
 This, this is she alone,  
 Sitting like a Goddess bright,  
 In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be, 20  
 Or the tower'd Cybele,  
 Mother of a hundred gods;  
 Juno dares not give her odds;  
 Who hath thought this clime had held  
 A deity so unparallel'd? 25

*As they come forward the Genius of the wood appears  
 and turning towards them, speaks.*

Gen. Stay, gentle Swains, for tho' in this disguise,  
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;  
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung, 30  
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice  
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;  
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
 Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good,  
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent,  
 Was all in honour and devotion meant 35  
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,  
 And with all helpful service will comply  
 To further this night's glad solemnity;  
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold 40  
 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold  
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone  
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:  
 For know by lot from Jove I am the power  
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower 45  
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.  
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill:

30. *Alpheus*, a river of Arcadia, which runs for some way under the sea, and rises again with the fountain *Arethuse*, near Syracuse in Sicily.

ARCADES.

457

And from the boughs brush off the evil dew, 50  
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,  
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,  
 Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.  
 When Evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round  
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground; 55  
 And early ere the odorous breath of Morn  
 Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn  
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
 With pulsant words, and murmurs made to bless;  
 But else in deep of night, when drowsiness 61  
 Hath look'd up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial Sirens' harmony,  
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,  
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears, 65  
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law, 70  
 And the low world in measured motion draw  
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;  
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze  
 The peerless height of her immortal praise, 75  
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
 Inimitable sounds; yet as we go,  
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can shew,  
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80  
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;  
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem  
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. SONG.

O'er the smooth enamell'd green,  
 Where no print of step hath been, 85  
 Follow me as I sing,  
 And touch the warbled string,  
 Under the shady roof  
 Of branching elm star-proof,

Follow me, 99  
 I will bring you where she sits,  
 Glad in splendour as befits  
 Her deity.  
 Such a rural queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen. 99

## III. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more  
 By sandy Ladon's lilyed banks,  
 On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar  
 Trip no more in twilight ranks,  
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore, 100  
 A better soil shall give ye thanks.  
 From the stony Mænalus  
 Bring your flocks, and live with us,  
 Here ye shall have greater grace,  
 To serve the Lady of this place. 100  
 Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,  
 Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.  
 Such a rural queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

## LYCIDAS.

*In this comedy the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester, on the Irish coast, 1637, and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.*<sup>6</sup>

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more  
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
 And with forced fingers rude

97. *Ladon*, another beautiful river in Arcadia.—*Lycæus*, &c. are celebrated mountains in the same country.

<sup>6</sup> This beautiful little poem, which partakes as much of the character of the allegory as of the pastoral, was written in memorial of Edward King, son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland, who perished by shipwreck in a voyage to Dublin, in the 33th year of his age. He was the fellow-collegian and most intimate friend of the poet, who at that time was destined, as well as himself, for holy orders. There are several allusions to the latter circumstance in the comedy.

LYCIDAS.

439

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
 Compels me to disturb your season due :  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer : 10  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
 He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.  
 Begin then, Sisters of the Sacred Well, 15  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,  
 So may some gentle Muse  
 With lucky words, favour my destined urn, 20  
 And as he passes turn,  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud :  
 For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd 25  
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
 We drove a-field, and both together heard  
 What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright, 30  
 Towards Heaven's descent had sloped his westerling  
 wheel.  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to the oaten flute,  
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long, 35  
 And old Dametas loved to hear our song.  
 But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !  
 "Hee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes, mourn ; 41  
 The willows, and the hazel copes green,  
 Shall now no more be seen,

15. *Sacred Well* ; the fountain Hippocrene, sacred to the muses, which springs from mount Helicon, on which there was an altar to Jupiter.

16. *Muse*, a metonymy for poet, see line 21.

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 As killing as the canker to the rose, 45  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
 When first the white-thorn blows;  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless  
 deep 50

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream: 55  
 Ay me! I fondly dream,  
 Had ye been there; for what could that have done?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal Nature did lament, 60  
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade, 65  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
 Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Nemea's hair?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70  
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears, 75  
 And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,  
 Phoebus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;  
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glittering foil  
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies; 80  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes

52. *The steep*; supposed to be *Kerry Druidon*, a druid station in Denbighshire.—*Mona*; the Isle of Anglesey.—*Deva*; the river Dee.

62. *Meditate the Muse*; a classical phrase; thus Virgil, *Ecl. 1. 2. Musam Meditari*.

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood, 88  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:

But now my oat proceeds,  
And listens to the herald of the sea  
That came in Neptune's plea; 90

He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?  
And question'd every gust of rugged winds

That blows from off each beaked promontory;  
They knew not of his story, 95

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;  
The air was calm, and on the level brine

Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100

Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge, 105

Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.

Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?

Last came, and last did go,  
The pilot of the Galilean lake,  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain 110

(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),  
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:

How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake

Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold? 115  
Of other care they little reck'ning make,

Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest; [hold

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to  
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least

That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs! 121

88. *Mincius*; a river near Mantua, where Virgil was born.  
89. *The herald*; Triton.—*Hippotades*; Eolus, the son of Hippotus.—*Panope*; a sea nymph.—*Camus*; the Cam.  
100. *The pilot*; Saint Peter.

What reck's it them? what need they? they are sped;  
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125  
 But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said;  
 But that two-handed engine at the door, 130  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smites no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Mæse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues. 135  
 Ye Valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers, 140  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
 The glowing violet, 145  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears, 150  
 To strow the laureat bier, where Lycid lies.  
 For so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd, 155  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
 Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,

124. *Scrannel*; harsh.

125. An allusion, it is probable, to the supposed attempts at this period to introduce again the superstitious observances of the Roman church, which Archbishop Laud, it was thought, favoured.

142. *Rathe*; early.



Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 166  
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:  
 And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,  
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead, 168  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves,  
 Where, other groves and other streams along,  
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
 In the blest kingdoms meek of Joy and Love.  
 There entertain him all the saints above,  
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with sandals grey,  
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190  
 And now was dropt into the western bay:  
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:  
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

166. *Bellerus*, the Land's End, it is supposed, so called from an old Cornish giant.—*Namancos* and *Bayona*, fortresses on the coast of Spain.

POEMS  
ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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I.

(Anne Keble 17.)

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR-INFANT,  
DYING OF A COUGH.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,  
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasted  
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry  
For he being amorous on that lovely dye  
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,  
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer  
By bolsterous rape th' Athenian damsel got,  
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot

Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld, [held  
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was

So mounting up in icy-pearled car 12  
Through middle empire of the freezing air  
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far:  
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care.  
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,

But all unware with his cold-kind embrace 20  
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair bidding-place.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;  
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
Whilome did slay his dearly loved mate,  
Young Hyacinth born on Eurota's strand, 28  
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;

28. *Apollo*, it is said by the poets, slew Hyacinth while playing at quoits, and afterwards changed him into the flower bearing his name.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 445

But then transform'd him to a purple flower :  
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,  
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb ;  
Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom ?

Oh no! for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine. 35

Resolve me then, oh Soul, most surely blest  
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear),  
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,  
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,  
Or in th' Elysian fields (if such there were) 40

O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight, [flight.  
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof  
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance did'st fall ;  
Which careful Jove in Nature's true behoof 45  
Took up and in fit place did reinstall ?

Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall  
Or sheeny Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled  
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head ?

Or wert thou that just maid who once before 50  
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,  
And cam'st again to visit us once more ?  
Or wert thou that sweet smiling youth ?

Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth ? 54  
Or any other of that heav'nly brood [good ?  
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,  
Who having clad thyself in human weed,

44. *Shak'd Olympus* ; in allusion to the war of the giants who besieged Jupiter.

50. *That just maid* ; *Astrea*, the goddess of justice.

53. I am inclined to think that *Truth* only is meant both in this and in the following expression, and that it is, therefore, not necessary to introduce, as the commentators have done, *mercy* or *youth*, in this line. *Truth*, for its purity, clear and unsolled beauty, has all the characteristics of *sweet smiling youth* : for its gravity and unchanging steadiness it has the marks of *matronly grace*. The poet might hence very beautifully express a doubt as to whether he was to call it a youth or a matron.

To Earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,  
 And after short abode fly back with speed, 60  
 As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,  
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire!  
 But oh, why didst thou not stay here below  
 To bless us with thy Heav'n-loved innocence, 65  
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe  
 To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence  
 Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,  
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart!  
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.  
 Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child, 71  
 Her false imagined loss cease to lament,  
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;  
 Think what a present thou to God has sent,  
 And render him with patience what he lent; 75  
 This if thou do, he will an offspring give  
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name  
 to live.

## II.

(Aene Ætate 19.)

*At a Vacation Exercise in the college, part Latin,  
 part English. The Latin speeches ended, the  
 English thus began.*

HAIL, native Language, that by sinews weak  
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish tripe,  
 Half-unpronounced, slide through my infant-lips,  
 Driving dumb Silence from the portal door, 5  
 Where he had mutely sat two years before:  
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
 That now I use thee in my latter task:  
 Small loss it is that hence can come unto thee,  
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee: 10  
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,  
 Believe me, I have thither pack'd the worst:  
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
 The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.

68. These verses were written while there was a great  
 plague raging.

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

447

I pray thee then deny me not thy aid 15  
 For this same small neglect that I have made ;  
 But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,  
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure.  
 Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight  
 Which takes our late fantasticks with delight, 25  
 But cull those richest rubes, and gay'st attire  
 Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire :  
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
 And loudly knock to have their passage out ;  
 And weary of their place do only stay 25  
 Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;  
 That so they may without suspect or fears  
 Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears ;  
 Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,  
 Thy service in some graver subject use, 30  
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound ;  
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door  
 Look in, and see each blissful deity 35  
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
 List'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings  
 To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
 Immortal nectar to her kingly sire :  
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,  
 And misty regions of wide air next under, 41  
 And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,  
 May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,  
 In Heav'n's defiance must'ring all his waves ;  
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass 45  
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was ;  
 And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,  
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
 In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,  
 While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest 50  
 Are held with his melodious harmony  
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.

40. *Demodocus* ; a musician and poet mentioned in the eighth book of the *Odyssey*, in which king Alcinous is represented as entertaining Ulysses. The reader, if he be curious to understand the scope of what follows, must have reference to some book of logic.

But fie, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray!  
 Expectance calls thee now another way;  
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent 55  
 To keep in compass of thy predicament:  
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my room.

*Then Eus is represented as father of the Predicaments, his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his canons, which Eus, thus speaking, explains.*

Good luck befriend thee, son; for at thy birth  
 The faery ladies danced upon the hearth; 60  
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy  
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,  
 And sweetly singing round about thy bed  
 Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.  
 She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still  
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible: 65  
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,  
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
 A Sybil old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
 That far events full wisely could presage, 70  
 And in Time's long and dark prospective glass  
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;  
 Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)  
 Shall subject be to many an accident.  
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king, 75  
 Yet every one shall make him underling,  
 And those that cannot live from him asunder  
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under;  
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them;  
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them; 80  
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.  
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,  
 And Peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;  
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door 85  
 Devouring War shall never cease to roar:  
 Yea, it shall be his natural property  
 To harbour those that are at enmity.  
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot? 90

### SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

446

*The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose, then  
Relation was called by his name*

Rivers arise ; whether thou be the son  
Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulphy Dun,  
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads  
His thirsty arms along th' indented meads ;  
Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath, 96  
Or Severn swift, guilty of maidens' death ;  
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,  
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,  
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,  
Or Medway smooth, or royal tower'd Thame. 100  
[The rest was prose.]

### III.

#### ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

(Composed 1633.)

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,  
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy Sages once did sing,  
That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.  
That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high council-table 10  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside ; and here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.  
Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein 15  
Afford a present to the Infant God ?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now while the Heav'n by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons  
bright ?

See how from far upon the eastern road  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet :

O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet : 25  
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
 And join thy voice unto the angel quire,  
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

## THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,  
 While the Heav'n-born child 30  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;  
 Nature in awe to him  
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympathise :  
 It was no season then for her 35  
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.  
 Only with speeches fair  
 She wooes the gentle air  
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,  
 And on ner naked shame, 40  
 Pollute with sinful blame,  
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,  
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.  
 But he, her fears to cease, 45  
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;  
 She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding  
 Down through the turning sphere  
 His ready harbinger,  
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing, 50  
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.  
 No war, or battle's sound,  
 Was heard the world around :  
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung, 55  
 The hooked chariot stood,  
 Unstain'd with hostile blood,  
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by

25. Isaiah vi. 6, 7.  
 52. She strikes ; as the Latin, *judas ferire*.



SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

451

But peaceful was the night, 61

Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :

The winds with wonder whist

Smoothly the waters kiss'd, 65

Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,

Who now hath quite forgot to rave,

While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze

Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze, 70

Bending one way their precious influence,

And will not take their flight,

For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;

But in their glimmering orbs did glow, 75

Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom

Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,

And hid his head for shame, 80

As his inferior flame

The new enlighten'd world no more should need ;

He saw a greater sun appear [bear.

Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree could

The shepherds on the lawn, 85

Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;

Full little thought they then

That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below ; 90

Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,

Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet

Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook, 95

Divinely warbled voice

Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took :

The air such pleasure loth to lose, [close.

With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly

Nature that heard such sound, 101  
Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done, 102

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light, 110

That with long beams the shame-faced night ar-  
The helmed cherubim {ray'd;  
And sworded seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire, 115  
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator great 120  
His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltring waves their cosy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres, 125  
Once bless our human ears

(If ye have power to touch our senses so),  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time,

And let the base of Heav'n's deep organ blow, 130  
And with your ninefold harmony,  
Make up full concert to th' angelic symphony.

For if such holy song  
Inwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of Gold, 135

And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,  
And Hell itself will pass away, 140  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

453

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
 Will down return to men,  
 Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,  
 Mercy will sit between,  
 Throned in celestial sheen, 143  
 With radiant feet the tissue'd clouds down steering,  
 And Heav'n as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.  
 But wisest Fate says no,  
 This must not yet be so, 150  
 The babe lies yet in smiling infancy  
 That on the bitter cross  
 Must redeem our loss;  
 So both himself and us to glorify; 154  
 Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, [the deep,  
 The wakeful trump of Doom must thunder through  
 With such a horrid clang  
 As on mount Sinai rang, [brake:  
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds out- 160  
 The aged Earth aghast,  
 With terror of that blast,  
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake;  
 When at the world's last session, [throne.  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his  
 And then at last our bliss 165  
 Full and perfect is,  
 But now begins; for from this happy day  
 Th' old Dragon under ground  
 In straighter limits bound,  
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway, 170  
 And wroth to see his kingdom fall,  
 Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.  
 The oracles are dumb,  
 No voice or hideous hum  
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving  
 Apollo from his shrine 175  
 Can no more divine,  
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
 No nightly trance or breathed spell  
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

173. In allusion to the opinion that the oracles ceased  
 at our Saviour's birth.

The lonely mountains o'er, 181  
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
From haunted spring, and dale  
Edged with poplar pale, 182

The parting Genius is with sighing sent;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn [mourn.  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth, 183

The Lays and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;  
In urns and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat, 184  
While each peculiar pow'r foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim  
Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice-batter'd God of Palestine;  
And mooned Ashtaroth, 185  
Heav'n's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;  
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn, [mourn.  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz

And sullen Moloch fled, 186  
Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue;  
In vain with cymbals' ring

They call the grisly king  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue; 187

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove or green,

Trampling the unshow'r'd grass with lowings loud:

181. *The Lays and Lemures*; household gods and night spirits. *Flamens*; priests. There is a remarkable resemblance in this poem, one of Milton's earliest, to the later productions of his genius. It presents the same mixture of learning and fancy; of original genius, forgetting itself amid the treasures of erudition. Most of the mythological names have been mentioned in the notes to the larger poems.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 455

Nor can he be at rest 316

Within his sacred chest,  
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;  
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark  
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

He feels from Juda's land 221

The dreaded Infant's hand,  
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;  
Nor all the gods beside,  
Longer dare abide, 225

Nor Typhon huge ending in snake twine :  
Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,  
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So when the Sun in bed,  
Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to th' infernal jail,

Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,  
And the yellow-skirted Fays 235  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved  
maze.

But see the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her Babe to rest,  
Time is our tedious song should here have ending :  
Heav'n's youngest teemed star 240

Hath fix'd her polish'd car,  
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending :  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright-harnest angels sit in order serviceable.

IV.

THE PASSION.

EARNEST of music, and ethereal mirth,  
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,  
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,  
My Muse with angels did invite to sing ;  
But headlong Joy is ever on the wing, 8

344. *Bright-harnest* ; armer, from which the epithet is derived,  
is an Italian word for any kind of ornament or dress. *Harnest*,  
in English, is commonly used for armour. See 1 Kings xx. 11.

In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light  
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,  
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10  
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,  
Which he for us did freely undergo :

Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight, [wight!  
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human

He sov'reign Priest stooping his regal head, 13  
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,  
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;  
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide, 20  
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,  
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;  
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce, 25  
And former sufferings other where are found;  
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's tramp doth sound;

Me softer airs best, and softer strings,  
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me Night, best patroness of grief,  
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30  
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,  
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my woe;  
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,  
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish  
white. 35

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,  
My spirit some transporting cherub feels,  
To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood,  
Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood;  
There doth my soul in holy vision sit 41  
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

36. Cremona was the birth-place of the poet Vida, who wrote a poem on the sufferings and history of Christ.

37. The prophet; Ezekiel. See Ezekiel, chap. 1.

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

457

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock  
 That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,  
 And here though grief my feeble hands up lock, 45  
 Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score  
 My plaining verse as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
 That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

Or should I thence, hurried on viewless wing, 50  
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,  
 And I (for grief is easily beguiled)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud 55  
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

[*This subject the Author finding to be above the years  
 he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with  
 what was begun, left it unfinished.*]

## V.

## ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,  
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;  
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours, 5  
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
 And merely mortal dross;  
 So little is our loss,  
 So little is thy gain.  
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,  
 And last of all thy greedy self consumed, 10  
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
 With an individual kiss;  
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
 When every thing that is sincerely good  
 And perfectly divine, 15  
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine  
 About the supreme throne  
 Of Him, to' whose happy-making sight alone

## X

When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall climb,  
 Then, all this earthy grossness quit, 20  
 Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee,  
 O Time.

## VI.

## UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming Pow'rs, and winged Warriors bright,  
 That erst with music and triumphant song,  
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,  
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along 5  
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;  
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear  
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow:  
 He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whillere 10  
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;  
 Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize!

O more exceeding love, or law more just? 15  
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!  
 For we by rightful doom remediless  
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above  
 High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
 Emptied his glory,\* even to nakedness; 20  
 And that great covenant which we still transgress  
 Entirely satisfied,  
 And the full wrath beside  
 Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,  
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart 25  
 This day, but O ere long  
 Huge pangs and strong  
 Will pierce more near his heart.

\* Philip. ii. 7. In our translation, *He made himself of no reputation*; but Milton's expression, *Emptied his glory*, is nearer the original.



## VII.

## AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLAST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,  
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ,  
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,  
 And to our high-raised phantasy present 8  
 That undisturbed song of pure concert,  
 Ay sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne  
 To Him that sits thereon  
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,  
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row 10  
 Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,  
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms 15  
 Singing everlastingly;  
 That we on earth with undiscording voice  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
 As once we did, till disproportion'd Sin  
 Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din 20  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood,  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O may we soon again renew that song, 25  
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long  
 To his celestial consort us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

## VIII.

## AN EPITAPH.

## ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter  
 The honour'd wife of Winchester

6. *Concert*; from the Italian *concerto*, harmony.

7. *Each*. l. 26.

14. *Rev*. vii. 9.

*psalm*, a harmony running through the whole  
scale of notes in every key.

A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,  
 Besides what her virtues fair  
 Added to her noble birth, 5  
 More than she could own from earth.  
 Summers three times eight save one  
 She had told : alas ! too soon,  
 After so short time of breath,  
 To house with darkness and with death 10  
 Yet had the number of her days  
 Been as complete as was her praise,  
 Nature and Fate had had no strife  
 In giving limit to her life.  
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet, 15  
 Quickly found a lover meet ;  
 The virgin quire for her request  
 The god that sits at marriage feast ;  
 He at their invoking came  
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame ; 20  
 And in his garland as he stood  
 Ye might discern a cypress bud.  
 Once had the early matrons run  
 To greet her of a lovely son,  
 And now with second hope she goes, 25  
 And calls Lucina to her throes ;  
 But whether by mischance or blame  
 Atropos for Lucina came ;  
 And with remorseless cruelty  
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree : 30  
 The hapless babe before his birth  
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,  
 And the languish'd mother's womb  
 Was not long a living tomb.  
 So have I seen some tender slip, 35  
 Saved with care from Winter's nip,  
 The pride of her carnation train,  
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,  
 Who only thought to crop the flow'r  
 New shot up from vernal show'r ; 40  
 But the fair blossom hangs the head  
 Side-ways as on a dying bed,

30. *Lucina*, the goddess said by the ancients to be present  
 at births.—*Atropos*, one of the fates.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

And those pearls of dew she wears,  
 Prove to be presaging tears,  
 Which the sad Morn had let fall 45  
 On her hast'ning funeral.  
 Gentle Lady, may thy grave  
 Peace and quiet ever have;  
 After this thy travail sore  
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore, 50  
 That to give the world increase,  
 Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.  
 Here, beside the sorrowing  
 That thy noble house doth bring,  
 Here be tears of perfect moan 55  
 Wept for thee in Helicon,  
 And some flowers, and some bays,  
 For thy hearse, to strow the ways,  
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
 Devoted to thy virtuous name; 60  
 Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitst in glory,  
 Next her much like to thee in story,  
 That fair Syrian shepherdess  
 Who, after years of barrenness,  
 The highly-favour'd Joseph bore 65  
 To him that served for her before,  
 And at her next birth, much like thee,  
 Through pangs fled to felicity,  
 Far within the bosom bright  
 Of blazing Majesty and Light: 70  
 There with thee, new welcome Saint,  
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

IX.

SONG.—ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her  
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.  
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire 5  
 Mirth and youth and warm desire;

62. *Syrian shepherdess*, Rachel. See Gen. xxix. 9.

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long. 10

## X.

ON SHAKESPEARE. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones  
 The labour of an age in piled stones,  
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
 Under a starry-pointing pyramid?  
 Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame, 5  
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.  
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring Art  
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart 10  
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
 And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie, 15  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

## XI

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

*Who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid  
 to go to London by reason of the plague.*

HERE lies old Hobson;\* Death hath broke his girt,  
 'And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt,  
 Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.

\* Hobson is reckoned among the most celebrated Cambridge characters. He was the first who set up an establishment for hack horses, and his resolution in obliging whoever came to hire to take the one which stood next him, gave birth to the well-known saying of *Hobson's choice, this or none*. He made a considerable fortune, and there is a picture of him at Cambridge, for which a very considerable sum has been repeatedly offered and refused. When I was there, it was in the Norwich wagon-office, to the walls of which I was told it belonged by an inalienable right.

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

463

'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known, 5  
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;  
 For he had any time this ten years full  
 Dodged with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.  
 And surely Death could never have prevail'd  
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd; 10  
 But lately finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
 In the kind office of a chamberlain  
 Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,  
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light: 16  
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
 Hobson has supp'd, and 's newly gone to bed.

## XII.

## ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove  
 That he could never die while he could move;  
 So hung his destiny, never to rot  
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,  
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay 5  
 Until his revolution was at stay.  
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
 'Gainst old Truth) motion number'd out his time;  
 And like an engine moved with wheel and weight,  
 His principles being ceased, he ended straight. 10  
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;  
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm  
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.  
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd, 15  
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;  
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,  
 If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,  
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,  
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers. 20  
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,  
 He died for heaviness that his cart went light:  
 His leisure told him that his time was come,  
 And lack of load made his life burthensome,

That even to his last breath (there be that say't) 28  
 As he were press'd to death, he cry'd more weight;  
 But had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal carrier.  
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date  
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate 36  
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,  
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:  
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,  
 Only remains this superscription.

## XIII.

AD PYRRHAM.—ODE V.

*Horatius ex Pyrrha illecebris tanquam à naufragio  
 enataverat, cujus amore irretitus, affirmat esse  
 miser.*

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,  
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?  
 Cui flavam religas comam 5  
 Simplex munditiis? heu quoties ædem  
 Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera  
 Nigris sequora ventis  
 Emirabitur insolens!  
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,  
 Qui semper vacuum semper amabilem 10  
 Sperat, nescius aure  
 Fallacis. Miseri quibus  
 Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer  
 Votiva paries indicat uvida  
 Suspendisse potenti 13  
 Vestimenta maris Deo.

## XIII.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa, rendered almost  
 word for word, without rhyme, according to the  
 Latin measure, as near as the language will permit.*

WHAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours  
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

465

Pyrrha ! for whom bind'st thou  
 In wreaths thy golden hair,  
 Plain in thy neatness ! O how oft shall he 5  
 On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas  
 Rough with black winds and storms  
 Unwonted shall admire !  
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,  
 Who always vacant, always amiable, 10  
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales  
 Unmindful. Hapless they  
 To whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd  
 Picture the sacred wall declares to' have hung  
 My dank and dropping weeds 15  
 To the stern God of sea.

## XIV.

ON THE NEW FORCES OF CONSCIENCE, UNDER THE  
LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate lord,  
 And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,  
 To seize the widow'd whore Plurality  
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,  
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword 5  
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,  
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy  
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford ?  
 Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,  
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul, 10  
 Must now be named and printed Heretics,  
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch what-d'ye-call :  
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
 Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,  
 That so the Parliament 15  
 May with their wholesome and preventive shears  
 Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,  
 And succour our just fears,  
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,  
 New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large. 20

## SONNETS.

### L.

#### TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,  
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.  
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day, 5  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will  
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh; 10  
As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:  
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

### II.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora  
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,  
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco  
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,  
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora 5  
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,  
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,  
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.  
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti  
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno, 10  
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi  
Le' encranta, chi di te si truova indegno;  
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti  
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

### III.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera  
L'avvenza giovinetta pastorella  
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella  
Che mal si spande a disusata spera



## SONNETS.

467

Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,  
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella  
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,  
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso  
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno. 10  
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso  
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.  
 Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno  
 A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno.

## CANZONE.

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi  
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osei?  
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana, 5  
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;  
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi  
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, et altre onde  
 Nelle cui verdi sponde  
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma 10  
 L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi  
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?  
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi  
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, è il mio cuore  
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore. 15

## IV.

Dionati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,  
 Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solèa  
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridèa  
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.  
 Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia 5  
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea  
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,  
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia  
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,  
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una, 10  
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero  
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,  
 E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco  
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fa poco.

## V.

Puz certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia  
 Esser non pua che non sian lo mio sole  
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole  
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,  
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria) 3  
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
 Chiaman sospir, io non so che si sia :  
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela  
 Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscende poco 30  
 Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'inghiela :  
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco  
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovere  
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

## VI.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante  
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,  
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono  
 Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante 5  
 L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,  
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;  
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,  
 S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,  
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,  
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use 10  
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,  
 E di cetta sonora, e delle muse :  
 Sol troverete in tal parte men d'oro  
 Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

## VII.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF  
TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year !  
 My hasting days fly on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.

## SONNETS.

409

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth, 5  
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,  
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
 That some more timely-happy spirits indueth.  
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even 10  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

## VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED  
 TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in arms,  
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,  
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,  
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.  
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms 5  
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,  
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.  
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:  
 The great Emathian conqueror\* bid spare 10  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple' and tower  
 Went to the ground: and the repeated air  
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

## IX.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth  
 Wisely hath shunn'd the broad way and the green,  
 And with those few art eminently seen,  
 That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,  
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth 5

\* *Emathian conqueror*; Alexander, who spared the house of Pindar when he destroyed Thebes.—*Electra's poet*; Euripides, some lines in whose tragedy saved Athens from being totally destroyed by Lyfander.

Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.  
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends 8  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,  
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends  
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,  
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

## X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once president  
 Of England's council, and her treasury,  
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 Till sad the breaking of that Parliament\* 8  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Charonea, fatal to liberty,  
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.  
 Though later born than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,  
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet; 11  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them true,  
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

## XL

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON  
 MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,†  
 And woven close, both matter, form and style;  
 The subject new; it walk'd the town a while,  
 Numbering good intellects; now seldom pored on.  
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on 8

\* The parliament here mentioned was dissolved March 16, 1629. The victory was that gained by Philip of Macedon over the Athenians; and the old man was Isocrates, who died with grief when the tidings were brought to him of the event.

† The treatise on divorce, which Milton wrote, is here alluded to. The persons mentioned were some rigid presbyterians, who took offence, and very justly, at some of the opinions started.

## SONNETS

471

A title-page is this! and some in file  
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-  
 End-Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,  
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp? 9  
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,  
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.  
 Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,  
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,  
 When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward,  
 Greek.

## XII.

## ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me  
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs: 4  
 As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs  
 Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.  
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;  
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
 And still revolt when Truth would set them free. 10  
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;  
 For who loyes that must first be wise and good;  
 But from that mark how far they rove we see  
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

## XIII.

## TO MR. H. LAWES\* ON HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song  
 First taught our English music how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, net to scan  
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long; 4  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan;  
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man  
 That with smooth air could'st humour best our tongue.

\* Mr. Lawes was one of the King's musicians, and an intimate friend of Milton. He is supposed to have been frequently assisted to in the Comus and Arcades of our author.

Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing  
 To honour thee, the priest of Phoebus' quire, 10  
 That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn or story.

Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing  
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

## XIV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF  
 M S. CATHARINE THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,  
 DECEASED 16 DEC. 1646.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,  
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
 Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.  
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour 5  
 Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod,  
 But as faith pointed with her golden rod,  
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.

Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best  
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams  
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest, 11  
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes  
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest  
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

## XV.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,  
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,  
 And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings,  
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings 5  
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise  
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays  
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.  
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,  
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?) 10  
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand  
 Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,  
 While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

## XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,  
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud 5  
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,  
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbued,  
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains  
 To conquer still; Peace hath her victories 10  
 No less renown'd than War; new foes arise  
 Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

## XVII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE, THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,  
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held  
 The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd  
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,  
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold 5  
 The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,  
 Then to advise how War may, best upheld,  
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
 In all her equipage: besides to know  
 Both spiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,  
 What severs each, thou' hast learn'd, which few 11  
 have done:  
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:  
 Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans  
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

## XVIII.

## ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE.\*

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones  
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;  
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
 When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,  
 Forget not; in thy book record their groans      3  
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd  
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow 10  
 O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway  
 The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow  
 A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way  
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

## XIX.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present      5  
 My true account, lest he returning chide;  
 'Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd I'  
 I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent  
 That mufmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need  
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best 10  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state  
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait.'

\* The massacre in Piemont formed a part of the fearful persecutions which the Vauds, or Protestants of that country, suffered from the Church of Rome. An abstract of this appalling portion of modern church history may be found in Dr. McCrie's admirable work on the Reformation in Italy, and in Mr. Gillie's journey to the valleys of the Vauds.



## XX.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.\*

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
 From the hard season gaining? time will run 5  
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor span.  
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice  
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise 10  
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice  
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?  
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## XXI.

TO CYRIL SKINNER.†

CYRIL, whose grandsire on the royal bench  
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause  
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,  
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;  
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench 5  
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;  
 Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,  
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.  
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way; 10  
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

\* Mr. Lawrence was son of the president of  
 Cromwell's council.

† Cyril Skinner was a pupil of Milton's.

## XXII.

## TO THE SAME.

CYRILAC, this three years' day these eyes, tho' clear,  
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,      5  
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor hate a jot  
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
 Right onward. What supports me? dost thou ask:  
 The conscience, Friend, to' have lost them everly'd  
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,      11  
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
 This thought might lead me thro' the world's vain  
 Content though blind, had I no better guide. 'mask

## XXIII.

## ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.\*

METHOUGHT I saw my late-espoused saint  
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,  
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.  
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint  
 Purification in the old law did save,      6  
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
 Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,  
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:  
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight      10  
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined  
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
 But O, as to embrace me she inclined,  
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

\* On his deceased wife; his second wife, who died about a year after their marriage.—Alcestis was king of Thebæ, and being on the point of death, was restored to life by his wife's voluntarily offering herself to Apollo in his stead. Hercules afterward succeeded in rescuing her from the shades.

## PSALMS.

### PSALM I.

(Done into verse, 1652.)

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray  
In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way  
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
Of scorers hath not sat. But in the great  
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,  
And in his law he studies day and night.  
He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
By watery streams, and in his season knows  
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall.  
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. 10  
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd  
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
In judgment, or abide their trial then,  
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.  
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just, 15  
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

### PSALM II.

(Done Aug. 2, 1652.)

Terzette.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations  
Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand  
With power, and princes in their congregations  
Lay deep their plots together through each land  
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear ? 5  
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand  
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear  
Their twisted cords: he who in Heav'n doth dwell  
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe  
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10  
And fierce ire trouble them; But I, saith he,  
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)  
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree  
I will declare; the Lord to me hath said,

Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee 15  
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;  
 As thy possession I on thee bestow  
 Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd  
 Earth's utmost bounds; them shalt thou bring full low  
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse 20  
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.  
 And now be wise at length, ye Kings averse,  
 Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear  
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse  
 With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear 25  
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,  
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sore.  
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

## PSALM III.

(Aug. 9, 1832.)

*When he fled from Absalom.*

LORD, how many are my foes!  
 How many those  
 That in arms against me rise!  
 Many are they 5  
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,  
 No help for him in God there lies.  
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,  
 Thee through my story  
 Th' exalter of my head I count;  
 Aloud I cried 10  
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied  
 And heard me from his holy mount.  
 I lay and slept, I waked again,  
 For my sustain  
 Was the Lord. Of many millions 15  
 The populous rout  
 I fear not, though encamping round about  
 They pitch against me their pavilions.  
 Rise, Lord, save me, my God, for thou  
 Hast smote ere now 20  
 On the cheek-bone all my foes.  
 Of men abhor'd  
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;  
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

## PSALM IV.

(Aug. 16, 1832.)

ANSWER me when I call,  
 God of my righteousness,  
 In straits and in distress  
 Thou didst me disenthral 5  
 And set at large ; now spare,  
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.  
 Great ones how long will ye  
 My glory have in scorn,  
 How long be thus foreborn 10  
 Still to love vanity,  
 To love, to seek, to prize  
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies ?  
 Yet know, the Lord hath chose,  
 Chose to himself a part,  
 The good and meek of heart, 15  
 (For whom to choose he knows)  
 Jehovah from on high  
 Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.  
 Be awed, and do not sin,  
 Speak to your hearts alone, 20  
 Upon your beds, each one,  
 And be at peace within.  
 Offer the offerings just  
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.  
 Many there be that say 25  
 Who yet will shew us good ?  
 Talking like this world's brood ;  
 But, Lord, thus let me pray,  
 On us lift up the light,  
 Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright. 30  
 Into my heart more joy  
 And gladness thou hast put,  
 Than when a year of glut  
 Their stores doth over-cloy,  
 And from their plenteous grounds 35  
 With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.  
 In peace at once will I  
 Both lay me down and sleep,

For thou alone dost keep  
 Me safe where'er I lie; 60  
 As in a rocky cell  
 Thou, Lord, alone ju safety mak'st me dwell.

## P S A L M V.

(Aug. 12, 1662.)

Jehovah, to my words give ear,  
 My meditation weigh,  
 The voice of my complaining hear  
 My God and King; for unto thee I pray. 5  
 Jehovah, thou my early voice  
 Shalt in the morning hear,  
 I' th' morning I to thee with choice  
 Will rank my pray'rs, and watch till thou appear.  
 For thou art not a God that takes 10  
 In wickedness delight.  
 Evil with thee no biding makes,  
 Fools or bad men stand not within thy sight.  
 All workers of iniquity  
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest  
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie; 15  
 The bloody' and guileful man God doth detest.  
 But I will in thy mercies dear,  
 Thy numerous mercies, go  
 Into thy house; I in thy fear  
 Will tow'rds thy holy temple worship low. 20  
 Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,  
 Lead me because of those  
 That do observe if I transgress;  
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.  
 For in his salt'ring mouth untable 25  
 No word is firm or sooth;  
 Their inside, troubles miserable;  
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they  
 God, find them guilty, let them fall [smooth.  
 By their own counsels quell'd; 30  
 Push them in their rebellions all  
 Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.  
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring  
 Their joy, while thou from blame

PSALMS.

481

Defend'st them, they shall ever sing      25  
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.  
 For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found  
 To bless the just man still,  
 As with a shield thou wilt surround  
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will.      40

PSALM VI.

(Aug. 12, 1652.)

Lord, in thine anger do not reprehend me,  
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,  
 And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:  
 For all my bones that ev'n with anguish ache,      5  
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,  
 And thou, O Lord, how long't turn, Lord, restore  
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness' sake:  
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;  
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?      10  
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days,  
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;  
 My bed I water with my tears; mine eye  
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
 I' th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.      15  
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,  
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping  
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my  
 My supplication with acceptance fair [pray'r,  
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.  
 Mine enemies shall be all blank and dash'd      20  
 With much confusion; then grown red with shame,  
 They shall return in haste the way they came,  
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSALM VII.

(Aug. 14, 1652.)

*Upon the words of Cush the Benjamite against him.*

Lord, my God, to thee I fly,  
 Save me, and secure me under  
 Thy protection while I cry,  
 Lest a lion (and no wonder)

Y

He hastes to tear my soul asunder,	8
Tearing and no rescue nigh.	
Lord, my God, if I have thought	
Or done this, if wickedness	
Be in my hands, if I have wrought	9
Ill to him that meant me peace,	
Or to him have render'd less,	
And not freed my foe for nought ;	
Let th' enemy pursue my soul	
And overtake it, let him tread	15
My life down to the earth, and roll	
In the dust my glory dead,	
In the dust, and there out-spread	
Lodge it with dishonour foul.	
Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,	
Rouse thyself amidst the rage	20
Of my foes that urge like fire ;	
And wake for me, their fury assuage ;	
Judgment here thou didst engage	
And command, which I desire.	25
So th' assemblies of each nation	
Will surround thee, seeking right,	
Thence to thy glorious habitation	
Return on high and in their sight.	
Jehovah judgeth most upright	30
All people from the world's foundation.	
Judge me, Lord, be judge in this	
According to my righteousness,	
And the innocence which is	
Upon me : cause at length to cease	35
Of evil men the wickedness	
And their pow'r that do amiss.	
But the just establish fast ;	
Since thou art the just God that tries	
Hearts and reins. On God is cast	40
My defence, and in him lies,	
In him who, both just and wise,	
Saves th' upright of heart at last.	
God is a just judge and severe,	
And God is every day offended ;	45
If the unjust will not forbear,	
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended	



PSALMS.

481

Already, and for him intended  
The tools of death, that waits him near.  
(His arrows purposely made be  
For them that persecute.) Behold 50  
He travels big with vanity,  
Trouble he hath conceived of old  
As in a womb, and from that mould  
Hath at length brought forth a lie.  
He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep, 55  
And fell into the pit he made;  
His mischief that due course doth keep,  
Turns on his head, and his ill trade  
Of violence will undelay'd  
Fall on his crown with ruin steep. 60  
Then will I Jehovah's praises  
According to his justice raise,  
And sing the Name and Deity  
Of Jehovah the Most High.

PSALM VIII.

(Aug. 14, 1633.)

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great  
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!  
So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set  
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.  
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou 5  
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,  
To stint the enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,  
That bends his rage thy providence to' oppose.  
When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers' art, 9  
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set  
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,  
O what is man that thou rememb'rest yet,  
And think'st upon him; or of man begot,  
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?  
Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot, 15  
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.  
O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,  
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,  
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,  
All beasts that in the field or forest meet, 20

- 17 Upon the Man of thy right hand  
*Let thy good hand be laid,*  
 Upon the Son of man, whom thou  
 Strong for thyself hast made. 70
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee  
*To ways of sin and shame,*  
 Quicken us then, then *gladly* we  
 Shall call upon thy name. 71
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace restore,*  
 Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe,*  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe. 80

## PSALM LXXXI

- 1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*  
 Sing loud to God our King;  
 To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*  
 Loud acclamations ring. 8
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,  
 The timbrel hither bring,  
 The *cheerful* psaltry bring along,  
 And harp with pleasant string. 9
- 3 Blow, *as it went,* in the new moon  
 With trumpet's *lefty sound,*  
 Th' appointed time, the day whereon  
 Our solemn feast comes round. 10
- 4 This was a statute *given of old*  
 For Israel to observe,  
 A law of Jacob's God, to hold,  
 From whence they might not swerve. 15
- 5 This be a testimony' ordain'd  
 In Joseph, *not to change,*  
 When as he pass'd through Egypt land;  
 The tongue I heard was strange. 20
- 6 From burden *and from slavish toll*  
 I set his shoulder free;  
 His hands from pots *and mry sell*  
 Deliver'd were by me.



16 And he would feed them *from the shock* 68  
 With flour of finest wheat,  
 And satisfy them from the rock  
 With honey *for their meat*.

## PSALM LXXXII

1 God in the \* great assembly stands \* *Bague-*  
*Of kings and lordly states, dath-el.*  
 \* Among the gods, \* on both his hands \* *Bekerew.*  
 He judges and debates.

2 How long will ye \* pervert the right \* *Tishphetu*  
 With \* judgment false and wrong, *[gnavel.*  
 Favouring the wicked *by your might,*  
*Who thence grow bold and strong?*

3 \* Regard the \* weak and fatherless,  
 \* Dispatch the \* poor man's cause, \* *Shiphthu-dal.*  
 And † raise the man in deep distress, 11  
 By † just and equal laws. † *Hatzdiku.*

4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
 And rescue from the hands  
 Of wicked men the low estate 15  
 Of him *that help demands.*

5 They know not, nor will understand,  
 In darkness they walk on,  
 The earth's foundations all are \* moved, \* *Jinnetu.*  
 And \* out of order gone.

6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all 21  
 The sons of God most high;

7 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
 As other princes *die.*

8 Rise God, \* judge thou the earth *in might,* 25  
 This *wicked* earth \* redress, \* *Shiphthu.*  
 For thou art he who shalt by right  
 The nations all possess.

## PSALM LXXXIII.

1 Be not thou silent *now at length,*  
 O God, hold not thy peace,  
 Sit thou not still, O God *of strength,*  
*We cry and do not cease.*

- 2 For lo! thy *furious* foes *now* \* swell, 5  
 And \* storm outrageously, \* *Jchemajun.*  
 And they that hate thee *proud and fell*  
 Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they \* contrive \* *Jagnarism.*  
 † Their plots and counsels deep, † *Sod.*  
 \* Them to ensnare they chiefly strive \* *Jirihjagnasm gual.*  
 † Whom thou dost hide and keep. † *Tsephuncka*
- 4 Come let us cut them off, say they,  
 Till they no nation be,  
 That Israel's name for ever may 15  
 Be lost in memory.
- 5 For they consult \* with all their might, \* *Lev jach*  
 And all as one in mind, [*don.*  
 Themselves against thee they unite,  
 And in firm union bind. 20
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
 Of *scornful* Ishmael,  
 Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,  
 That in the desert dwell,
- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,* 25  
 And *hateful* Amalec,  
 The Philistines, and they of Tyre,  
 Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them *great* Ashur also bands,  
 And doth confirm the knot: 30  
 All these have lent their armed hands  
 To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian bold,  
 That wasted all the coast,  
 To Sisera, and as is told 35  
 Thou didst to Jabin's host,  
 When at the brook of Kishon old  
 They were repulsed and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd  
 As dung upon the plain. 40
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,  
 So let their princes speed,  
 As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,  
 So let their princes bleed;

12 *For they amidst their pride have said,* 49  
*By right now shall we scise*  
*God's houses, and will now invade*  
*† Their stately palaces. † North Elahim bears both.*

13 *My God, oh make them as a wheel,*  
*No quiet let them find,* 50  
*Giddy and restless let them reel*  
*Like stubble from the wind.*

4 *As when an aged wood takes fire*  
*Which on a sudden strays,*  
*The greedy flames run higher and higher,* 51  
*Till all the mountains blaze,*

15 *So with thy whirlwind them pursue,*  
*And with thy tempest chase;*  
 16 *† And, till they † yield thee honour due,*  
*Lord, fill with shame their face.* 52

*† Heb. They seek thy Name.*

17 *Ashamed and troubled let them be,*  
*Troubled, and shamed for ever,*  
*Ever confounded, and so die*  
*With shame, and 'scape it never.*

18 *Then shall they know that thou, whose name* 53  
*Jehovah is alone,*  
*Art the Most High, and thou the same*  
*O'er all the earth art one.*

#### PSALM LXXXIV.

1 *How lovely are thy dwellings fair!*  
*O Lord of Hosts, how dear*  
*The pleasant tabernacles are,*  
*Where thou dost dwell so near!*

2 *My soul doth long and almost die*  
*Thy courts O Lord to see,*  
*My heart and flesh aloud do cry,*  
*O living God, for thee.*

3 *There ev'n the sparrow freed from wrong*  
*Hath found a house of rest,* 54  
*The swallow there, to lay her young,*  
*Hath built her breeding nest.*

PSALMS.

491

- Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,  
*They find their safe abode,*  
*And hame they fly from round the coasts* 15  
*Thou'rd thee, my King, my God.*
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,  
 Where thee they ever praise,  
 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,  
 And in their hearts thy ways. 20
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty vale,*  
*That dry and barren ground,*  
 As through a fruitful watery dale  
 Where springs and show'rs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength 25  
*With joy and gladsome cheer,*  
*Till all before our God at length*  
 In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my pray'r,  
 O Jacob's God, give ear, 30  
 9 Thou God, our shield, look on the face  
 Of thy anointed *dear.*
- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*  
*Is better, and more blest,*  
 Than in *the joys of vanity* 35  
*A thousand days at best.*
- I, in the temple of my God  
 Had rather keep a door,  
 Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*  
 With sin *for evermore.* 40
- 11 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,  
 Gives grace and glory *bright,*  
 No good from them shall be withheld  
 Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord God of Hosts, *that reign'st on high,* 45  
*That man is truly blest,*  
*Who only on thee doth rely,*  
 And in thee only rest.

## PSALM LXXXV

- 1 **Thy** land to favour graciously  
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack  
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
 . Returned Jacob back.
- 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive 3  
*That wrought thy people woe,*  
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*  
 Hast hid *where none shall know.*
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,  
 And *calmly* didst return 10  
 From thy † fierce wrath which we had proved  
 Far worse than fire to burn.  
 † Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,  
 Turn us, and us restore,  
 Thine indignation cause to cease 15  
 Tow'rds us, and *hide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
 For ever angry thus,  
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
 From age to age on us ? 20
- 6 Wilt thou not \* turn, and *hear our voice,*  
 And us again \* revive, \* Heb. *Turn to quicken us.*  
 That so thy people may rejoice  
 By thee preserved alive ?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord, 25  
 To us thy mercy shew,  
 Thy saving health to us afford,  
 And *life in us renew.*
- 8 And now what God the Lord will speak, 30  
 I will go *straight and hear,*  
 For to his people he speaks peace,  
 And to his saints *full dear,*  
 To his dear saints he will speak peace ;  
 But let them never more  
 Return to folly, *but surcease* 35  
*To trespass as before.*



PSALMS.

403

- 9 Surely to such as do him fear  
Salvation is at hand,  
And glory shall ere long appear  
To dwell within our land. 40
- 10 Mercy and truth *that long were miss'd*  
Now joyfully are met,  
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kin'd,  
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower*, 45  
Shall bud and blossom then,  
And Justice from her heavenly bower  
Look down on mortal men.
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow  
Whatever thing is good, 50  
Our land shall forth in plenty throw  
Her fruits to be our food.
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go,  
*His royal harbinger*,  
Then\* will he come, and not be slow,  
His footsteps cannot err. 55

PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 Thy *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,  
O hear me *I thee pray*,  
For I am poor, and almost pine  
With need, *and sad decay*.
- 2 Preserve my soul, for † I have trod 5  
Thy ways, and love the just;  
Save thou thy servant, O my God,  
Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee  
I call; 4. O make rejoice 10  
Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee  
I lift my soul *and voice*.

\* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

† Heb. *I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.*

- 5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone  
To pardon, thou to all  
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*  
To them that on thee call. 15
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,  
Give ear, and to the cry  
Of my *incessant* prayers afford  
Thy hearing graciously. 20
- 7 I in the day of my distress  
Will call on thee *for aid*;  
For thou wilt *grant me free access*,  
And answer *what I pray'd*. 25
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,  
O Lord, nor any works  
Of *all that other gods have done*  
Like to thy *glorious works*. 30
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made  
Shall come, and *all shall frame*  
To bow them low before thee, Lord,  
And glorify thy name. 35
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great  
By thy strong hand are done,  
Thou *in thy ever-lasting seat*  
Remainest God alone. 40
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,  
I in thy truth will bide,  
To fear thy name my heart unites,  
*So shall it never slide*. 45
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
*Thee honour and adore*  
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
Thy name for evermore. 50
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,  
And thou hast freed my soul,  
Even from the lowest Hell set free,  
*From deepest darkness foul*. 55
- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,  
And violent men are met  
To seek my life, and in their eyes  
No fear of thee have set. 60

PSALMS.

495

- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,  
 Readiest thy grace to shew,  
 Slow to be angry, and *art styled*  
 Most merciful, most true. 55
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,  
 And me have mercy on,  
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
 And save thy handmaid's son. 60
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
 And let my foes *then* see,  
 And be ashamed, because thou Lord  
 Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 Among the holy mountains *high*  
 Is his foundation fast,  
*There seated is his sanctuary,*  
*His temple there is placed.*
- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more 5  
 Than all the dwellings *fair*  
*Of Jacob's land, though there be stores,*  
*And all within his care.*
- 3 City of God, most glorious things  
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke; 10  
 mention Egypt, *where proud kings*  
*Did our forefathers yoke.*
- 4 I mention Babel to my friends,  
 Philistia *full of scorn*,  
 And Tyre with Ethiops' *utmost ends*, 15  
 Lo this man there was born:
- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*  
 Be said of Sion *last*,  
 This and this man was born in her,  
 High God shall fix her fast. 20
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll  
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,  
 When he the nations doth inroll,  
 That this man there was born.

- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance, 25  
*With sacred songs are there,*  
 In thee fresh brooks and soft streams glance,  
 And all my fountains clear.

## PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 Lord God, thou dost me save and keep,  
 All day to thee I cry;  
 And all night long before thee weep,  
 Before thee *prostrate lie*.
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer 3  
*With sighs devout ascend,*  
 And to my cries that *ceaseless are*,  
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store 10  
 Surcharged my soul doth lie,  
 My life at *death's uncheerful door*  
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass 15  
 Down to the *dismal pit*;  
 I am a \* man, but weak alas,  
 And for that name unfit.
- 5 From life discharged and parted quite 20  
 Among the dead to *sleep*,  
 And like the slain in *bloody fight*  
 That in the grave lie *deep*,  
 Whom thou rememberest no more,  
 Dost never more regard,  
 Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er,  
*Death's hideous house hath barr'd.*
- 6 Thou in the lowest pit profound 25  
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,  
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,  
 In horrid deeps to *mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath, from which no shelter saves, 30  
 Full sore doth press on me;  
 † Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,  
 † And all thy waves break me.

\* Heb. A man without manly strength.  
 † The Heb. bears both.

PSALMS.

487

- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
And mak'st me odious,  
Me to them odious, *for they change,* 25  
And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,  
Mine eyes grow dim and dead,  
Lord, all the day I thee entreat,  
My hands to thee I spread. 30
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?  
Shall the deceased arise,  
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*  
*With pale and hollow eyes ?*
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell 45  
On whom the grave hath hold ?  
Or they who in perdition dwell,  
Thy faithfulness unfold ?
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty hand  
Or wondrous acts be known ? 50  
Thy justice in the gloomy land  
Of dark oblivion ?
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,  
*Ere yet my life be spent,*  
And *up to thee* my pray'r doth rise 55  
Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,  
And hide thy face from me ;
- 15 That am already bruised, and \* shake 60  
With terror sent from thee ?  
Bruised, and afflicted, and *so low*  
As ready to expire,  
While I thy terrors undergo  
Astonish'd with thine ire.
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow, 65  
Thy threat'nings cut me through :  
17 All day they round about me go,  
Like waves they me pursue.

\* Heb. *Pro concussione.*

IS Lover and friend thou hast removed,  
 And severed from me far : 70  
 They fly me now whom I have loved,  
 And as in darkness are.

## A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the  
 Author at fifteen years old.*

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son  
 After long toil their liberty had won,  
 And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,  
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,  
 Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shewn, 5  
 His praise and glory was in Israel known.  
 That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,  
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head  
 Low in the earth ; Jordan's clear streams recoil,  
 As a faint host that hath received the foil. 10  
 The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams  
 Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.  
 Why fled the ocean ! and why skipt the mountains ?  
 Why turned Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountains ?  
 Shake, earth, and at the presence be aghast 15  
 Of Him that ever was, and ay shall last ;  
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,  
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

## PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind  
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;  
 For his mercies ay endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.  
 Let us blaze his name abroad, 5  
 For of gods he is the God ;  
 For his, &c.  
 O, let us his praises tell,  
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell ; 10  
 For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make  
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake;  
For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create  
The painted Heav'ns so full of state;  
For his, &c.

27

Who did the solid Earth ordain  
To rise above the watery plain;  
For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might  
Did fill the new-made world with light;  
For his, &c.

And caused the golden-tressed sun  
All the day long his course to run;  
For his, &c.

30

The horned moon to shine by night,  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright;  
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand  
Smote the first-born of Egypt land;  
For his, &c.

40

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,  
He brought from thence his Israel  
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
Of the Erythrean main;  
For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of glass,  
While the Hebrew bands did pass;  
For his, &c.

50

But full soon they did devour  
The tawny king with all his power;  
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness  
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown;  
For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,  
That ruled the Amorrean coast;  
For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,  
With all his over-hardy crew;  
For his, &c.

79

And to his servant Israel  
He gave their land therein to dwell;  
For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye  
Beheld us in our misery;  
For his, &c.

80

And freed us from our slavery  
Of the invading enemy;  
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need;  
For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth  
His mighty majesty and worth;  
For his, &c.

81

That his mansion hath on high  
Above the reach of mortal eye;  
For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.



# JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

## POEMATA.

*Quorum pleraque intra Annum Aetatis  
Vigesimum conscripsit.*

HAEC quae sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tamen ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

*Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.*

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,  
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

*Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laureæ coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.*

CRUX Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;  
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui:  
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,  
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

*Ad Joannem Miltonum.*

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,  
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi

*Al Signior Gio. Miltoni nobile Inglese.*

ODE.

REGIMI all' Etra ò Clio  
 Perche di stelle intreccierò corona  
 Non più del Biondo Dio  
 La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Ellicona,  
 Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,      5  
 A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.  
 Non puo del tempo edace  
 Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore  
 Non puo l' oblio rapace  
 Furar dalle memorie eccelsa onore,      10  
 Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte  
 Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.  
 Del Ocean profondo  
 Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia reside  
 Separata dal mondo,      15  
 Però che il suo valor l'umana eccede:  
 Questa seconda sà produrre Eroi,  
 Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.  
 Alla virtù sbandita  
 Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,      20  
 Quella gli è sol gradita,  
 Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;  
 Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto  
 Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.  
 Lungi dal Patrio lido      25  
 Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama;  
 Ch' udio d' Helena il grido  
 Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,  
 E per poterla effigiare al paro  
 Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.      30  
 Così l'Ape Ingegnosa  
 Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato  
 Dal giglio e dalla rosa,  
 E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;  
 Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,      35  
 Fan varie voci melodia concorde.  
 Di bella gloria amenta  
 Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti

DE AUTHORE TESTIMONIA.

503

Le peregrine piante	
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;	40
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,	
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.	
Fabro quasi divino	
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero	
Vide in ogni confino	45
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;	
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliesi	
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.	
Quanti nacquero in Flora	
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,	50
La cui memorie onora	
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,	
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,	
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.	
Nell' altera Babelle	55
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,	
Che per varie favelle	
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano :	
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo più degno Idioma	
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.	60
I più profondi arcani	
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra	
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani	
Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,	
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine	65
Della moral virtude al gran confino.	
Non batta il Tempo l'ale,	
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermar sì gl' anni,	
Che di virtù immortale	
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni ;	70
Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia	
Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.	
Dammi tua dolce Cetra	
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,	
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra	75
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,	
In Tamigi il dira che gl' e concesso	
Per te suo cigno parreggiar Permesso.	
Io che in riva del Arno	
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro	80

So che fatica indarno,  
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;  
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core  
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del Sig. Antonio Francini gentiluomo  
Fiorentino

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSIS.

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,

Viro qui multa peregrinatione, stadia cuncta orbis  
terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia  
ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic re-  
viviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus  
infacunda: et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et  
plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatas  
intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporique sensus ad admira-  
tionem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique  
auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed  
venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia;  
in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; har-  
monicos celestium sphaerarum sonitus astronomia  
duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per  
quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philoso-  
phia legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis ex-  
cidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum  
lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.  
At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Fama non suf-  
ficient, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est,  
reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum  
admirationis tributum offert Carolus Deodatus Pa-  
tricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator

## ELEGIARUM LIBER.

### *Elegia Prima, ad Carolum Deodatum.*

TANDEM, chare, tuis mihi pervenere tabellis,  
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;  
Pertulit occidua Devæ Cestrensis ab ora  
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.  
Multum, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas 8  
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,  
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem  
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.  
Me tenet urbe refusa quam Thamesis alluit undâ,  
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet. 10  
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,  
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.  
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,  
Quâm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!  
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri 15  
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.  
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiasse penates,  
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,  
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,  
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor. 20  
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset  
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;  
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cecisset Homero,  
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro,  
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis, 25  
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.  
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,  
Seu procus, aut posita casside miles adest, 30  
Sive decennali fecundus lite patronus  
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;

Saepe vaser gnato succurrit servus amanti,  
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patria;  
 Saepe novos illic virgo mirata calores 25  
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.  
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragedia sceptrum  
 Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,  
 Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,  
 Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amator inest: 30  
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit  
 Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit:  
 Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor  
 Conscia funereo pectora torse movens:  
 Seu morret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili, 35  
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.  
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,  
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.  
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,  
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci. 40  
 Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammæ  
 Virgineos videas preterisse choros.  
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,  
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!  
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas, 45  
 Atque faces, quotquot volvit uterque polus;  
 Collaque his vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,  
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,  
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,  
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor; 50  
 Pellacesque genas, ad quos Hyacinthina sordet  
 Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!  
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,  
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.  
 Cedite Achæmenis turritâ fronte puellæ 55  
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.  
 Vos etiam Danæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,  
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.  
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpela Musa columnas  
 Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis. 60  
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,  
 Extera sat tibi sit formina, posse sequi.  
 Tuque urbe Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,  
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,

# POEMAT.

507

Tu nimium felix intra tua moenia claudis	75
Quicquid formosæ pendulus orbis habet.	
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno	
Endymionem turba ministra deæ,	
Quot tibi, conspicuus formæque auræque, puellas	
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.	80
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbia	
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,	
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,	
Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.	
Ast ego, dum pueri sint indulgentia cæci,	85
Moenia quàm subito linquere fausta paro;	
Et vitare procul malefide infamia Circes	
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.	
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,	
Atque iterum rauræ murmur adire Scholæ.	90
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,	
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.	

## ELEGIA SECUNDA.

(Anno Etatis 17.)

*In obitum Praeconi Academici Cantabrigiæ.*

Tu, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas	
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,	
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva	
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo,	
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis	5
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem;	
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo;	
Dignus in Æsonio vivere posse dies,	
Dignus quem Stygiis medicæ revocaret ab undis	
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.	10
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,	
Et celer à Phœbo nuncius ire tuo,	
Talis in Iliacæ stabat Cylleus aula	
Alipes, ætheræ missus ab arce Patria.	
Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei	15
Retulit Atridæ jussa severa ducia.	
Magna sepulchrorum regina, satellites Averni,	
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,	

Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terre,  
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis. 20  
 Testibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, iuge,  
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.  
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegtia tristes,  
 Personet et totis noenia mæsta scholis.

## ELEGIA TERTIA.

(Anno Ætatis 17.)

*In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.*

MORTUUS eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,  
 Hærebantque animo tristitia plura meo,  
 Protinus en sublit funestæ cladis imago  
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;  
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore  
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face; [turres,  
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,  
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.  
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi  
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis; 10  
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,  
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.  
 At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,  
 Wintonisæque olim gloria magna tuæ;  
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar, 15  
 Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,  
 Nonne satis quod sylvæ tuas persentiat iras,  
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,  
 Quodque affata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,  
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa, 20  
 Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus  
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?  
 Et tibi succumbit, liquido quæ plurima cœlo  
 Evehitur pennæ, quamlibet augur avis,  
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis, 25  
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.  
 Invida, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas;  
 Quid juvat humana tingere cœde manus?  
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,  
 Semideamque animam sede fugasse suâ? 30



## POEMATĀ.

509

Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo, Roscidus occiduus Hesperus exit aquis, Et Tartesiaco submerserat æquore currum Phœbus, ab Eöo littore mensus iter.	
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili Considerant oculos noxque soporque meos :	25
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro, Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum. Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce, Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.	40
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles, Vestitu nituit multicolore solum. Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.	
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.	45
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni, Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis, Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.	50
Ipsæ racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras Et pelluentes miror ubique locos, Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wiintonius astat, Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;	
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos, Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.	55
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu, Intremuit læto florea terra sono. Agmina gemmatæ plaudunt cælestia pennis, Pura triumphali personat æthra tubæ.	60
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat, Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos ; ' Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni, Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.'	
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ, At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies. Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos, Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.	65

## ELEGIA QUARTA.

(Anno Etatis 18.)

*Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, pastoris munere fungentem.*

CURRERE per immensum subito, mea littera, pontum,  
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;  
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstat eunti,  
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.  
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos 5  
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,  
 Cæruleamque suis comitatum Dorida Nymphis,  
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.  
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,  
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri; 10  
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras  
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.  
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas  
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ moenia flecte gradum,  
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ, 15  
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.  
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore  
 Præsul Christicolæ pascere doctus oves;  
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,  
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego. 20  
 Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti  
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!  
 Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium  
 Cliniasi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;  
 Quàmque Stagiritæ generoso magnus alumno, 25  
 Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.  
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræus Heros  
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.  
 Primus ego Aonios illo præunte recessus  
 Lustrabam, et bîfidâ sacra vitæta jugi, 30  
 Pierosque hausî latices, Clioque favente,  
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.  
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,  
 Induxitque auro lanæa terga novo,

- Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlora, senilem 33  
 Gramine, bisque tuas abtulit Auster opes :  
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,  
 Aut linguae dulces aure bibisse sonos.  
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum praeverte sonorum,  
 Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides. 40  
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,  
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,  
 Forsitan aut veterum praelarga volumina patrum  
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,  
 Caelestive animas saturantem rore tenellas, 45  
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.  
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,  
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.  
 Hæc quoque, paulum oculos in humum defixa mo-  
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui : [destos  
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter præli Musis, 51  
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus,  
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem ;  
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.  
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit 55  
 Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.  
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,  
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit ?  
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,  
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum. 60  
 Tu modò da veniam fasco, veniamque roganti,  
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuare, solent.  
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes  
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.  
 Sæpe sarisiferi crudelia pectora Thracis 65  
 Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.  
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,  
 Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.  
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,  
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor ; 70  
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum !  
 In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,  
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,  
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces, 75  
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,  
 Et sata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat ;

Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,  
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos ;  
 Perpetuâque comans jam deflorescit oliva,  
 Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tabam, 80  
 Fugit io tarris, et jam non ultima virgo  
 Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos  
 Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,  
 Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo ;  
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penatas, 85  
 Sede peregrinâ queris egenus opem.  
 Patria dura parens, et saxis sævior albis  
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,  
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere factus,  
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum, 90  
 Et sinis ut terris querant alimenta remotis  
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
 Et qui læta ferunt de oculo nuntia, quique  
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent ?  
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris 95  
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame !  
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thebitidis olim  
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,  
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achah  
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus. 100  
 Talis et horrisono laceratus membra flagello,  
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.  
 Piscosque ipsum Gergesæ civis læsum  
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.  
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis, 105  
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.  
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,  
 Intententque tibi millia tela nocem,  
 At nullis vel inermis latus violabitur armis,  
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet. 110  
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,  
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi ;  
 Ille Sionæ qui tot sub moenibus arcis  
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros ;  
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras 115  
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,  
 Terruit en densas pavido cum rege cohortes,  
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,

## POEMATÆ.

513

Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,  
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum, 120  
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,  
 Et strepitus ferri, marmuraque alta virum.  
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento  
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;  
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis, 125  
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

## ELEGIA QUINTA.

(Anno Ætatis 20.)

*In adiuturum veris.*

In se perpetuo Tempus revocabile gyro  
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;  
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,  
 Jamque soluto gelu dulce virescit humus.  
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires, 5  
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?  
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo  
 (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.  
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,  
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt; 10  
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,  
 Et furo, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.  
 Delius ipse venit, video Penēide lauro  
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.  
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua coeli, 15  
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;  
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralla vatam  
 Et mihi sana patent interiora Deūm;  
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,  
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos. 20  
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?  
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?  
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;  
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.  
 Jam Philomela tuos foliis adopena novellis, 25  
 Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:  
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul incipiamus utrique,  
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

<i>Veris lo rediere vices, celebremus honores</i>	
<i>Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.</i>	30
<i>Jam sol Æthiopus fugiens Tithoniaque arva,</i>	
<i>Flectit ad Arctos aurea lora plagas.</i>	
<i>Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,</i>	
<i>Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.</i>	
<i>Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum coeleste Bootes</i>	31
<i>Non longè sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;</i>	
<i>Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto</i>	
<i>Excubias agitant sidera rara polo:</i>	
<i>Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,</i>	
<i>Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.</i>	32
<i>Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,</i>	
<i>Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,</i>	
<i>Hæc, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,</i>	
<i>Phoebe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.</i>	
<i>Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit</i>	33
<i>Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas;</i>	
<i>Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur</i>	
<i>Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.</i>	
<i>Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,</i>	
<i>Quid juvat effecto procubuisse toro?</i>	34
<i>Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,</i>	
<i>Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.</i>	
<i>Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,</i>	
<i>Et matutinos ociosius urget equos.</i>	
<i>Exult invisum Tellus rediviva senectam,</i>	35
<i>Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos;</i>	
<i>Et cupit, et digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,</i>	
<i>Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,</i>	
<i>Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto</i>	
<i>Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis!</i>	36
<i>Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,</i>	
<i>Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;</i>	
<i>Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,</i>	
<i>Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.</i>	
<i>Floribus effusus ut erat redimita capillos</i>	37
<i>Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.</i>	
<i>Aspice, Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,</i>	
<i>Mellitæque movent flamina verna preces.</i>	
<i>Cinnamæ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,</i>	
<i>Blanditiæque tibi ferre videntur aves.</i>	38

POEMATATA.

515

Nec sine dote tuos temeraria querit amores  
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;  
 Alma salutarum medicos tibi gramen in usus  
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.  
 Quid si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt 75  
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)  
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,  
 Et super injectis montibus addit opes.  
 Ah quoties cum tu clivoso sævus Olympe  
 In versperinas præcipitaris aquas, 80  
 Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem, Phoebe, diurno  
 Hesperis recipit Cæcula mater aquis?  
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,  
 Dia quid imundo perluis ora salo?  
 Frigora, Phoebe, meâ melius captabis in umbrâ, 85  
 Huc ades, ardentem imbue rore comas.  
 Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,  
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.  
 Quaque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans  
 Aura, per humentes corpora fusa rosas. 90  
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelîa fata,  
 Nec Phaestonteo fumidus axis equo;  
 Cum tu, Phoebe, tuo sapientius uteris igni,  
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.  
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores; 95  
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.  
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,  
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.  
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,  
 Triste micant ferro tela cornu novo. 100  
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,  
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.  
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,  
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.  
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,  
 Littus, io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant. 105  
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ.  
 Punicum redolet vestis odora crocum.  
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris  
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus: 110  
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus  
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum. [unum.  
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor

Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.  
 Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu, 115  
 Delphinaeque leves ad vada summa vocat.  
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,  
 Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.  
 Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepuscula surgunt,  
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro, 120  
 Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,  
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.  
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetastis,  
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.  
 Per sata luxuriant fruticetaque Mænalius Pan, 125  
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;  
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,  
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,  
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,  
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi. 130  
 Dii quoque non dubitant celo præponere sylvas,  
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.  
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,  
 Nec vos arborea dii precorite domo.  
 Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris 135  
 Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?  
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phoebe, jugales  
 Quâ potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;  
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,  
 Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo. 140

## ELEGIA SEXTA.

*Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem.*

*Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina  
 excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona,  
 quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus,  
 haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse afir-  
 mabat, hoc habuit responsum.*

Mirro tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,  
 Qua tu distento fortè carere potes.  
 At tua quid nostram prolecat Musa camœnam,  
 Nec sinis optatas posse sequi tenebras?  
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,  
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas. 6



Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,  
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.  
 Quam bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim.  
 Festaque coelifugam quæ coluere Deum, 10  
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni guadia ruris,  
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos !  
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin ?  
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.  
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos, 15  
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.  
 Sæpius Aoniis calamavit collibus Eum  
 Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.  
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris :  
 Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat. 20  
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferamque Lysæum,  
 Cantavit brevibus Têia Musa modis ?  
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,  
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum ;  
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus, 25  
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.  
 Quadrimumque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho  
 Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.  
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu  
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. 30  
 Massica foecundam despumant pocula venam,  
 Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.  
 Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum  
 Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.  
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te 35  
 Numine composito, tres perperisse Deos.  
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro  
 Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu ;  
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes. 40  
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Massæ,  
 Et revocent, quantum carpula pellit iners.  
 Crede mihi dum peallit ebur, comitataque plectrum  
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,  
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum, 45  
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,  
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem  
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.

Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,  
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos ; 60  
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque  
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.  
 Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,  
 Sæpius et veteri commaduissæ mero.  
 At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cælum, 65  
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,  
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,  
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,  
 Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri  
 Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos ; 66  
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,  
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.  
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juventas,  
 Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.  
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis 68  
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.  
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem  
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,  
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque  
 Orpheon, edomitæ sola per antra feris ; 70  
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus  
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,  
 Et per monstrosam Persicæ Phœbados aulam,  
 Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,  
 Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro 75  
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.  
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,  
 Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora Jovem.  
 At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem  
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam) 80  
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,  
 Fausta que sacratis sæcula pacta libris,  
 Vagiturque Dei, et stabulentem paupere torto  
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,  
 Stelliparumque polum, modulanteque æthere turmas,  
 Et subito elias ad sua fana Deos. 85  
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,  
 Illa sub anroram lux mihi prima tulit.  
 Te quoque preessa manent patriis meditata cicutis,  
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris. 90

## ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

(Anno Ætatis 19.)

NONDUM blanda tuas leges, Amathusia, nōram,  
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.  
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,  
 Atque tuum spreui maxime numen Amor. 5  
 Tu puer imbelles, dixi, transage columbas,  
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.  
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,  
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.  
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma ? 10  
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.  
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras  
 Promptior) et duplici jam ferus igne calet.  
 Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ  
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem :  
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,  
 Nec matutinum sustinere jubar. 16  
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,  
 Prodidit astantem moto pharetra Deum ;  
 Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,  
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit. 20  
 Talis in eterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo  
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;  
 Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas  
 Thiodamanteus Naiade raptus Hylas.  
 Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares, 25  
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.  
 Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, inquit,  
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.  
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem. 30  
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum  
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et illi mihi ;  
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur  
 Certiùs et gravis tela nocere mea.  
 Me nequid adductum curvare peritiùs arcum, 35  
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques :  
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille  
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.

Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,  
 Herculesque manus, Herculeusque comes. 40  
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovia.  
 Cætera quæ dubitas melius mea tela docebunt ?  
 Et tua non leviter corda patenda mihi.  
 Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ 45  
 Nec tibi Phœbeus porriget anguis opem.  
 Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,  
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.  
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,  
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat. 50  
 Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,  
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.  
 Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum  
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.  
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat, 55  
 Fallor ? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet !  
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,  
 Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor.  
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia nisi,  
 Neve oculos potuit continuisse meos. 60  
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,  
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.  
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.  
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido, 65  
 Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.  
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,  
 Et facis à tergo grande pendit onus.  
 Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,  
 Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis : 70  
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.  
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,  
 Uror amans intus flammaque totus eram.  
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat, 75  
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.  
 Ast ego progredior tacitè quæfēbundus, et excors,  
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.  
 Fidor et hæc remanent : sequitur pars altera rotæ,  
 Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat. 80

POEMATĀ.

221

- Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,  
Inter Lemniacas præcipitata focos.  
Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum  
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiarus equis.  
Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores 85  
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.  
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos  
Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui;  
Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,  
Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces. 90  
Crede mihi, nullus sic infelicitè aruit,  
Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.  
Parce precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,  
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.  
Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus 95  
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens;  
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,  
Solutus et in superis tu mihi summis eris.  
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores,  
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans: 100  
Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est  
Cuspis amaturos figat ut una duos.
- Hæc ego, mente olim levâ, studioque supino,  
Nequitie posui vana trophæa meæ.  
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error, 105  
Indocilisque etas prava magistra fuit,  
Donec Socraticas umbrosa Academia rivos  
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.  
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu. 110  
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,  
Et Diomedæam vim timet ipsa Venus.

## EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

I.—*In prodittonem bombardicam.*

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britanno  
 Ausus es infandum, perſide Fauxe, nefas,  
 Fallor? an et mitis volaisti ex parte videri,  
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?  
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,  
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.  
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcæ  
 Lâquit Iordanio turbine raptus agros.

II.—*In eandem.*

SICCINA tentasti cœlo donasse Iacobum  
 Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lateat?  
 Nihil meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen  
 Parce, precor, donis insidijs tuis.  
 Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit  
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.  
 Sic potius fœdus in cœlum pelle cucullos,  
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,  
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,  
 Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter.

III.—*In eandem.*

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,  
 Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.  
 Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,  
 Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.  
 Et nec insultus ait temnes mea sacra, Britanne,  
 Supplicium sprete religione dabia.  
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,  
 Non nisi per flammâs triste patebit iter.  
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!  
 Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni  
 Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

IV.—*In eandem.*

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,  
 Et Styge damnarat Tænarioque sinu,  
 Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

V.—*In inventorem bombardæ.*

LAFETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,  
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;  
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,  
 Et trîsdum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

VI.—*Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.*

ANGELUS unicusque suus (sic credite gentes)  
 Obtîgit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.  
 Quid mirum? Leonora, tibi si gloria major?  
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipse Deum.  
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli  
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;  
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda  
 Sensim immortalî assuescere posse sono.  
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,  
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

VII.—*Ad eandem.*

ALTERA Torquatam cepit Leonora poetam,  
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.  
 Ah miser ille tuo quantò felicîus ævo  
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!  
 Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem  
 Aurea maternæ filia movere lyræ:  
 Quamvis Dirceò torsisset lumina Pentheo  
 Sævior, aut totus desipisset iners,  
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus  
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;  
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem  
 Flexanîmo cantu restituasse sibi.

VIII.—*Ad eandem.*

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas  
 Claraque Parthenopes sana Achelôidos,  
 Littoreamque tua defunctam Naiada ripa  
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?  
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ 5  
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.  
 Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,  
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

IX.—*Apologus de Rustico et Hera.*

RUSTICUS ex malo apidissima poma quotannis  
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino;  
 Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus  
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit arcolas.  
 Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo, 5  
 Mota solo assueto, protendus aret iners.  
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,  
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;  
 Atque sit, heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni 10  
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!  
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:  
 Nunc periire mihi et factus et ipse parens.

X.—*Ad Christinam Succorum Reginam,  
 nomine Cromwelli.*

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, septem Regina Trionum,  
 Christina, Arctos lucida stella poli!  
 Cernis, quas merui dura sub casside rugas,  
 Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;  
 Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor, 5  
 Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.  
 Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra  
 Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.



## SYLVARUM LIBER

*Inebitum Procancellarii, medici.*

(Anno Ætatis 17.)

PARCÆ fati discite legibus,  
 Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices  
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem  
 Iſpe'is collitis nepotes.  
 Vos si relicto more vaga Tænare 5  
 Semel vocarit flebilis, heu mors  
 Tentantur incassum, dolique;  
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.  
 Si destinatam pellerè dextera  
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules, 10  
 Nessi venenatus cruore,  
 Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.  
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidas  
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut  
 Quem larva Pelidis peremit 15  
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.  
 Sic triste fatum verba Hecatæia  
 Fugare possint, Tellegoni parens  
 Vixisset infamis, potentique  
 Ægiali soror usa virgâ. 20  
 Numenque trinum fallere si queant  
 Artes medentâ, ignotaque gramina,  
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon  
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.  
 Læsisset nec te, Philyreis, 25  
 Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine,  
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum  
 Cæcæ puer genetricis alvo.  
 Tuque O alumnô major Apolline,  
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum, 30  
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,  
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,

Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria :	
Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis Horribiles barathri recessus.	25
At fila rupit Persephone tua Irata, cum te viderit, artibus Succoque pollenti, tot atris Faucibus eripuisse mortis.	30
Colende Præses, membra precor tua Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto, Purpureoque Hyacinthus ore.	
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci, Subrideatque Ætneæ Proserpina, Interque felices perennis Elysio spatiere campo.	45

*In Quintum Novembris.*

(Anno Ætatis 17.)

JAM pius extrema veniens Iâcobus ab arcto, Teucrigenas populos, latæque patentia regna Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus Scepta Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :	
Pacificusque novo felix divesque, sedebat In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis :	5
Cum ferus igniflue regnans Acheronte tyrannus, Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo, Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem, Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,	10
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros ; Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras, Illac unanimes odium struit inter amicos, Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes ;	
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace, Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes, Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus ;	15
Insidiasque locat tacitas, casusque latentes Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam Necte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.	20

Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes  
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.  
 Jamque fluentisonis albertia rupibus arva 25  
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,  
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,  
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,  
 Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,  
 Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ. 30  
 At simul hanc opibusque et festâ pace beatam  
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,  
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri  
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit  
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur; 35  
 Qualia Trinacria truxa ab Jove clausus in Ætna  
 Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Tiphœus.  
 Ignescunt oculi, stridentque adamantinus ordo  
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspidis is  
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo 40  
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,  
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.  
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,  
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.  
 Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat ære pennis; 45  
 Quâ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,  
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.  
 Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,  
 Et tenet Ausoniam fines: a parte sinistra  
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini, 50  
 Dextra venificiis infamis Hetruria, nec non  
 Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem;  
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.  
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,  
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem, 55  
 Panificosque Deos portat, acapulisque virorum  
 Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,  
 Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;  
 Cereæque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,  
 Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes. 60  
 Tempa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis  
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum  
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.  
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromique caterva,

Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho, 65  
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,  
 Et procul ipse cava responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,  
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,  
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello, 70  
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætæque ferocem  
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen  
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.  
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæret  
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter 75  
 Product sterilem molli sine pellice noctes)

At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,  
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,  
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus  
 Astitit; assumptis micuerunt tempora canis, 80  
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo  
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus  
 Vertice de raso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes,  
 Cannabeo lumbos constrixit fune salaces,  
 Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis. 85  
 Talis, uti fama est, vasta Fransciscus eremo  
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,  
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.

Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu 90  
 Solvit in has fallax ora execratia voces;  
 Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?  
 Immemor, O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!  
 Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaque triplex  
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe, 95  
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:  
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latinus quem Cæsar adorat,  
 Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,  
 Turgentis animos, et fastus frange procaces,  
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit. 100  
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;  
 Et memor Hesperis disiectam ulciscere classem,  
 Mersæque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,  
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probosæ  
 Thermодоonteæ nuper regnante puella. 105  
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,

Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires;  
 Tyrrhenum implebit numeroſo milite pontum,  
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colla:  
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit, 110  
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,  
 Cujus gaudebant ſoleis dare baſia reges.  
 Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte laceſſes,  
 Irritus ille labor; tu callidus utere fraude:  
 Quolibet hæreticis diſponere retia fas eſt; 115  
 Jamque ad conſilium extremis rex magnus ab oris  
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de ſtirpe creatos,  
 Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisq̃ue verendos;  
 Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,  
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120  
 Edibus injecto, quâ convenere, ſub imis.  
 Protinus ipſe igitur quoscuq̃ue habet Anglia fidos  
 Propoſiti, factique, mone: quiſquâmn̄e tuorum  
 Audebit ſummi non juſſa facereſſe Papæ?  
 Percuſosque metu ſubito, caſtq̃ue ſtupentes 125  
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.  
 Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.  
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque ſecundas  
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina ſaſtis. 130  
 Dixit, et adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus  
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.  
 Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas  
 Veſti inauratas redeunt lumina terras;  
 Mœſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati 135  
 Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis:  
 Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellaræ janitor aulæ,  
 Nocturnos viſus, et ſomnia grata revolvens.  
 Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis,  
 Vasta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti, 140  
 Nunc torri ſpelunca Phoni, Prodoſque bilinguis,  
 Effera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.  
 Hic inter cæmenta jacet præruptaque ſaxa,  
 Oſſa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;  
 Hic dolus intortis ſemper ſedet ater ocellis, 145  
 Jurgiaque, et ſtimulis armata Calumnia fauces,  
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,  
 Et timor, exſanguisq̃ue locum circumvolat Horror;

Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes  
 Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat. 180  
 Ipsi etiam pavidī latitant penetralibus antri  
 Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,  
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris,  
 Diffugiunt fontes, et retrō lumina vertunt;  
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles 185  
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.  
 Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor  
 Gens exosa mihi; prudens natura negavit  
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:  
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu, 190  
 Tartareoque leves dissidentur pulvere in auras  
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago:  
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,  
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.  
 Finierat, rigidi cupidē paruere gemelli. 195  
 Interea longo flectens curvamine cœcos  
 Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,  
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbe,  
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.  
 Esse ferunt spātium, quā distat ab Aside terra 199  
 Fertillis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;  
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Fanzæ  
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris  
 Quā superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.  
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,  
 Amplaque per tennes translucent atria muros: 206  
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;  
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombæ  
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,  
 Dum canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen. 209  
 Ipsa quidem summā sedet ultrix matris in arce,  
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,  
 Quæis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levisima captat  
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.  
 Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvenæ 215  
 Isidos, immitti volvebas lumina vultu,  
 Lumina non unquam tacito nuntantia somno,  
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.  
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe  
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli: 220

Milenique loquax auditaque visaque lingua  
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria; veraque mendax  
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.  
 Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes  
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum, 195  
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit  
 Carmine tam longo; servati scilicet Angli  
 Officiis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.  
 Te Deus, æternos mota qui temperat ignes,  
 Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terræque tremante: 200  
 Fama siles? an te latet impia Papistarum  
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,  
 Et nova sceptigero cædes meditata Iácobo?  
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis  
 Et satis ante fugax stridentis induit alas, 205  
 Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;  
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex æro sonoram.  
 Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,  
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,  
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit: 210  
 Et primo Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes  
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,  
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat  
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,  
 Anthoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis 215  
 Insidiis loca structa silet? stupuere relatis,  
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellas,  
 Effectique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ  
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverit omnem.  
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto 220  
 Æthereus pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis  
 Papicolûm; capit poenas raptantur ad acres;  
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;  
 Compita læta fociis genialibus omnia fumant; 224  
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris  
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratio anno.

*In obitum Præsulis Eliensis.*

(Anno Etatis 17.)

Adhuc madentes rore squalabant genæ,  
 Et sicca nondum lumina  
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,  
 Quem nuper effudi pius,  
 Dum moesta charo justa persolvi rogo 5  
 Wintoniensis Præsulis.  
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh! semper mali  
 Gladiisque vera nuntia)  
 Spargit per urbes divitiis Britanniar,  
 Populosque Neptunc satos, 10  
 Cassisse morti, et ferreis sororibus  
 Te generis humani decus,  
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ  
 Quæ nomen Angullæ tenet.  
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus 15  
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,  
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:  
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
 Concepit alto diſtiora pectore;  
 Graiusque vates parcius 20  
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,  
 Sponsamque Neobolen suam.  
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,  
 Et imprecor neci necem,  
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos 25  
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:  
 Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream  
 Bilemque, et irritas minas,  
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,  
 Subitoque ad iras percita? 30  
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
 Mors atra Noctis filia,  
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,  
 Vastove nata sub Chao:  
 Ast illa corlo missa stellato, Dei 35  
 Messes ubique colligit;  
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas  
 In lucem et auras evocat;



# POEMAT.

533

Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem  
 Themidos Jovisque filius ; 40  
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris :  
 At justa raptat impios  
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,  
 Sedesque subterraneas,  
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito 45  
 Foedum reliqui carcerem,  
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites  
 Ad astra sublimis feror :  
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex  
 Auriga currus ignei. 50  
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi  
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
 Formidolosi scorpions brachia,  
 Non ensis Orion tuus.  
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum 55  
 Longæque sub pedibus deam  
 Vidi triformem, dum coercerat suo  
 Frenis dracones aureis.  
 Erraticorum, siderum per ordines  
 Per lectas vehor plagas, 60  
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam ;  
 Donec nitentes ad fores  
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et  
 Stratum smaragdis atrium.  
 Sed hic tacebo, quoniam quis effari queat 65  
 Oriundus humano patre,  
 Amoenitates illius loci ? mihi  
 Sat est in eternum frui.

## *Naturam non pati senium.*

Hæc quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis  
 Œdipodioniam volvitur sub pectore noctem !  
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni 5  
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo  
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.  
 Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obdita regis  
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater

Omniperam contracta uterum sterilesceat ab æve? 10  
 Et se fassa senem malò certis passibus ibit  
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas  
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque sitasque  
 Sidera vexabunt? an et insatiabile Tempus  
 Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem? 15  
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces  
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto  
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?  
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapea tremende  
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu 20  
 Stridet uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ  
 Decidat, horribilisque reiectâ Gorgone Pallas;  
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon  
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?  
 Tu quoque Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati 25  
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruina  
 Fronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nereus,  
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.  
 Tunc etiam ærei divulsus sedibus Hæmi  
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro 30  
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,  
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.  
 At Pater omnipotens, fundatis fortius astris,  
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit  
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo 35  
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.  
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;  
 Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.  
 Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim  
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors. 40  
 Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,  
 Nec fovet effectas loca per declivia terras  
 Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ  
 Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum  
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosis ab Indis, 45  
 Æthereum pecus albei qui cogit Olympo  
 Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli;  
 Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.  
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,  
 Cœruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. 50  
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore

## POEMATIA.

535

Larida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.  
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,  
 Stringit et armiferos aequali horrore Gelonos 84  
 Trax Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimboesque volutat.  
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
 Rex maris, et rancâ circumstrepit aquora conchâ  
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem  
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.  
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti 89  
 Priscus abest, servatque sunn Narcissus odorem,  
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,  
 Phœbe tuusque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim  
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum 94  
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum  
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum;  
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè  
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina coeli;  
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi. 99

*De Idea Platonica quemadmodum  
 Aristoteles intellexit.*

DICITE, sacrorum præsidēs nemorum deæ  
 Iuque O noveni perbeata numinis  
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul  
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,  
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis, 5  
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,  
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquevovs polo,  
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei? 10  
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ  
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;  
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,  
 Iamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,  
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci; 15  
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes  
 Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
 Citimumve terris incolit lunæ globum:  
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens,  
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas: 20

Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga  
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,  
 Atlante major portitore siderum.  
 Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit, 26  
 Dirceus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;  
 Non hunc silenti nocte Plêiones nepos  
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet 28  
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,  
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.  
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine  
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)  
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.  
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus 25  
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus inducti scholis)  
 Jam jam, poetas urbis exules tunc  
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;  
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras. 29

*Ad Patrem.*

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes  
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora  
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;  
 Ut tennes oblita sonos audacibus alis  
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis. 9  
 Hoc utcumque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen  
 Exiguum meditatur opus: nec novimus ipsi  
 Aptius à nobis quæ possint munera donis  
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint 17  
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis  
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.  
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,  
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,  
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,  
 Quas mihi semoto somni perperere sub antro, 17  
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.  
 Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,  
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,  
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,  
 Sancta Promethæ retinens vestigia flammæ. 26

Carmen amanti superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen  
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,  
 Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.  
 Carmini sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ; 25  
 Carmina sacris solennes pangit ad aras,  
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;  
 Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
 Consultit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis. 30  
 Nos etiam patrium tunc eum repetemus Olympum,  
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi;  
 Ibinus auratis per cœli templa coronis,  
 Dulcia suaviloque sociantes carmina plectro,  
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.  
 Spiritus et rapidus qui circumat igneus orbes, 35  
 Nunc quoque sideris intercinit ipse choreis  
 Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;  
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,  
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;  
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas. 40  
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
 Nota gulæ, et modico spamabat cœna Lyseo.  
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,  
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines, 45  
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,  
 Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,  
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,  
 Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.  
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane 'uvabit 50  
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
 Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Orphea cantus,  
 Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,  
 Carmine, non citharâ; simulachraque fun-ta canendo  
 Compulsi in lachrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.  
 Nec tu perge precor, sacras contemnere Musas, 55  
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus  
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,  
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram  
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres. 60  
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse possam  
 Contigerit, charo si tam præpæ sanguine juncti.

Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur ?  
 Ipse volens Phoebus se dispertire duobus,  
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti, 65  
 Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.  
 Tu tamen ut similes teneras odiase Camœnas,  
 Non odiase reor; neque enim, pater, ire jubebas  
 Quâ via lata patet, quâ prœior arca lucri,  
 Certaue condendi sulget spes aurea nummi 70  
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaue gentis  
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures;  
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
 Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ, 75  
 Phœbeo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.  
 Officium chara taceo commune parentis,  
 Me poscunt majora: tuo, pater optime, sumpta  
 Cùm mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguae,  
 Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant 80  
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,  
 Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores;  
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam  
 Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,  
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates. 85  
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum, sublectaque cœlo  
 Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluvius aer,  
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitable marmor,  
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit:  
 Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube, 90  
 Nuda que conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libasse molestum.  
 I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas  
 Austriaci gazas, Perſianaque regna præceptas.  
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse 95  
 Jupiter, excepto, donâset ut omnia, cœlo?  
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,  
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato  
 At que Hyperionis currus, et frœna diei,  
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram. 100  
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ  
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo;  
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,  
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.

POEMATATA.

530

Estis procul vigiles curas, procul esto querelas, 105  
Invidiasque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,  
Sæva nec anguliferos extende calumnia rictus ;  
In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,  
Nec vestri sum juris ego ; securaque tutus  
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu. 110

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti  
Pecunie referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,  
Sic memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato  
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus, 115  
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,  
Nec spisso rapient obliuia nigra sub Orco,  
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis  
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo. 120

PSALM CXIV.

ΙΧΘΥΑ'ΗΑ ἴτι παιδὶς, ἴτ' ἀγλαὰ φῶλ' Ἰακώβου  
Αἰγύπτῳ λίαν δῆρσι, ἀπὶ χθὴν, βαρβαρόφωνοι,  
Δὲ τίτι μοῦνοι ἴαν ἴσιν γίνος νῆς Ἰουδα.  
Ἐν δὲ τοῖς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασιλεύει. 5  
Εἰδὲ, καὶ ἰσχυροῦς ἐξ ἔβουλι θάλασσαν  
Κύματι ἐκλυμίνῃ ῥοθίῳ, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἰσχυροφιλίχθης  
Ἰερὸς Ἰερδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδὴ πηγὴν.  
Ἐν δ' ἔρια σκαρδαμοῖσιν ἀπυρίστῃ κλοπίστῃ,  
Ὡς κρεί σφριγόντης ἰσχυροφίῳ ἐν ἀλλῇ 10  
Βασιλεύει δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαι ἰρίπται,  
Οἷα παρὰ σύριγγι φέλλῃ ὑπὸ μνητὶ ἄνεις.  
Τίττι σύγ', οἷα θάλασσαν, πύλας φύγαδ' ἐκλύσας  
Κύματι ἐκλυμίνῃ ῥοθίῳ ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἰσχυροφιλίχθης  
Ἰερὸς Ἰερδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδὴ πηγὴν ;  
Τίττι ἔρια σκαρδαμοῖσιν ἀπυρίστῃ κλοπίστῃ. 15  
Ὡς κρεί σφριγόντης ἰσχυροφίῳ ἐν ἀλλῇ ;  
Βασιλεύει τί δ' ἄρ' ἡμῖν ἀνασκίρτησαι ἰρίπται,  
Οἷα παρὰ σύριγγι φέλλῃ ὑπὸ μνητὶ ἄνεις ;  
Ζεῖο γὰρ τρεῖς αἰὶν μεγάλ' ἰσχυροφίῳ  
Βαῖα τοῖν τρεῖς ὑπὸ σίβας Ἰσραηλίδας, 20  
Ὅς τι καὶ ἐν σπυλῶν τοταμοῖς χεῖς μακρύοντας,  
Κρήνην αἰνὰν πίττης ἀπὸ δακρυόσσης.

*Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui cum ignotum et insontem inter reos forte captum incius damnaverat, ἐν τῇ θανάτῳ περιέμινος, hæc subito misit.*

ὦ ἀνα, εἰ ἐλίσσης με τὸν ἴναμον, αὐτὶ ἐπὶ ἀνδρῶν  
 Διπλὸν ἔλως δρᾷσαντα, σφάτταται ἰσθὶ κέρας  
 ῥηιδίως ἀφίλου, τὸ δ' ὄνταρον αὐτὸ νόστιμα,  
 Μανφιδίος δ' ἔρ' ἵκνται τὴν πρὸς θυμὸν ἰδρυῖ,  
 Ταῖς δ' ἐν πύλινς περιέμινος ἄλλακ' ἐλίσσης.

*In effigiei ejus Sculptorem.*

Ἀμαθὶ γυγρᾶσθαι χυρὶ τῇδὶ μὲν εἰκόνα  
 θαυρὸς τάχ' ἂν, πρὸς ἰδὸς αἰνεφοῖς βλίπων.  
 Τὸς δ' ἱκανωτὸν οὐκ ἱκανότις φίλου  
 Γιλᾶτι φαῦλον δυσμνημα ζυγρᾶφου.

*Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum egrotantem.*

SCAZONTES.

O MUSA gressum quem volens trahis claudum,  
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,  
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,  
 Quàm cum decentes flava Dèiope suras  
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum;  
 Adesdum et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo  
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,  
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divia.  
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,  
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum  
 Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,  
 In sanientis impotensque pulmonis,  
 Pernix anheia sub Jove exercet fibra,  
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ  
 Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis.  
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,  
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum;  
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,  
 Præcordiaque fixa damnosum spirat;  
 Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano  
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.  
 O dulce divâm munus, O salus Hebes



# POEMATA.

541

Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror,	
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan	25
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.	
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso	
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,	
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,	
Lavamen agro fert certatim vati.	30
Sic ille, charis redditus rursùm Musis,	
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.	
Ipsæ inter atros emirabitur lucos	
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,	
Suam recilvis semper Ægeriam spectans.	35
Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis, hinc delinitus	
Spei favebit annus colonorum :	
Nec in sepulchris ibit obscusum reges	
Nimium sinistro laxus irruens loro :	
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,	40
Adusque curri falsa regna Portumni.	

# MANSUS.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Vilensis, vir ingenti laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellica virtute apud Italos clarus la primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitiis scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimo, e Cortesi  
Risplende il Manso

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratus se ostenderat, hoc carmen misit.

Hæc quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi  
Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi,  
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus hoc  
Post Galli cineres, et Mæcenatis Hetrusci. [nove  
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ, o  
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.  
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso  
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis;  
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum

Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnus 10  
 Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;  
 Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas,  
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates  
 Ossa, tibi soli, supremæque vota reliquit:  
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici; 15  
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære postam.  
 Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia co-  
 Officia in tumulto; cupis integros rapere Orco, [sant  
 Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere legas:  
 Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam 20  
 Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;  
 Æmulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam,  
 Retulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.  
 Ergo ego te, Clîus et magni nomine Phœbi,  
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum, 25  
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.  
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare Musam,  
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto  
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.  
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos 30  
 Credimus obscuras noctes sensisse per umbras,  
 Quâ Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis  
 Oceani Glaucos perfundit gurgite crines:  
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.  
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo  
 Quâ plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione 35  
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boëten.  
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo  
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,  
 Halentemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas) 40  
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.  
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata decorum  
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)  
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu  
 Delo in herbosa Graiæ de more puellæ, 45  
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinthida Loxo,  
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecæerge,  
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fūco.  
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunq̃ue per orbem  
 Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens, 50  
 Claraque perpetui suorescet fama Marini;

Tu quoque in ora frequens venies, plausumque viro-  
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu. (rum,  
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates  
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas : 55  
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit  
 Rura Pheretiadae, caelo fugitivus Apollo ;  
 Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes ;  
 Tantum ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,  
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum, 60  
 Irriguos inter saltus, frondosaeque tecta,  
 Peneium prope rivum : ibi saepe sub ilice nigra,  
 Ad citharae strepitum, blanda prece victus amici,  
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.  
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo 65  
 Saxa stetero loco ; nutat Trachinia rupes,  
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas ;  
 Emotaeque suis properant de collibus orni,  
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.  
 Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter aequus oportet 70  
 Nascentem, et anti lustrarat lumine Phoebus,  
 Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu  
 Diis superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ.  
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
 Vernat, et Æternos lucratur vivida fusos ; 75  
 Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,  
 Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.  
 O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,  
 Phœbeos decorasse viros qui tam bene nōrit,  
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges, 80  
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem !  
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fodere menæ  
 Magnanimos Heroes, et (O modo spiritus adsit)  
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonem sub Marte phalanges.  
 Tandem ubi non tacite permensus tempora vitæ, 85  
 Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,  
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,  
 Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ ;  
 Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,  
 Curaret parvet componi molliter urna : 90  
 Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,  
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
 Fronde cemas, at ego secunda pace quiescam.

Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonoræ,  
 Ipse ego calcicoldum semotus in æthera divum,  
 Quò labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,  
 Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo,  
 Quantum fata sinunt: et tota mente serenum  
 Rident, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,  
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo. 100

### EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

#### ARGUMENTUM.

Thyris et Damon ejusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti,  
 a pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyris animi causam  
 profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Damonem  
 postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem  
 hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic  
 intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriz Luca paternæ  
 genere ortuodus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, charismatibusque  
 cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,  
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)

Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:

Quas miser effudit voces, quas murmura Thyris,

Et quibus assiduus exercuit antra querelis, 5

Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus;

Dum sibi præruptam queritur Damona, neque altam

Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.

Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,

Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, 10

Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,

Nec dum aderat Thyris; pastorem scilicet illum

Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.

Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ

Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo, 15

Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,

Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,

Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon! 20

Siccine nos lingua, tua sic sine nomine virtus

Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?

At non ille, animas virgā qui dividit aures,  
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,  
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum. 26

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Quicquid erit, certē nisi me lūpus antē videbit,  
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit  
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo 30  
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes  
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:  
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piūque,  
Palladiasque artes, sociūque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. 35  
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon,  
At mihi quid tandem fiet modō? quis mihi fidus  
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas  
Frigoribus duris, et per loca facta pruinis,  
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis? 40  
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminūs ire leones,  
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis  
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. 45  
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit  
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cūm sibilat igni  
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus  
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo? [auster

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. 50  
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
Cum Pan æsculæ somnum capit abditus umbræ,  
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,  
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;  
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus, 55  
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;  
Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus 60  
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Heu, quæ culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis  
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!

Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo, 65  
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium queque tædet, at illæ  
Mœrent, inque suum convetunt ora magistrum.

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesiborus ad ornos,  
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina palcher Amyntas, 70  
'Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,  
Hic Zephiri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;'  
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibem.

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat, 75  
Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus)  
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?  
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,  
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
Intimæque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo. 80

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Mirantur nymphæ, et quid te, Thyrsi, futura est?  
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juvenis  
Nabula frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,  
Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem 85  
Jure petit, his ille miser qui ævus amavit.

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Venit Hyas, Dryopæque, et filia Baucidis Aegle  
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perditæ festæ,  
Venit Idumanii Chloras vicina fluenti; 90  
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,  
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hei mihi, quam similes ludunt per præta juveni,  
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales! 95  
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum  
De grege, si densi veniunt ad pabula thoms,  
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;  
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus  
Agmina phocærum numerat, villisque volucrum 100  
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum  
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,  
Quem si sors letho objecit, sua milvus adunas  
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossas,  
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu. 105  
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis

Gens homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors.  
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum;  
 Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,  
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ 110  
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
 Ire per æthereas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!  
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam, 115  
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viveret olim,  
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit;)  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,  
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes  
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes! 120  
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,  
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,  
 Et dixisse 'Vale, nostri memor ibis ad æstivum'

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,  
 Pastores Thuaci, Musis operata juvenus, 125  
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon  
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.  
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratas ad Arni  
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herbe,  
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,  
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam,  
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm  
 Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra 130  
 Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincula cicute:  
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos  
 Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo  
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna, 135  
 Dum solus teneros clauderam cratibus hœdos.  
 Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat  
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,  
 Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod ait in usus.  
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura 140  
 Arrigui voto levis, et præsentia anxii,  
 Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,  
 Imus? et argutâ paulum recubamus in umbra,

Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Caseibelauni?  
 Tu mihi percurres inedicos, tua gramina succos, 180  
 Helleborūque, humilēque crocos, foliūque  
 hyacinthi.

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentū,  
 Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentū,  
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil proficere magistro.  
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
 Fistula, ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte, 185  
 Et tum forte novis admōram labra cicutis,  
 Dissiluere tamen ruptā compage, nec ultra  
 Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne am  
 Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos ceditis sylva. 190

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes  
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,  
 Brennūque Arvigarumque duces, præcūque  
 Bellinum,

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonas;  
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögeren, 195  
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Goriōis arma,  
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supervit,  
 Tu procul annosa pendebris fistula pinu  
 Multū oblita mihi; aut patriis mutata Camoenis 196  
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni  
 Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ample  
 Meroes, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum  
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)  
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, et poter Alauni, 197  
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,  
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis  
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc tibi servabam lentā sub cortice lauri, 198  
 Hæc, et plura simul; tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,  
 Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,  
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,  
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:  
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver, 199  
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylva,  
 Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris,  
 Cæruleū fulgens diversicoloribus alis,



Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis; 189  
Parte alia polus omnipotens, et magnus Olympus:  
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube  
    pharetræ,

Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;  
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobili vulgi  
Hinc ferit, ad circum flammantia lumina torquens  
Semper in erectam spargit sua tella per orbes 195  
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus.  
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,  
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret  
Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?  
Nec te Lethæo fas quævisse sub orco, 201

Nec tibi conveniant lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra,  
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,  
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede repulit arcum;  
Hæc tunc animas inter, divæque perennes, 205  
Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat

Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,  
Dexter ades, placidæque fave quicumque vocaris,  
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis  
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti 210

Cœlicolæ nêrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon:  
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenas  
Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,  
En etiam tibi virginæ servantur honores;

Ipsæ caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona, 215  
Lætæque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,  
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;  
Cantus ubi, choreisq; furit lyra mista beætiæ,  
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia Thyrsæ.

*Ad JOANNEM ROUSIUM Oxoniensis Academiae  
Bibliothecarium.*

(Jan. 23, 1646.)

De libro Poematum amico, quem ille tibi denuo mitti per-  
bat, et cum aliis nostris in bibliotheca publica reponeret. Jan.

*Strophè 1.*

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
 Fronde licet geminâ,  
 Munditiq̃ue nitens non operosâ,  
 Quam manus attulit  
 Juvenilis olim, 5  
 Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;  
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,  
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lussit  
 Insons populi, barbitq̃ue devius  
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Dammis 10  
 Longinquum intonuit males  
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:

*Antistrophe.*

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus  
 Subduxit reliquis dolo? 15  
 Cum tu missus ab urbe,  
 Docto jugiter obsecrans amico  
 Illustre tendebas iter  
 Thamesis ad incunabula  
 Cœrulei patris,  
 Fontes ubi limpidi 20  
 Aonidum, thyrasq̃ue sacer,  
 Orbi notus per immensas  
 Temporum lapsus redeunte coele,  
 Celeberq̃ue futurus in ævum?

*Strophe 2.*

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo, 25  
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,  
 (Si satis noxas luimus priores,  
 Mollique luxu degener otium)  
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
 Almaq̃ue revocet studia sanctus, 30

POEMATA.

551

Et relegatas sine sede Musas  
Jam penè totis finibus Anglicentam ;  
Immundasque volucres  
Unguibus imminentes 34  
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ, [gæto,  
Phinæamque abigat pestem procul amne Pa-

*Antistrophe.*

Quin tu, libelle, nuncii licet malâ  
Fide, vel oscitantâ,  
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
Seu quis te teneat specus, 40  
Seu qua te latebra, forsân unde villi  
Callo terâris inestitoris insula,  
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi  
Spes nova fulget posse profundam  
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam 45  
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ :

*Strophe 3.*

Nam te Rotius sui  
Optat peculi, numerôque justo  
Sibi pollicitum queritar abesse,  
Rogataque venias ille, cujus inclÿta 50  
Sunt data virum monumenta curæ :  
Teque adytis etiam sacris  
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet  
Æternorum operum custos fœdalis,  
Quæstorque gæse nobilioris, 55  
Quâm cui præfuit Iôn  
Clarus Erechtheides  
Opulenta dei per templa parentis  
Fulvosque tripodas, donaue Delphica,  
Ion Actæâ genitus Creusâ. 60

*Antistrophe.*

Ergo tu visere lucco  
Musarum ibis amœnos,  
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,  
Oxonîâ quam valle colit,  
Delo posthabitâ, 65  
Bifidôque Parnassi jugo :

Ibis honestus,  
 Præquam egregiam tu quoque sortem  
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.  
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina 70  
 Authorum, Graiis simul et Latinis  
 Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

*Epodes.*

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,  
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,  
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo 75  
 Perfunctam invidiis requiem, sedesque beatas,  
 Quas bonus Hermes  
 Et tutela dabit solers Rotasi, [longè  
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque  
 Turba legentum parva facesset ; 80  
 At ultimi nepotes,  
 Et cordatior ætas  
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan  
 Adhibebit, integro sinu.  
 Tum, livore sepulto, 85  
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,  
 Rotasio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique collis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici monstrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *sarà σαρὰ*, partim *ἀποσολομένηα*. Phalæcia quæ sunt Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quæ idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit

THE END.





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